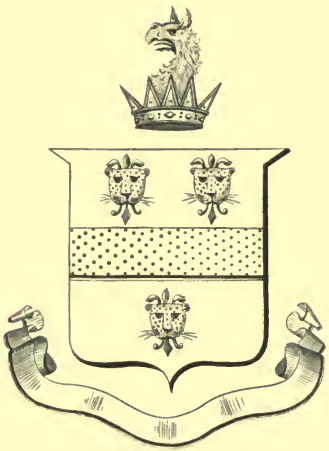

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MEMOIRS

OF

COUNT LAVALLETTE.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

SECOND EDITION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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MEMOIRS

OF

COUNT LAVALLETTE.

CHAPTER I.

Sensation produced by the Revolution of the 18th Brumaire. —The First Consul sends me on a mission to Dresden. —My journey to Berlin in 1801.—The First Consul recalls me to Paris.—The Infernal Machine.—Conspiracy of Georges and Pichegru. — Sentence on the Duke d'Enghein.

THE expulsion of the late Government caused no manner of regret to the public, though the terms of that expulsion created some anxiety. Notwithstanding the violence of the preceding Governments, the nation was not yet accustomed to them. She had not forgotten the aim towards which all her exertions had been directed for the last twelve years ; the establishment of liberty founded on solid and respected laws. She found however, in the new consti-

tution, none of those securities she was entitled to expect. Although the First Consul crowned the country with his own glory, and though his genius left him no fears for its independence, France wished to find in the result of victory all the advantages of peace, and all the wealth of industry and trade. Therefore, when the periodical press was consulted on the question of the Consulate for life, an immense majority of citizens expressed their approbation in the most striking manner, convinced that a lasting magistracy offered to their interests a greater security.

One of the earliest measures of the First Consul was, to send new diplomatic agents to foreign countries. To me he entrusted a mission to Dresden,* ordering me, immediately after my arrival, to write to Vienna, that I had powers to treat for a cessation of hostilities, in case the Cabinet of Vienna should prefer addressing itself to me. The conditions were in the form of preliminaries of peace. The circumstances of the war on the Rhine hastened its conclusion, and it was signed after the battle of Hohenlinden by the Under-chief of the Staff of Moreau.

* See Appendix, No. 1, 2.

The apparent object of my mission to Dresden was to maintain good friendship between Saxony and France. I had superseded a man of considerable merit; but his having been an agent of the Directory was sufficient to make his situation perplexing and unpleasant. Mine was nearly the same. The Elector was still officially at war with France, as a member of the empire, though he had recalled his troops a long while before. I should have been obliged, in a manner, to force the posts, and thus give displeasure. My instructions gave me full authority to act in that manner; but such proceedings were not to my taste; and I entertained so great a regard for a prince who had rendered his throne venerable by his virtues, that I should certainly never have been able to surmount the aversion I felt to give him the least uneasiness. I never even saw him. I lived at Dresden in the greatest retirement. The climate did not agree with my wife's health, and my want of activity was disagreeable to me. When I received the news of the battle of Marengo, my mind was filled with grief at the thought, that a military career was for ever closed against me, and that I should soon be prohibited from wishing for

either glory or advancement. I was however somewhat comforted by the permission I received to pass the carnival of 1801 at Berlin.

A great many emigrants lived at Leipsick and Dresden who owed their retreat and maintenance to the generous bounty of the Elector. My arrival at first spread alarm among these small colonies. My predecessor had been unable to afford them much protection, but he had at least removed persecution. They imagined that an aide-de-camp of General Bonaparte would not fail to drive them out of the only retreat they had left. Instead of that, I endeavoured to remove their fears. I had no great merit in showing them marks of humanity. I felt naturally inclined to consider them in the light of unfortunate countrymen, who had ceased to be dangerous from the time they had laid down their arms. Besides which, I had received from the First Consul a positive order to facilitate the return to France of all such as appeared willing to carry back to their country feelings of peace. I made no distinction, and, during twelve years, I had no cause to repent. I now seek to forget that, in 1814, some of them repelled the gratitude they owed me as an insult. During these twelve years,

at least, the Imperial government was not displeasing to them. The greatest part of them had solicited and obtained official situations.

At Berlin we lodged with the French Ambassador, General Burnonville. His polite attention and delicate friendship enhanced the pleasure that reigned that year in the metropolis of the Prussian dominions. It was during my stay there that peace was signed with Russia; and I could not help remarking, as a curious circumstance, the sudden eagerness with which the Russians sought us, when a few days before a member of the diplomatic body would not have dared to dance in the same quadrille with a French lady. I had the honour to see and approach frequently the Queen, who was still more to be respected for her virtues than admired for her beauty. It is impossible to imagine a more charming person united with a more dignified and majestic demeanour.

The simplicity of her manners added a still more sacred character to the feelings of veneration she inspired. She had no splendour, no retinue. She went out every day in the plainest carriage, and frequently on foot, when the weather permitted. The inhabitants of Berlin, or at least many persons attached to the

Court, used at that time to express themselves with perhaps too great a freedom respecting their Sovereign and his family; but never was the slightest blame mixed with the praises bestowed on the Queen. Surrounded by her lovely children, lavishing on them the softest caresses, with the most touching tenderness, and without the least affectation, she received the French with a grace and a feeling of preference dictated by policy; and it was easy to perceive that her attentions were owing to the title of Frenchmen more than to any particular merit in the person to whom she addressed them.

She had then with her the Princess of Mecklenburg, a sister of the Emperor Alexander, whose beauty was dazzling, but whose noble features already bore traces of the complaint of which she died a short time after: the whole expression of her countenance presented something so profoundly melancholy, that whenever she spoke she seemed to bid you a last adieu.

The most singular man of the Court of Berlin was Prince Henry of Prussia. Posterity, which has now begun for him, fully justifies all the praises of fame, and I owe respect to its sentence; still I must say, that that sentence has not been ratified by the city of

Berlin. He was become a general object of raillery and disregard. His manner of living, the eccentricity of his tastes, the singularity of his dress, certainly contributed a great deal to the feeling of the public towards him; but it was chiefly owing to his hatred for Frederick the Great, to which he frequently gave vent in the most bitter sarcasms. Louis Bonaparte, having passed through Berlin, went for a few days to Rheinsberg, the usual residence of the Prince. On his return to town, he repeated to me with indignation the following words the Prince had uttered at table: "You have a great idea in France of my brother Frederick; but how greatly mistaken you Frenchmen are! You do not know the secret of his victories. He ought to have written as long as he lived—it was for that alone nature destined him." A thousand traits of this kind have been related to me at Berlin by persons of rank. The most strange eccentricities may be united with the greatest merit; but so much hatred, such a constant wish to lower in public estimation so great a man, and particularly to attack him in his most justly acquired glory, is conduct unworthy of a patriot, a prince, and a man of good sense.

The truce with Austria was signed on the 4th of Nivose, and, according to the promise of the First Consul, I was soon after recalled. When I arrived in Paris, I found the public still in the first excitement occasioned by the shocking event of the Infernal Machine. The execrable attempt showed how much hatred the House of Bourbon had conceived against Bonaparte. It must be entirely attributed to the Princes; for, in 1814, the emigrants, then masters of the field, openly boasted of it, and made no secret of the means they had employed. Limoelan, Carton, and St. Rejant, were all three Vendeans, who had come from England expressly for this noble enterprise. Limoelan escaped, and nothing farther has been heard of him; St. Rejant also escaped at first, but was retaken afterwards with Georges. I shall here mention in what manner he was discovered.

I expected, on returning to the First Consul, to resume the functions of aide-de-camp: I was mistaken. After passing a few days at Malmaison, the First Consul sent me word by Duroc, that his intention was, I should fill an official post, and next morning I read in "The Moniteur" that I was appointed one of the

directors of the Sinking Fund. This appointment, which had been made without consulting me, and of which I received the first account through a newspaper, vexed me. I felt for that sort of employment, and for Paris life in general, an aversion, which the catastrophe of 1815 has but too well justified. I went to M. Maret, Secretary of State, and declared that I would not accept the situation; and that I preferred living in obscurity, to accepting a post to which I felt aversion. At five o'clock I went to dine at the Tuileries, as usual. General Lannes, who was on duty, had heard of my refusal: he came up to me, approved of it, and encouraged me. "This man wants to send away his most faithful friends: we shall see what he will gain by it." The approbation of the General did not add in the least to my resolution, which was firmly taken. The First Consul passed by, in going to dine; and perceiving me, he took me to the window, and said: "You do not wish, then, to enter into official employment?" I answered rather drily, "No."—"Well," he replied, "you shall do as you please; I will have nothing more to do with you." Saying that, he left me. Those were the only harsh words I had ever heard from

him; but they went to my heart. I retired in a rage, and sending all to the d—— l. Three days after, observing my absence, Bonaparte sent Clarke and Eugene to order me to go to speak to him. I went; and he spoke so persuasively, that I accepted the office. He then told me that his intention was to make me Postmaster-general, in the room of a man who was wholly devoted to M. de Talleyrand; but that his secret having been discovered, he had encountered an opposition which he wished to defeat by side measures. At that time he was not yet absolute master. In fact, a few months afterwards, I received an order to take possession of the Post-office. I entered it against my will. I nevertheless did my duty there during thirteen years, with a devotedness and a zeal which were not sufficient to ensure my welfare, and for which I have been cruelly punished in 1815.

When I took the management of the Post-office, I found the fatal custom established of delivering up to the police of every corner of France all the letters claimed as suspicious. I immediately put an end to this practice, by sending out of office those directors that had been guilty of it. From that time, at least, the

secrets of families were no longer pried into by the worst set of men. I soon resolved to cut off all communication with Fouché, — a measure which he never forgave me.

Government, however, met with the approbation of all France. The new system of administration was better appropriated to the spirit of the nation. The magistrates had been chosen from among the enlightened classes of society. All the public officers felt a wish to please, and the necessity of being friends. Politeness, and the good manners customary in civilized states, had taken place of the vulgar forms of the Republic. Order re-appeared on all sides. The First Consul had promised peace: he gave it with every appearance of durability.

France was proud of her First Magistrate, and her glory was carried to the highest pitch. Northern Italy had been added to the several conquests of the Revolution, — a brilliant acquisition that delighted the nation, which always was destined to pay dearly for it. Peace with England gave the finishing stroke to the national glory. Imagination itself could set no bounds to the expected prosperity of France; and all those golden dreams seemed

on the point of being realized. The expedition to St. Domingo, entrusted in too feeble hands, and which ought perhaps not to have been undertaken at all, was a disappointment; and the renewal of the war with England, a misfortune. But France was full of energy, and shared the boldness and good fortune of her chief. She had no other fear but that of losing him; and what fate could not effect amidst the perils of war, the Princes of the House of Bourbon attempted once more, and nearly succeeded. Experienced casuists may perhaps find the means of conciliating the maxims of the Gospel, and the inspirations of piety, with a resolution to commit the greatest of all crimes, murder. Certain at least it is, that the Princes commanded that murder, entered into all the details of its execution, and marked out the victim; whilst one of them sent over for that purpose his most faithful servants and most devoted friends.

It was in 1804 that this event took place. For some time previously, the First Consul, who had the English newspapers carefully translated for his perusal, was surprised not to find in them the usual abuse or threats against his person. Their silence appeared suspicious;

and one night, being unable to sleep, he arose, and looking over the reports of the police he had received several months before, he found that a person, called Querelle, had been arrested on the coast of Normandy, with two other individuals; that they had been kept in prison since that time, as they were strongly suspected of being Chouans, and of having come over from England with some black design. He immediately sent an order to put these young men on their trial. They were probably found guilty, for they were sentenced to die. The commander of the division delivered the sentence to the chief of the staff for execution. That gentleman was at a ball: he conned the letter on his return home, and went to bed. If the order had been given immediately, and executed next morning at seven o'clock, it is probable that the secret of those unfortunate men would have been for ever buried in their graves: but when daylight appeared, the horror of approaching death dismayed the mind of Querelle. He fell into such violent convulsions, that he was supposed to have been poisoned. The doctor, who was called to his assistance, tried to comfort him; and some broken sentences which escaped him,

led the doctor to the idea of sending him a person who might draw from him important disclosures by promising him his pardon. The promise was made. When his companions were ready to go to the fatal spot, they exhorted him to remain firm. One of them said to him, "Thou wilt say more than thou knowest. Death is so near, and the pang so short; a little more courage, and all will be over!" He resisted: his two accomplices left him, with a shrug of the shoulders, and went calmly to be shot. However, Querelle acknowledged that several emigrants were to have left England to assassinate the First Consul; that Georges and some of his companions had a share in the plot. He did not mention General Pichegru. This slight indication gave a clue to the police. Fouché was then no longer Minister of that department;—it had been joined to the department of Justice; an odd adjunction, universally blamed, and which gave Government an appearance of odious despotism: Justice raised her veil to seize, and lowered it to judge. Still the whole structure of Fouché remained; and although the Grand Judge, Regnier, did not know how to make use of it, perhaps because he used it against his will, the heads of

the police set on this occasion all their skill to work. It was soon known that M. de Rivière, and the son of the Duke of Polignac, had arrived in Paris. They were arrested, and with them a dozen wretched bravoes, who had gained no reputation even in the Vendée,—robbers of diligences, polluted by the vilest and most odious crimes. Some of these wretches declared that Georges was at the head of the conspiracy. One of the accomplices said that he had seen in Georges' lodgings a man for whom that chief showed the greatest consideration, and whom he treated with evident respect. This person was supposed to be the Duke d'Enghein; and Bonaparte sent an aide-de-camp to Ettenheim, to enquire what the Duke d'Enghein was doing there, and whether he frequently left that residence. The aide-de-camp came back, saying, that the Duke was often absent from ten to twelve days, and that nobody knew where he went. From that circumstance it was concluded that he came to Paris incognito, and that it was he whom Georges treated with so much respect. His arrest was decided. A few days after his death, Pichegru was also arrested; and then Picot, who had made the declaration about Georges, being confronted

with the prisoner, said it was he whom he had meant when speaking of the superior chief. When the First Consul heard this, he trembled with despair, and cried, " Cursed report ! fatal aide-de-camp !" Pichegru being arrested, Bonaparte resolved also to make sure of Moreau. The enmity between these two men ought to have concluded in no other way but by a desperate duel. The former had been betrayed by the latter before the 18th of Fructidor. Bonaparte had, nevertheless, obtained certain proofs that their quarrel had been made up by the interposition of an Abbé David. He did not however produce these proofs, and he acted wisely. In the hearing of the cause, no doubt was left but Georges and his friends had come to Paris to murder the individual at the head of the government; that M. de Rivière, first aide-de-camp to Monsieur, Comte d'Artois, was in the plot; that he had been sent over to take a leading part in it; that Messrs. de Polignac, attached by affection and birth to the House of Bourbon, had come with the same intentions; and that Pichegru and Moreau were to profit by the attempt to recall the Bourbons and replace them on the throne. I say, to profit by; because it appears, by an

observation that escaped Pichegru, that he had refused to take a direct share in the murder of a warrior to whom, at least, he owed considerations. On his arrival in Paris he saw Georges; and hearing from him that the act was not yet committed, he said with a haughty air, "What mean all these delays and precautions? In London you never thought of calculating any thing. Speedily fulfil your promise. I do not wish to see you until all is ready." In fact, notwithstanding his intrepidity, Georges, on his arrival, had not calculated every thing. He remained five months and a half concealed in Paris: during so long a space of time, fortune presented him with only two opportunities of committing the crime he meditated, with a due regard for the chances of success and his own safety. The First Consul was not to be attacked in the Tuileries, and it was very difficult to surprise him in his walks, for which he had no regular hours. To assassinate him in a playhouse was become impossible, since the attempt of the Infernal Machine had miscarried. The design of Georges could therefore only be put in execution during one of his journeys; and still it was not possible at the moment of his starting. The army was then assembled at

Boulogne. The First Consul went twice thither. The first time he started from Paris; and I only learned his departure at a ball the Second Consul gave. Bonaparte came there. It was ten o'clock: he perceived me, as he was walking in the saloon; and having made me a sign, I stepped into an apartment where there were but few people. He said to me, *en passant*, "I intend to set off in two hours for Boulogne: two coaches, six horses, eight ponies, and General Duroc." I was prepared. The usual express went off an hour before him, and he arrived before any one knew in Paris where he was gone. But his return was easier to be known. It was natural to imagine that he would not remain long at Boulogne. The plan of Georges, according to his own confession, was to waylay him on his return, dressed with some of his accomplices as guides, who, mounted on ponies, fatigued by the express service, generally followed the coach at a considerable distance. They were to stop the First Consul, put him in a cabriolet escorted by them, drive rapidly to Normandy, and embark him for England. The latter part of the plan was evidently too absurd, for a man of Georges' sense, to have ever thought it feasible. He only in-

vented that fable, because he was ashamed of acknowledging that he intended to murder the First Consul; and, in fact, nothing would have been easier for him, while accompanying the coach as a guide, to let off a trumbloon, the shot of which Bonaparte could not have survived. At Bonaparte's first return, Georges had not yet got together all his people: he wished, besides, to strike the blow in Paris. The second journey took place with the same precautions, only that Bonaparte travelled under the name of General Bessieres. I do not know what circumstance prevented Georges from executing his plan that time.

CHAPTER II.

Reflections on the death of the Duke d'Enghein. — Suicide of Pichegru. — Georges is executed with nine of his accomplices.—The Emperor Paul assassinated.—Consternation.—The Continental War breaks out again.—Campaign of Austerlitz. — Organization of the General Express service. — Interior Administration. — Prodigious memory of the Emperor.

The death of the Duke d'Enghein was partly occasioned by the mistake into which the report of the aide-de-camp led the First Consul; but I must say, that that was not the only cause of it. Proofs had been obtained that the Prince really did come from time to time on the left bank of the Rhine, where he held conferences with the Mayor of ———, and stopped at the village of ———. It was but natural to conclude from that circumstance, that he was not a stranger to the plots of Pichegru. In truth, what was the plan of the conspirators,

according to their own confession and those of their friends who now boast of it? Pichegru was to throw himself into Alsatia, to proclaim the King, and make that province declare itself in favour of the Bourbons; while Moreau was to do the same with the army of the coasts. Why then should not Pichegru have called in a Prince of the House of Bourbon, who lived at seven short leagues distance: a Prince, the only one of his family who had acquired military reputation in these very departments of the Rhine, and whose presence would have warmed the hearts and moved the courage of every one?

Another motive, perhaps the most peremptory, must be sought for in Bonaparte's character, — impetuosity and love of revenge, which might be called *vendetta Corsica*. That feeling was besides, at the period I am describing, raised to the highest degree by his enemies. I heard him say a few days afterwards, "Let them throw all Europe on my shoulders; my part will then be to defend myself: their attack is a legal one. But to blow up whole streets, to kill or maim more than one hundred persons in the hope of coming at me; to send, as they now have done, forty bravoes to murder me, —

that is too much. I will make them shed tears of blood. They shall learn at their expense what it is to make murder legal."

Revenge is but a vulgar passion, and still it is the commonest among kings. The First Consul was worthy of setting himself above it. I should have wished him to have had the Duke d'Enghein arrested and condemned; but after the judgment, to have sent for him, have given him the proofs that were obtained, of his having conspired against him, and then to have immediately sent him over to England. I am sure the Prince's heart was too noble not to be moved by such an act of magnanimity; and if his family were destined one day to reign again, Bonaparte would not have found in him an enemy, nor in his own heart a reproach which he was never able to silence. For the rest, their actions served as a foundation to the fabric of horror raised against him all over France and Europe. But without naming all the Princes, who, after having committed the same fault, have nevertheless retained the respect of mankind, does not the greatest and wisest of our writers, Montesquieu, when speaking of Alexander, say, " He burned Persepolis and killed Clitus, but," &c. ?

I went to St. Cloud a few days after the trial. I was accustomed, while waiting for the order to enter the closet of the First Consul, to stop in the library with a young man named Ripaule, who took care of his books, and who told me that the day before, while going out of that room, Bonaparte perceived a bust of the great Condé placed in a passage leading to his closet: he immediately said to Ripaule, with an abrupt tone and an agitated voice: "Let that bust be placed somewhere else."

The arrival of the Prince and his death were known at the same moment at the palace. Madame Bonaparte burst into tears and threw herself at her husband's feet, to obtain the Prince's pardon: it was too late. His sister-in-law, Madame Elisa, wrote him a letter composed by Fontanes: he remonstrated with her for having sent it, but without any appearance of resentment. Caulaincourt, on his arrival from Strasburgh, learned the fatal news from Madame Bonaparte. His grief was so great that he fainted. I have no doubt of his having been a perfect stranger to the arrest of the Duke d'Enghein, and my proof is his having accepted the place of chief equerry. Caulaincourt would never have deigned to receive the wages

of blood. His elevation was only owing to his merit and attachment to the First Consul.

This fatal *coup d'état* had not yet ceased harassing Bonaparte's mind, when it received another violent shock by the death of Pichegru. He had been arrested, examined, and confronted. The worthless behaviour of the subalterns towards him, and the total ruin of his hopes, made him resolve to avert the horrors he had still to encounter, by ridding himself of a life he had no more means of prolonging. Perhaps also he was urged to the act by the shame of having associated with such accomplices for the performance of such a crime. He was found dead in prison. It would be insulting both Bonaparte and Pichegru to imagine that one of the two could have taken the other's life in that manner. One must not seek to rob that energetic soul of the glory of having nobly escaped from the hands of his enemies. His retreat was that of a gallant warrior; and if all the particulars that have been published were not sufficient to exonerate Bonaparte from the suspicion of having murdered him, the character of Pichegru, well known to those who approached him, had left not the least doubt in their minds.

The condemnations of the other prisoners created a general feeling of pity, particularly among the family of the First Consul, and those who were devoted to his person. Too much blood had already been spilled, and every person sought to obtain from the Sovereign the pardon of some victim or other. Madame Bonaparte took upon her to save M. de Rivière and the Polignacs. I accompanied to St. Cloud Madame Louis Bonaparte, having by her side the daughter of Lajolais. The mother of the First Consul, and Madame Joseph, the wife of General Murat, and her two sisters, undertook to solicit the pardon of the others. When I arrived at St. Cloud, the First Consul, on perceiving me, said: "What are they doing in my wife's apartments? They are weeping, and she the most of all. It is a heart-breaking sight."

I had found him agitated; his emotion grew more and more visible. He walked two or three times up and down the closet, and said: "The wretches wanted to murder me! What a base act!"

He then went out of the room. A little while afterwards, the sister of M. de Rivière and the female relations of the Polignacs came in, led

by Madame Bonaparte, and fell at his feet. He did not hesitate a moment, but immediately signed the pardon of Messrs. de Polignac and de Rivière. Georges had written to Murat a very noble letter, in which he solicited, not his own pardon, but those of his companions. The General read it to me with emotion. He offered, however, to be the first to throw himself on the English coast if life was granted to him. It was, he said, only changing the manner of his death; but in that way at least it would be useful to his country. His letter was read in a secret council. Bonaparte himself appeared disposed to pardon, but it was represented to him that those men had killed public functionaries in the streets; that no favour could be allowed to a double murder; that it would be showing a sort of favour to murderers, and discourage those whose duty it was to defend him; that Georges, an obscure man in his own party, was, after all, nothing but a leader of banditti, famous only for atrocious acts; and in one word, that if he were spared, nobody could with justice be punished. He was executed with nine of his accomplices; and the mob, according to their custom, went to see the tragedy performed, and to seek emotions at the

sight of the violent death of individuals who had attempted to recall the Bourbons.

This conspiracy made the First Consul sensible that he ought to hasten his ascent to the throne. It was the secret wish of all those whose ambition looked for favours which a Republic was unable to bestow. To Bonaparte it offered not alone protection, but also an extent of power, of which he felt the want for the execution of his great design. Besides that, it was the only means of reconciling to his government the sovereigns of Europe, who trembled at the thought of a Republic. England alone excepted, being scarcely a monarchy in its foreign concerns, all the other powers were convinced that the presence of a monarch in France would stem the torrent of republican ideas, and the discontent that prevailed among all nations. Peace had already been concluded with all, and confirmed during the Consulate. The Emperor Paul had gone farther still. In his hatred of the English, he found a powerful auxiliary in the First Consul. Both these monarchs sought to mark their reign by illustrious actions, and their common hatred of the English had brought them a great deal nearer to one another. There

had been some questions of an expedition to India by their joint forces. The Emperor Paul imprudently betrayed his secret, and perished. His death was probably as much owing to that circumstance as to the despotism with which he swayed his family and his court.

The return so skilfully prepared from republic to monarchy was marked by the most solemn ceremony the Christian world had witnessed for the last thousand years. All Christendom most ardently wished that the kingdom of France, after having presented to the world a deplorable example of scandalous impiety, might also offer a majestic instance of a nearer return to the Christian religion. The Pope, rising above all mean passions, hatred, and prejudice—convinced besides that the leader of France was directed by Providence,—concluded a treaty dictated by wisdom, policy, and the sanctity of his high calling. He could not have resisted the wish that was expressed to him, to consecrate the union of church and state by the authority of his presence, and the pompous ceremonies of that worship, which acknowledged in him its sovereign pontiff. He left Rome, and came to France. The First Consul received him at Fontainebleau, and the

most majestic gravity presided over their mutual relations during the whole of his stay in France. The ceremony of the coronation was the most solemn that ever had bestowed a sacred character on the legitimacy of a sovereign. The Pope, a venerable old man, surrounded by all his prelates, and by more than one hundred French bishops ordained with his consent, the chief functionaries of the state, the whole diplomatic body of Europe, and the universal assent of France and the army, have given to that act a degree of legitimacy, which the House of Bourbon will never be able to weaken. These united claims to all that is legitimate among men were perhaps not sufficiently felt by the Emperor, when he abdicated at Fontainebleau. His resistance would undoubtedly have cast him into captivity; but what ought his own fate to have been in his eyes? He was persecuted as a sovereign. But his son never could forfeit his right; and although he abdicated in his favour, that modified act was void, because not expressed by his own sacrifice. I shall have an opportunity of recalling these reflections to mind.

England soon felt that the peace with the whole Continent, and with herself, would

be fatal to her. The expedition to St. Domingo had begun successfully. It was altogether a bad enterprise that ought not to have entered into the plans of the Emperor; but the remembrance of the prosperity of St. Domingo, the numerous colonists who had fled to France and sighed over the wreck of their fortune, called loudly for the conquest of the island. The Emperor yielded to the general delusion, and to a desire of employing his navy, which was eager to share the national glory.* The Directory had made a bad choice and taken half-measures: this was more than sufficient to produce failure. The general to whom they had given the command of the expedition was a man of little capacity, though of great personal integrity. He failed, and fell a victim to the skill of the blacks. He was shipped off and sent away with the reputation of a dupe, and the disgrace he had cast on the name of the French. The general to whom

* It is easy to discover that the writer has here made a slight mistake, or rather has transposed events. The expedition to St. Domingo took place in 1802, before the First Consul had mounted the Imperial throne, and Toussaint Louverture died at Fort Jonx on the 14th of April 1803. (*Note of the French Editor.*)

the Emperor entrusted the second expedition had more sense and talent than his predecessor, but, like him, he had to contend with a destructive climate, and a power augmented by first success. It must also be acknowledged, that liberty with all its advantages, its energy, and its hopes, had given to the negroes, already organized, and proud of their former victory, a degree of strength and skill, over which it was no longer possible to triumph. The General-in-chief died a victim to the climate; and although he had sent to France Toussaint Louverture, the chief man in the country, he sunk under the national energy and advantageous positions of his enemies.

England seized the moment when the success of the expedition was doubtful, to break the peace. Mr. Pitt, accustomed to trample on the most sacred rights and conventions, began the war without declaration, captured trading vessels, ruined merchants, and set the Continent again on fire. Russia and Austria, united, took up arms again. The Emperor left the shores of the Atlantic for Austria, and made the admirable campaign which terminated with the battle of Austerlitz. It was then that I adopted for the first time, on a large scale, the

system of expresses the Emperor had commanded me to organize, and the invention of which was his. He had felt the inconvenience of letting a single man cross such a vast extent of country. More than once, the couriers, oppressed with fatigue or badly mounted, did not by their speed satisfy his impatience. He did not like either to put in the hands of a single man papers, the speedy reception of which might have a serious, and sometimes decisive influence over the most important events. Consequently, by his orders I organized the express service, which consisted in sending by the postilions of each stage the cabinet despatches shut up in a portfolio, of which he and I had each a key. When a postilion arrived at a stage, he delivered to the next one a little book, on which the name of all the stages was inscribed, and in which the hour of the arrival and departure of the despatches was to be mentioned. Fines and severe punishment were inflicted for the loss of the little book, or for any negligence of the postmaster in setting down the hour of the arrival and departure of the despatches. I had a great deal of trouble in obtaining a due execution of those forms; but by means of an active and constant superin-

tendence I succeeded at last, and the service continued during eleven years with most wonderful success. I was enabled to account exactly for a day's delay on a space of four hundred leagues. The express departed and arrived every day from and to Paris, Naples, Milan, the mouths of the Cataro, Madrid, Lisbon, and, at a later period, also Tilsit, Vienna, Petersburg and Amsterdam. This plan besides ensured considerable economy: the couriers used to cost seven francs and a-half per post, whereas the expresses were no more than three francs. The Emperor received on the eighth day the answers to the letters he addressed to Milan, and on the fifteenth to those of Naples. This service was very useful to him, and I may say without vanity, that it proved one of the elements of his success.

The campaign began by the affair of Ulm, which came like a thunderbolt: Russia was dismayed, and hastened to hide her hostile projects. Austerlitz forced Austria to bend the knee, and the astonished Russians to fall back. The following year, Prussia was defeated in the battle of Jena, and added a fresh proof to a thousand others, that an absolute monarchy is nothing if its leader be not the most skilful

man in the nation. This event was also a proof that Prussia is not a strong nation. Its sovereign, dismayed by the loss of one battle, sought an auxiliary in the most distant north; while its army, which still contained pupils of Frederick the Great, had lost all its old energy, and even the enthusiasm of its former glory. One day it fought, and the next it was nothing more than a mass of men without discipline or energy. One only saved the honour of the monarchy, and preserved some sparks of the same fire that influences all hearts. This was not done by a prince of the House of Prussia, but by Blucher, and his march towards Lubeck, with his noble defence, gave the Prussians a great lesson of courage in adversity, the most important and most useful lesson men and nations can receive.

These two years' triumph did not inspire the Emperor with an idea of conquering Europe to become her master or her president; it was his genius and his character that developed the idea: for those great conquerors of the world are all cast in the same mould—*everywhere they must be the first, or perish!* He had spent four years of his consulate in discussing the civil code, an edifice which has already

been shaken in one of its most important parts, but which will never be destroyed as long as the love of our country and a taste for civilization shall preside over our destinies. In the interval from his second war to his last, he busied himself with the interior administration. Some disorder, occasioned more by want of experience than by dishonesty, had arisen during his absence. On his return, he displaced some persons, rectified some of his choices, and gave to the general administration a lively though steady impulse. His astonishing memory made him master of all things, not only in their *ensemble*, but also in their most minute details. The consequence of this was, that his conversation was extremely perplexing for men who were not perfectly acquainted with the subjects they were to demonstrate. It was his constant application to all sorts of affairs, and his excellent method of classing them in his mind, that enabled him to carry his success so far. It has frequently happened to me, to be less sure than he was of the distances of places, and of a number of particulars in my department, which he knew well enough to correct. M. de Talleyrand told me, that as he was travelling one day with him from Boulogne to

Paris, a short time after the army had left the court for the banks of the Rhine, the Emperor met a detachment of soldiers going to join their corps, which they did not know where to find. Having inquired the number of their regiment, he immediately calculated the day of their departure, and the road they had taken, and said to them—You will find your battalion at such a place. The army was at that time two hundred thousand men strong. The admirable order in which he arranged his ideas, and his prodigious memory, made him as much beloved by the soldiers as respected by the officers of the army. Every one knew that he never forgot the name of a brave man, and that it was always sufficient to recall to his memory some brave action to ensure its recompense; and whenever he promised any thing, he always kept his word.

CHAPTER III.

Campaign of 1809.—Marriage and Divorce Plans.—Singular Conversation with Marshal * * *.—Despair of the Empress.—Unfeigned grief of the Emperor.—Courage of Josephine.—She is abandoned by almost every one.—Marriage.—Birth of the King of Rome.

I NOW proceed to the campaign of 1809. The success of the Wagram campaign had a considerable influence over the destinies of France: not so much, however, because peace was once more ensured to the Continent, as on account of the alliance between the two crowns. The first proposals of the marriage of the Emperor with the Archduchess Maria Louisa were made at Vienna with Prince Metternich, notwithstanding the exertions of a considerable party that would not listen to such an alliance. I first suspected what was going forward through a singular circumstance. The Emperor did not

well know how to divorce a woman who was so deserving of his love, and whose adorable qualities had made her an object almost of worship in the eyes of the French. He would not have been sorry to have seen others set an example which might make some impression on the public, and render the matter less difficult to him: at least I have always thought so. Marshal * * * came to see me the day after his arrival. We were friends of long standing: he placed in me an unbounded confidence, and he spoke to me of his wife with great discontent. I had always thought him jealous, and I believe he did not do his wife justice. In our conversations he even went so far as to say he could not live any longer with her, and he repeated to me what the Emperor had said to him at Vienna. Napoleon affected to pity the Marshal's domestic vexations, and observed that the best thing he could do would be to end them by a divorce. "You will never have any children by her," he added, "and still you ought to wish that a name like the one you bear be not lost. Divorce her, and then you may choose among the most illustrious families of France a consort who will give you successors to your rank and titles." The Marshal,

when he mentioned the fact to me, and asked my advice, was as far as myself from suspecting the secret motive of the Emperor's words. I had not the least doubt of his wife's virtue; she possessed many amiable qualities, and had brought him a considerable fortune. I advised him not to take a step he might perhaps long regret. He followed my advice, and I believe he acted wisely.

A few days after the Emperor returned from the army, and at the end of two months he went to Fontainebleau. I followed him thither almost immediately. As soon as I arrived, the Empress sent me word to come to her apartment by a back staircase. I found her melancholy, and her countenance betrayed the effect of strong agitation. "Fouché has just left me," she said, "and what do you think he said to me? 'Madam, your Majesty must give France and the Emperor a great proof of devotion. It is necessary for the Emperor to leave behind him children who may perpetuate his name, and give to France a family that may deprive the Bourbons of all hopes of return. Ten years' marriage leaves the nation and the Emperor no expectations of his having any children by your Majesty. You

are therefore, in this respect, the only obstacle to the solid happiness of France. Vouchsafe to follow the advice of a man who is wholly devoted to you. The peculiar situation in which you are placed, obliges you to make a great sacrifice to your own glory and the interest of all. I know how hard it will fall upon you; but your noble mind will easily learn resignation. The Emperor will never dare to propose it. I know his attachment for you. Be greater than he is great, and give this last token of devotion to your country and your sovereign. History will repay you for it, and your place will be marked above the most illustrious women that have sat upon the throne of France.' I was utterly disconcerted at that speech," added Josephine; "the only reply I could give to so strange a proposal was, that I would consider of it, and give him an answer in a few days. Lend me therefore your advice,—you who are at once a relation and a friend to me. Does it not appear past all doubt, that Fouché has been sent by the Emperor, and that my fate is already decided? Alas! to descend from a throne is no sacrifice to me. No one knows how many tears I have shed over it! But to lose also the man on

whom I have bestowed all my affection,—that is an act of self-denial to which my resolution is not adequate."

I shared the Empress's surmise, that Fouché had been sent by the Emperor; but that strange news surprised me as much as it did her, and I asked for some hours to reflect before I gave her an answer. It required, however, but short meditation to be convinced, that whether the proposal had really been made by order of the Emperor, or that Fouché wished to keep to himself the glory of such a change, it was altogether too advantageous to be abandoned, and that the sacrifice was therefore unavoidable.

On the other hand, I was too well acquainted with the attachment of the Empress to her husband not to be convinced that she never would of her own accord make the sacrifice. I had been for a long time devoted to her: I was her son's friend, and her niece's husband. It was therefore by no means proper that I should encourage a plan which had perhaps no other source than Fouché's ambition, and break all the ties which united me to that family: I do not mean only the ties that might be of service to me, but chiefly those of friendship. I have, besides, never placed much confidence

in that human wisdom which pretends to control events by foretelling them. None but the most enlightened and strongest minds are able to see the future, and even they are often mistaken. I advised the Empress to remain silent on the subject, to let the Emperor begin; and to declare to Fouché, that as her first duty was attachment to the Emperor, her second was obedience, and that in consequence she did not wish to hear any more upon the subject from any other person than the man who held her fate in his hands. She approved of my advice, and followed it. But the storm was not long before it burst. All was undoubtedly already concluded with Austria, when the Emperor sent for Eugene from Italy, that he might comfort his mother at the fatal moment of the divorce; and a few days after he held a secret council, where he admitted, besides the grand officers and ministers, the members of the family. He explained in that council the motives which had swayed his decision, by seeking, for the advantage of the state, in another marriage, his long lost hope of begetting direct issue. He gave them afterwards to understand, that he was at liberty to choose his new consort either in the House of Austria, or

in that of Russia, or in some of the sovereign Houses of Germany. The grand officers of the empire, who were probably already acquainted with the secret determination, gave their votes for an Austrian princess. Prince Eugene was of the same opinion, and adduced as his principal motive, the Roman Catholic religion, in which the Archduchess was bred. The King of Naples gave his vote for a Russian princess, on account of the advantage that would accrue from a union with the most powerful sovereign of Europe, and the most distant from France: he opposed the alliance with Austria, by recalling the fatal experience we had already reaped from it. "A family alliance," he added, "never gave to France any real advantage. France will be obliged to support all the wrong steps of the foreign government, and to share its heavy and dangerous burthens. Nothing but the situation of Austria can force her to a connexion which in her proud heart she certainly detests. It is Austria who more than any other power has given the force of a maxim to the idea that sovereigns have no relations. France will be obliged to support her at great cost in her awkward and frequently dishonest policy, and

in the wars she so badly manages; and when in our turn we shall want her as an ally, we shall find in her neither energy nor fidelity. An alliance with Russia has none of those dangers for us."

These were very sensible observations, but could have no effect against a fixed resolution. I have been told that some proposals of a marriage with a Grand-duchess had really been made, and the person who entrusted me with that secret enjoyed such a high character for honesty, and was in so favourable a situation to get acquainted with the most important affairs, that I can have no doubt upon the subject. However, the Emperor was at that time so strongly determined, that the debate of which I have been speaking could have had no other foundation than a feeling of vanity, to which he was perhaps not altogether a stranger, and some political object which I never could discover.

A few days before he had sent for me. He had been looking out for some friend of the Empress, who might help to sweeten the bitter about to be presented to her. His choice fell on me. "The nation," he said, "has done so much for me, that I owe her the sacrifice of my dear-

est affections. Eugene is not young enough for me to keep him for my successor; nor am I old enough to give up all hopes of having children—and yet by Josephine I can have none. The tranquillity of France requires my choosing a new consort. The Empress has lived already for several months in all the torment of uncertainty. Every thing is settled for my new union. You are the husband of her niece; she honours you with her esteem; will you not take upon you to acquaint her with the fatal news, and prepare her for her new situation?"

I answered, that my relationship to the Empress did not permit me to undertake that commission; that the attachment I had at all times professed for her left me no plausible reason wherewith to justify such a misfortune, and that it appeared to me more proper that his Majesty should select some person for whom the commission might be of a less delicate nature. He did not seem at all offended at my refusal, and he gave the charge to M. N***, who acquitted himself with propriety and success. The arrival of Prince Eugene was a great comfort to Josephine. When in the council, before the Emperor, and in the presence of the grand officers of the empire,

she was obliged to declare that she consented to the divorce, she displayed so much courage and firmness of mind, that all the spectators were deeply moved. The next day she left the Tuileries, never to return more. The Emperor had during the preceding day passed some hours with her; his grief was sincere; and the man whom the most important events could not even shake for an instant, bent his knee before that excellent woman, and shed abundant tears. I went to see her the morning before her departure. Some persons of the Court came coolly to take leave of her, and express, in an embarrassed way, a few insincere wishes; and when she got into her coach with the Countess d'Alberg, her lady of honour, and with her chevalier d'honneur, not one single person remained to show her a grateful face. Every wish, every pretension was already directed towards the new court. The Emperor retired for a fortnight to Trianon. His grief was deep and sincere; but the Archduchess arrived, and from that moment he gave himself entirely up to the joy his new bride promised him.

Fortune, which till then had seconded his genius, bestowed unreservedly this new favour

upon him. The young Empress was tall, well made, and in excellent health. She appeared adorned with all the grace and beauty that usually accompany youth. Her face, which displayed the family features of the Imperial House of Austria, was remarkable for an air of kindness; and, unlike the rest of her family, her smile was amiable and sweet. The lustre that surrounded her, the splendour of the first throne in the universe, all the arts vying with each other to please her; a young, brilliant, and warlike court at her feet, the attentions paid her by the Emperor, whose fame had for several years already struck her imagination, made her abode in Paris delightful to her. She frequently expressed her satisfaction with a warmth and a naïveté that made her generally beloved. The marriage ceremony took place with great pomp. Many persons, however, recalled to their memory the arrival of the Archduchess Marie Antoinette, and the fatal fireworks let off in the Place Louis XV. where so many lives were lost. The public took some pleasure in comparing the two periods, especially on the occasion of the fête given at the Champ de Mars by the Imperial guard; where the most admirable order had prevailed among six thousand

people assembled in a temporary wooden room, surrounded by eighty thousand others who had come to enjoy the sight of the fireworks. All these rejoicings were over, when the Emperor thought he could not refuse attending a soirée given by the Austrian Ambassador, Prince Schwartzenberg, in his hotel, Rue de Mont Blanc. There were at least six hundred persons present; and the house not being large enough for so numerous a company, the Ambassador had ordered a round temporary saloon of wood-work to be erected in the garden communicating with his apartments. The architect had completed all the preparations in four days. Unfortunately he fixed the floor of the saloon on one side to the steps that went down to the garden, and on the other to the rock of a grotto where there never entered a drop of water. A gallery also of wood had been erected, leading to the Rue de Provence. It was in the beginning of summer, and the heat was excessive. Gauze and muslin draperies, with a great profusion of garlands, lined the saloon and all its avenues. An immense quantity of wax candles added to the heat of the atmosphere, and gave to all the ornaments a most inflammable dryness. A candle fell against one of the

curtains of the gallery and set fire to it. One of the chamberlains, a man of very tall stature, perceived it and tore it down; but the flames extended with so much rapidity, that in a few seconds they reached the saloon, and quickly spread all round the room. Every body ran toward the garden; but as there was only one door, the company was all crowded to the same point; the floor gave way, and many persons fell into a hollow of more than five feet deep. The confusion then grew excessive. The cries of despair and fright, the dismay, and the wish to escape from the danger, that spared neither sex nor rank, made the scene horrible to witness. The flames having soon reached and consumed the roof of the saloon, the ceiling fell in, and the whole presented the appearance of a vast furnace. In three minutes' time the flames had spread in every direction. The company escaped to the gardens and the streets, half covered with the remainder of their burning clothes. The Emperor had retired just as the fire began to communicate with the saloon; but after having placed the Empress in safety, he quickly returned in a plain dress with Prince Eugene, who had saved the Princess Augusta with great presence of mind. At that moment

the sight was appalling. Some unfortunate women who had fallen under the floor had attempted to get out through the beams that supported it; but already half burnt, they vainly extended their wounded arms through the bars; and when assistance came, it was too late. Those who were saved, died a short time after in excruciating pain. The Princess de la Dijon, a woman as remarkable for her beauty as she was respectable for her virtue, was carried, nearly half burnt, to the lodge of a poor portress of a neighbouring hotel. She was speechless. The old woman covered her with her own clothes; and a Swedish officer, who had saved her, without knowing who she was, brought her in a hackney coach to Passy, where he supposed she lodged, as that had been the only word she had been able to utter. He went with her from door to door, until at last her servants recognised her voice. The unfortunate lady died four days afterwards, in the prime of her age, after having given with tears her blessing to her daughter, who was married at her bedside.

The fate of the Princess Schwartzenberg, sister-in-law to the Ambassador, was no less tragical. She was at the ball with her children:

radiant in beauty, splendidly dressed, and glittering in diamonds. She saved herself in the garden; where, not seeing her eldest daughter by her side, and having sought for her in vain, the courageous mother flew back to the saloon. The floor sunk under her feet, and she was engulfed in the flames. A few hours later, when the fire was at last extinguished, she was found a shapeless corpse, burnt to the bones, blackened, and shrunk to half her size. She was only known by the rings she wore on her fingers. Some business had kept me at home; the blaze of the fire and the public alarm made me fly to the fatal scene. It was no longer possible to come near it. The mob filled all the avenues. Their unpitiful memory recalled the misfortunes of the Place Louis XV. at the marriage of Marie Antoinette. The most dismal comparisons, the most sinister predictions accompanied the name of Maria Louisa; and I went back, my heart deeply grieved at the behaviour of the crowd, who showed so little sensibility for the victims, and who, by the cruel malice of their observations, gave but too sure a proof that they felt no pity for the unfortunate persons, whose pleasures and high rank wounded their vanity.

The fatal forewarnings of the people were, however, not immediately confirmed. The Empress was delivered of a son on the twentieth of March. Her pregnancy had given great hopes; and the people, who had frequently enjoyed the sight of her, showed her all the interest she could wish to inspire. Government had announced, that if she were delivered of a son, the salute would consist of a hundred and one guns, but only of twenty-five if it were a princess. At the twenty-sixth gun, the joy of the people was carried to a fit of delirium, not only in Paris, but all over France. I call the whole generation to witness that all our wishes were fulfilled. The prosperity of the state seemed assured, and France delivered from all fear of revolution. It was then, I have often since repeated with many other people,—it was then that the Emperor ought to have hung up against the wall his conqueror's sword, and sought rest in the administration of his extensive empire. France would have been happy, and the memory of the Bourbons for ever buried in oblivion.

The Empress's delivery had been tedious. She suffered severely for several hours. I arrived at the palace a short time before it was

over, although I was not called there by my rank; but I had free access at all hours. The Emperor was much agitated, and went continually from the saloons to the bedchamber and back again. At last the medical gentlemen appearing in some doubt as to the mode of delivering the Princess, the Emperor said to them in a loud voice and much moved: "Do as you would with a citizen's wife. Save the mother, by all means." The child came, however, safe into the world, and the Emperor immediately presented it to us. The wishes for his welfare and the general emotions were sincere. May he one day realize all the wishes that accompanied his birth! — and if it be not for the happiness of France, may she still one day be proud that he was born among her children!"

CHAPTER IV.

Breach between France and Russia.—Campaign of 1812.—Fatal System of the King of Naples. — Conspiracy of Mallet.

NOTWITHSTANDING the glorious resistance of the Spaniards, and the varied success of our armies in Spain, the Emperor had kept a part of Prussia in his hands, and established the centre of his military position in the North, at Hamburgh, which was intrusted to the care of Marshal Davoust. The Marshal deserved the Emperor's confidence by his noble conduct at Jena, and by an unbounded devotion. The conditions of the Treaty of Tilsit, in regard to England, were only to remain in force for three years. The Emperor Alexander was perplexed by the state of his trade. The produce of his empire remained on hand, the English refusing to receive it; and the great landholders of the

country, who were noblemen, complained. In a government where the life of the sovereign is frequently exposed to the effect of conspiracies, it is perhaps more dangerous than in other places to wound the passions and interests of the great, as it is not necessary there to stir up the people, while three or four ferocious rebels and a handful of soldiers may decide the fate of the sovereign and the empire. This consideration had certainly a due influence on the new determination of the Emperor Alexander. He was, besides, but little satisfied with his ally Napoleon. The rigour with which Prussia had been used displeased him, and the sovereignty of Italy vexed him. The dominion of the French in the latter country, and the possession of the seven Venetian Islands, situated so near Greece, made him fear a watchful and terrible enemy, if ever he wished to resume Catherine's old plans in regard to the Ottoman empire: he therefore began by degrees to seek a reconciliation with England.

His conduct greatly displeased the Emperor, who strongly felt the consequences of it. All the powers of the Continent had suffered severely; Russia alone still preserved all the energy of her immense strength. The Emperor

resolved to attack her. He did not, however, carry his resolution into effect without having first exhausted all means of conciliation; but when he saw how stubborn the enemy remained, he opened the campaign. The Emperor Alexander imagined he had disposed all things favourably; but the first attacks were so vigorous, that he soon grew sensible he should be obliged to make one of his last resources, and sacrifice every thing if he wished to get the advantage in this giant's strife. He began by making peace with the Turks. Unfortunately for France, the Emperor Napoleon thought the Divan would be too well aware of its true interests to conclude a peace with its mortal enemy at a moment when that enemy was going to be so powerfully attacked. He thought that the Divan, according to its old maxims, leaving the Christians to weaken one another by their wars, would profit by their exhausted state, either to attack them, or at least to obtain that degree of rest which would ensure safety. The Emperor sent off his ambassador, General * * *, too late, and when he arrived at the Turkish frontiers he learned that peace had been concluded between the Ottoman Porte and Russia. Napoleon had another

enemy in Bernadotte, Prince Royal of Sweden, whom he had thought attached to his interests. I never could conceive why he remained so unconcerned at that general's exaltation. He was perhaps not sorry to get him out of France; and accustomed to obtain every thing by force and despise old diplomatic manœuvres, he certainly had no idea that Bernadotte would be in a situation to injure him. However, the Prince Royal of Sweden laid down a plan of resistance, such as the most inveterate enemy of France could scarcely have imagined. To his natural policy, as Prince of Sweden, he added his hatred of Napoleon, which made him give able and fatal advice to Russia; and General Moreau was recalled, with a view of being placed at the head of a Russian army, and invading France as the head of a party. The campaign, which had begun in so brilliant a manner, and which with a little more prudence the Emperor would have concluded in good time, owed a part of its disasters to the fatal conviction of Napoleon that his enemies would always yield, and that accumulated humiliation would never produce any thing but ineffectual fury. I have often heard it repeated that the King of Naples greatly contributed to

our misfortunes, by keeping the Emperor in a fatal security. The Russians caressed that King; they intoxicated him with perfidious praises, which unfortunately had too much power over his mind. He was, they said, the hero of the French; the Du Guesclin, the Bayard of his age; he was the prop of the throne, and the support of national glory; it was with him alone that they would consent to treat; every concession that could be made without danger, they would offer to him, happy if he deigned to accept their terms. The return of a courier sent to the Emperor Alexander was looked for with impatience, and then peace was to be immediately signed. The King of Naples, who had already entered into private engagements with Russia for the preservation of his Neapolitan throne, was delighted by finding in the Russians a fresh security. He therefore kept the Emperor in an illusion, which, to say the truth, he shared himself, though the still burning ruins of Moscow ought to have taught them, that a sovereign capable of taking such a step, would never sign a disgraceful peace. In fact, the Russians were already preparing to harass, by all possible means, the French army in its retreat. The

disasters of that campaign are known. While they were going on, the city of Paris witnessed a prodigy such as is often seen on the eve of the great convulsions of nature. What all Europe in arms had not dared to plan for the last twenty years, namely, the conquest of Paris, a single man, in prison, without friends, money, or reputation, was bold enough to attempt, and almost succeeded. I had served with Mallet as staff officer in 1793. He was a man of an extraordinary turn of mind: his manners were eccentric, and he was tormented with a deep melancholy, that made him morose and disagreeable to his comrades. The accession of Bonaparte to the throne had displeased him, and he had not attempted to hide his feelings. The loss of his liberty, added to the grief of seeing his career stopped when so many officers of younger standing than himself rose to the highest rank and acquired great reputation, made him take a part in an ill-conceived conspiracy, consisting of those old remains of brawling Jacobins, who take no council but their rage, and have no means of realizing their wretched projects. Mallet was discovered, and the particulars of the plot having been laid before the eyes of the Emperor, he shrugged up his shoulders

through contempt. After some years' imprisonment, Mallet obtained leave to remove to one of those private hospitals (Maisons de Santé) which surround Paris, and which were for the police a sort of seminaries, where they kept subject to a severe supervision, all such persons who could not be convicted, but whom, however, it would have been dangerous to set entirely free. We had remained during twenty-six days without any accounts from the army; sinister reports were beginning to circulate; when Mallet, after having combined his plan with the Abbé Constant, a companion of his captivity, found means to get out of prison, dressed in a field-marshal's uniform, and went at four o'clock in the morning to the barracks of the Municipal Legion. Having called up the colonel, who was still asleep, he told him with an air of dismay that the Emperor was dead; that the Senate was assembled to restore the republican government in France; and that he, Mallet, who had been appointed commander of Paris, wanted six hundred men of the regiment to go to the Hôtel de Ville, and protect the Senate, that was assembling there. At this fatal news, the colonel was at first seized with alarm, and his grief for the death

of the Emperor made him shed tears. The disorder of his mind did not permit him to reflect on the news he had heard, nor cast his eyes on the suspicious person that stood before him. He ordered the guard to assemble, and, overwhelmed with consternation, left Mallet master of his forces. The name of a Republic, which recalled to mind licentiousness, was a counterpoise to the death of the Emperor. The most brilliant promises and temptations were held out; the officers all believed what Mallet chose to tell them. Each soldier was to be rewarded by advancement and double pay; the officers were to get drafts on the treasury, of twenty and even fifty thousand francs: for Mallet had provided against every difficulty. He soon got together four hundred men, at whose head he went to seek his accomplices, and the future ministers of France, in the prison of La Force. In that prison there had been in confinement, for some time, an adjutant-general named Guidal, and General Lahorie, of whom I have already spoken. Both had served with Mallet, but had heard nothing more of him, and were totally ignorant of his plans. Mallet entered the prison, claimed his two old comrades, and told the great news. The jailer

refusing to deliver his prisoners, he signed their liberation, introduced two hundred men, and went to Lahorie's chamber. The first words Mallet said to him were: "You are the Minister of Police. Rise, dress yourself, and follow me." Poor Lahorie, who now saw, for the first time during a lapse of twelve years, a man whom he had never looked upon as quite *compos mentis*, imagined all he heard was but a dream, and rubbed his eyes while looking at him. At last the assurance of the death of the Emperor, of the assembling of the Senate, of the re-establishment of the Republic, convinced him that he once more witnessed another of those revolutions so common in modern history. He rose, dressed himself, and found six hundred men at the gate. With Guidal by his side, he immediately went to the Minister of Police, who was still in bed. The soldiers entered quietly, and without any obstacle; when, finding the door of the Minister's chamber locked, they broke it open with the butt ends of their muskets. The Minister, waking at the noise, jumped out of bed, and, without waiting to dress himself, rushed upon the murderers. He was seized, and treated in the most brutal manner; but at last, at sight of the prisoner Lahorie,

and the intelligence of the death of the Emperor, he began to comprehend that he was the victim and the dupe of a revolution. He obtained, not without some trouble, leave to dress; and Guidal led him, escorted by a detachment, to the prison of La Force. On the Pont Neuf he jumped from the cabriolet, but was retaken. When he arrived at the prison, the jailer burst into tears. Savary whispered to him—"Place me in your darkest dungeon, and hide the key of it. God knows what is the meaning of this, but it will all clear up." A few moments later, the Prefect of Police was also brought to the prison: a detachment had gone to fetch him, and had dragged him along. Whilst the heads of the police were thus treated, Mallet went to General Hullin, commander of the military division and of the city of Paris. The general was just getting up to receive an order from the Minister of the War Department, which could be delivered into no hands but his own. Mallet was accompanied by some officers of his troop. On seeing the general, he said to him with the greatest coolness, and with an air of gravity, "I am very mortified, General, to have so painful a commission to execute; but my orders are to arrest you." Hullin remon-

strated; and looking at Mallet, whose face he knew, he said, "How! Mallet, is it you? You arrest me—a prisoner? How did you come here? What is your business doing here?"—"The Emperor is dead." These words struck Hullin dumb, and Mallet repeated the fable he had invented. However, the arrest and the order to go to prison appeared wondrous strange to the General. He continually spoke of the death of the Emperor and his own imprisonment: and at length asked Mallet to show him his order. "Very willingly," replied the other: "will you step with me into your closet?" Hullin turned round, and as he was entering the closet, he fell, struck by a bullet that touched his head. While lying on the ground, he saw his murderer looking coolly at him, and preparing to fire once more; but, thinking him dead, he left the place. He crossed the Place Vendôme, and went to the staff, whither he had sent before him a letter, acquainting the adjutant-general, N***, that he was advanced to the rank of major-general. The latter, when he saw Mallet, could not disguise his doubts. Struggling between his duty and his ambition, he was perhaps at the point of yielding, and en-

tering into arrangements, when one of the heads of the military police, the old Colonel Laborde, came into the apartment. The appearance of that man showed sufficiently that he could be neither deceived nor seduced. Mallet was therefore going to blow out his brains, when Laborde seized him abruptly by his arm, called for assistance, and had him arrested. This Laborde was an old soldier, who, having long retired from active service, had chosen Paris for his camp and the scene of his observations. Attached to the police under all possible governments, no one could impose upon him by illusions. His youth had been passed in vice, and he now felt pleasure in pursuing it in its last holds. He made use of his privilege with all the despotism which subalterns of that class love to exercise upon the rabble. Rank, titles, glory, virtue, crime itself, is sacred to them as long as it remains prosperous; but, as soon as the day of misfortune arrives, they trample upon every thing, and neither respect nor pity must be expected from them. Laborde had seen Mallet in prison. At the first report of the Minister of Police being arrested, he set himself at the head of a platoon of infantry, went to the office, and found La-

horie calmly seated at his desk, writing orders, after those he had given at the Hôtel de Ville. He had him immediately seized and tied to his arm-chair, while he addressed to him reproaches that opened the unfortunate Lahorie's eyes to the madness of Mallet. He then went to the staff, where he arrested the latter, and, flying to the prison, he delivered the Minister and Prefect of Police. The Prefect went home; but his hotel being still full of the soldiers who had arrested him, they pursued him, and he was glad to find a refuge in a neighbouring house. All these scenes, well deserving of a place in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, happened between five and eight o'clock in the morning. By nine all was over; and the happy inhabitants of Paris, when they awoke, learned the singular event, and made some tolerably good jokes upon it.

The attempt of Mallet was nothing more than the extravagance of a madman whose imagination had been excited. It made, however, a deep impression on the public, and became a subject of dismal reflection. In the following year, the Royalists did not fail to place Mallet among the number of their martyrs, and honoured with the name of a Bour-

bonian attempt, the mad freak of a man who, far from ever having belonged to that party, had always been worked upon by Republican ideas. His plan was a sufficient demonstration of that. He had planned the assembling of the Senate; he had spoken of nothing else to the soldiers but the re-establishment of Liberty and the Republic; and he could only hope to succeed by stirring up the lowest classes of the people. Would the confusion have been considerable, and long enough for him to have succeeded, in case the Emperor had really been killed? I do not believe it; but at least I must suppose, from the knowledge I had of his character, that he would not have fled, but would have committed suicide. The noble firmness he showed until the moment of his death, is a proof of that. A few days after he had been arrested, news was received from the Emperor. He was by no means disconcerted, and expressed no other feeling than that of regret for the loss of liberty, and the prolongation of the Emperor's despotism. The most incredible thing was, that in the midst of the confusion, during three hours, nobody thought of the Empress or her son. The Prefect of the Department had quietly slept at

his country seat in the forest of Vincennes. He was coming home on horseback, when an express met him, and delivered to him a note, wherein he found, written with pencil, these two words, "Fuit Imperator." At first they appeared inexplicable. The express had not waited for an answer; and it was only after a good deal of reflection, and after having read the note four times, that he at last understood it. He hastened to the Hôtel de Ville, where he found every thing in confusion, and General Lahorie already giving orders for the Assembly. He then burst into tears, and found no other resource but submission. The Colonel, who first had been surprised by Mallet, did not show either more firmness or more presence of mind than the Prefect. All those who had been surprised by the news, carried their reflection no farther. It seemed as if every thing was over by the death of the Emperor, and that he had taken along with him not only the secret of his government, but all the foresight and energy of those who were devoted to him. There is not the least doubt but two hours later every one would have come to their senses; but then, perhaps, it would have been too late. I did not conceal

this observation from the Emperor, who looked very grave when he heard it. Generals Mallet, Lahorie, and Guidal, who was arrested a few hours after the rest, and about fifteen poor officers, who had committed no other fault than obeying generals whom they looked upon as their leaders, were condemned to death. In going to the fatal spot, these officers cried, "Long live the Emperor!" They all died with a courage bordering on indifference: several of them were not killed at the first discharge, and they reproached the soldiers for their awkwardness.

CHAPTER V.

Intelligence of the disasters of the Russian Campaign.—Firmness and intrepidity of the Emperor.—Campaign of 1813.—The Emperor returns to Paris. — My evening conversations with him. —His prodigious application to business.—Forming and composition of the National Guards.

THE first account from the Emperor, dated from the Beresina, brought the distressing particulars of the retreat. Those that were given in the bulletins, and especially in the 29th, could not be read without horror. It was not surprising that many persons should have been deluded by the austere energy that had presided over their composition, and should even feel some indignation at it. Accustomed for so long a period to nothing but triumph, the particulars of our first defeat, accompanied by so much calamity, spread consternation all over

France. The enemies of the Emperor grew more numerous, and skilfully made use of the circumstance to raise an outcry against his tyranny. Just as the agitation of the public mind was at the strongest, his arrival at the Tuileries was suddenly published. He admitted every body; showed severity towards some,—intrepidity in presence of all. He explained the cause of the misfortune of the campaign; and without seeking to dissemble the fault that had been committed, he boldly claimed the support he wanted, to begin the war anew, repel the enemy, and conclude a peace, of which he more than any one felt the absolute necessity. His noble courage in wrestling with misfortune electrified the whole country. Three hundred thousand men were granted; the young came forward with courage, — the old, with firmness. Within a few months, an army was raised, admirably brave, though still uninstructed; and the fields of Lutzen and Bautzen witnessed fresh triumphs. The disasters of the campaign of Moscow had brought Russia and Austria to an understanding, and alarmed the Powers of the second class. Peace was, however, proposed to the Emperor. But they had no longer to treat with the sovereign of the

world. He began to feel that, after having been conquered by the elements, he should be so by man. Though his last battles had turned out in his favour, he now saw that he might have rivals. Pretensions were brought forward, the most important of which was that he should give up his influence over Germany, and abandon that part of the Continent to the left bank of the Rhine. If he had consented, he would have abandoned the Confederation, the House of Saxony, and the kingdom of Westphalia—that is to say, he would have dethroned his brother. He would perhaps have done so one day of his own accord, but he could not bear to be commanded. The Emperor felt that a power contested in that way is a fallen power. His proud mind, which never knew how to stoop, recoiled at the proposals. The negociations broke off, and he began the war again, without considering the youth and inexperience of his soldiers, or the discontent of his generals-in-chief. He fought like a lion, but like a lion forced into his den. I must however acknowledge that he was badly seconded. A short time after that period, some particulars were told me in confidence, but with so much appearance of truth that I cannot omit men-

tioning them here. The Cossacks were a new engine which made the war perilous, especially to the officers who went out to reconnoitre. Several of them, and particularly those of the general staff, who were chosen indiscriminately by the major-general, preferred giving us reports taken from peasants, to exposing themselves at a distance to the attacks of the Cossacks. By this means the Emperor could no longer ascertain the truth. The reports he received were all satisfactory, because they were not true. He thought himself able to resist, because he entertained a false idea of the strength of the enemy. He commenced the battle of Leipsic in the full persuasion that the enemy's forces were but half as numerous as they really were. He lost the battle, and that defeat completely disorganized his army. His new retreat was more disastrous still than when he came from Russia. The army still however made one effort at Hanau. A German who owed the first foundation of his fortune to the Emperor, whose praises constitute all his glory, dared to resist him at Hanau, after having abused the confidence of his sovereign, and forced him to abandon his allies; but the troops he commanded were destroyed. This was the

last struggle of Antæus in the arms of Hercules. A month later, when he had again set his foot on the land of his birth, his strength returned; and if he was finally levelled to the ground, it was only when treason joined its efforts to those of violence.

The army returned in the most grievous disorder. The sick and wounded were innumerable. There were neither hospitals nor private houses sufficient to contain them all; and the most destructive of all diseases, the typhus, attacked not only the army, but all the towns and villages through which the troops passed.

The Emperor returned for the second time to Paris on the 10th or 11th of November. The attachment of the French for him was so great, that on all sides nothing was heard but cries of grief; and if here and there some insults were uttered, they must be laid to the account of the emigrants, who began to foresee his fall and the return of the Bourbons. He remained about six weeks in Paris. I think I have already said in these Memoirs, that whenever he was unfortunate he turned to me. I must not be proud of that circumstance. My attachment to his person was a duty,—my anti-

pathy to ambition and intrigue was natural to me. A habit of reflection made me in general consider affairs in their true light; and as I was very conveniently placed for observing them in their *ensemble*, I gave him my opinion with a frankness and sincerity to which the ear of sovereigns is but little accustomed. At my arrival, he commanded me to come every evening into the bath-room next to his bedchamber. He then had me called in to him, while he warmed himself, undressed, before the fire. We talked familiarly together for an hour before he went to bed. The first evening I found him so cast down, so overwhelmed, that I was frightened. I went to see his Secretary, who was my friend. I communicated to him my fears that his mind, formerly so strong, had begun to sink. "You need not fear," he replied; "he has lost nothing of his energy; but in the evening you see him quite bent down with fatigue. He goes to bed at eleven o'clock, but he is up at three o'clock in the morning; and till night, every moment is devoted to business. It is time to put an end to this, for he must sink under it, and I shall fall before him."

The principal subject of our conversation

was the situation of France. I used to tell him with a degree of frankness, the truth of which could alone make him pardon its rudeness, that France was fatigued to an excess; that it was quite impossible for her to bear much longer the burthen with which she was loaded, and that she would undoubtedly throw off the yoke, and according to custom seek an alleviation of her sufferings in novelty, her favourite divinity. I said in particular a great deal of the Bourbons, who, I observed, would finally inherit his royal spoil, if ever fortune laid him low. The mention of the Bourbons made him thoughtful, and he threw himself on his bed without uttering a word; but after a few minutes, having approached to know whether I might retire, I saw that he had fallen into a profound sleep.

He was then busy with the organization of the National Guards of Paris. The choice of the commanders was a very important point. He spoke frequently with me about that organization. I wished it to be as military as possible. It appeared to me of very great consequence to compose it of ancient warriors, who, having their homes and the national glory to defend, would electrify the citizens, and easi-

ly find in the ardent youth of the metropolis an army of brave men sufficient at least to repel the enemy from their walls. I could not draw from him a single observation on the point, notwithstanding the warmth with which I spoke. The list of the superior officers was at last presented, I do not now recollect by whom; but the very day of the presentation the Prefect * * * came to pay me a visit, to acquaint me that I stood on the list as commander of a division. In the evening I went to the Emperor, according to custom. Marshal Berthier came there, and the Emperor said to him in my presence: "Do you know whom I have appointed as Colonel of the National Guards?" He then read over his list, and instead of my name, I heard that of Jaubert, Governor of the bank of France. Berthier thought the choice very good; and I was not surprised at it. As for me, I was angry at the circumstance, (though there was nothing but blows to be gained,) and I left the room. The following day, after mass, I stood at the audience next to Jaubert. He was a councillor of state, formerly a barrister at Bordeaux, an honourable and clever man, but who never had had any thing to do with the army, and who

was besides rather a little ridiculous as a military man on account of his figure and his habits of life. The Emperor went up to him, and he thanked him respectfully for the new dignity with which he had been invested. The Emperor smiled, and said with that joking air so severe in a sovereign: "You never rode on horseback, I believe?"—"I beg your pardon, Sire!"—"Oh yes, I suppose you rode on a pony from Bordeaux to Tonnelle;" and then he passed on to another. Poor Jaubert nevertheless loaded his two shoulders with the marks of his rank; but he never showed himself more worthy of the lawyer's cloak than the day the enemy attacked the capital.

This singular composition of the staff of the National Guards was explained by the still more singular form of the Parisian fortifications. Plain palisadoes surrounded, ridiculously enough, the barriers of the city; they were barely sufficient to stop a few straggling Cossacks who might intrude so far. He did not wish to frighten the Parisians, and draw them from their amusements, by an appearance of formidable fortifications, and by a warlike composition of the National Guards. He undoubtedly thought that if he proved unable to beat

the enemy, it would be useless to try to defend a city that presented so few means of resistance and so many resources for rebellion. Before he set off, he assembled at the Tuileries all the officers of the National Guards, and taking his Son in his arms, he presented him to the Assembly, and made a speech that electrified every heart. The cries of "Long live the Emperor!" were so energetic and so unanimous, that I was persuaded for some time that a feeling expressed with so much enthusiasm might perhaps produce some fine result. A little reflection, however, recalled the dismal truth that penetrated my soul. I saw the Emperor again in the evening: he spoke to me of what had happened in the morning. I told him freely that the disposition of the public mind would remain good as long as the enemy should not come near Paris; but that it ought not to be put to the test if the enemy approached. He smiled, and, pulling me by the ear according to his custom, he said: "You old Roman! you have no illusions."—"No, Sire," I replied; "but I rest great hopes on this campaign, and a fine victory will do more good than all this morning's enthusiasm." —"Ah!" said he, getting into bed, "it must be gained!"

I remained that night at the Tuileries. He started at four o'clock in the morning. He appeared cheerful, firm, and in perfect good health. I had always seen him so when departing, and the state of his mind inspired me with fresh confidence.

General Sebastiani returned from the army and remained two days at Paris. He gave me sad particulars of the campaign. The enemies were so numerous, the disasters so great, the country so horribly ravaged, that it appeared difficult for the Emperor to hold out much longer. He soon felt, after the observations I made, how dangerous it would be to make known his alarms, which he had already in some way propagated; and wishing to neutralize their effect, he mentioned the necessity of defending Paris as the only means of saving France. Furious complaints and sarcasms arose against him in Talleyrand's circle, and among all the high nobility, who already were in correspondence with the Count d'Artois. He left the capital, hooted by the emigrants; and if he told the Emperor all he really thought, I cannot but think that it was upon his report that the Emperor commanded the Minister of Police to arrest Prince Talleyrand, and send him far from the metropolis.

CHAPTER VI.

Campaign of 1814.—Intrigues of the Royalists conducted by M. de Talleyrand. —Perplexity of the Council of Regency.—Energetic advice of Boulay de la Meurthe to the Empress.—Departure of the Government for Blois.—Battle under the walls of Paris.—Capitulation.—Arrival of the Emperor at the stage called Le Cour de France.—His dejection.—Entrance of the Allies.—Aspect of the Metropolis.—Napoleon at Fontainebleau.—Weariness and falling off of the Chiefs.—Abdication.

While the Emperor, opposed by all the armies of Europe, was struggling like a lion, running from one to another, thwarting all the manœuvres of the enemy by the rapidity of his movements, deceiving them in all their calculations, and exhausting them with fatigue, other foes, much more dangerous than they, were in Paris entering into a secret league with foreigners, to hasten his fall. M. de Tal-

leyrand, whom they had chosen for their leader, did not, however, second their hostile measures as much as their impatience required. The great name of Napoleon, — fifteen years of brilliant victories, — the inexhaustible resources of his genius, his unconquerable vigour of mind, —the still existing possibility of a peace in the midst of battle, — finally, the sentiments of France, which still wished well to the Emperor, — all these circumstances rendered the greatest prudence necessary. Besides, what had he to expect from the Bourbons? Could they have forgotten that his conduct had been ever hostile towards them for the last five-and-twenty years? — Director of the Constituent Assembly, Minister of the Directory, and Napoleon, — a married priest, how could he find grace in their eyes? On the other hand, if France finally triumphed over so many enemies, what would he not have to fear from an irritated conqueror, who could not but be acquainted with his treasonable conduct? Was he destined to end, far from his country and in exile, the last days of an infirm and disgraced old age? He therefore did his utmost to keep his friends in bounds; and, that he might not be crushed by the violent measures of the bois-

terous Minister of Police, his ingenuity and skill were exercised to throw trouble and perplexity in the way of the Duke de Rovigo. It was he who, according to public report, had presided at the execution of the Duke d'Enghein: he had not striven to hide the particulars of it, which had been exaggerated; and nothing could equal the hatred the royalists bore him. He had a numerous family, and his fortune was not sufficient for him to do without the salary he drew from Government.

How could he, besides, preserve his rank, or even his tranquillity, under the reign of the Bourbons? M. de Talleyrand, after having presented him with a faithful picture of what his situation would be in case the Emperor should fall, an event which appeared scarcely to be avoided, applauded his fidelity and devotion; but advised him not to shut out from himself all possibility of pardon, or even favour, at the hands of Louis XVIII. by taking measures of rigour and violence against the royalists, the consequences of which might be fatal even to the Emperor himself, as they might occasion disturbance in the capital, which the police would not be able to suppress.

The Minister was most certainly shaken. The Messrs. Polignac, who had been confined since the affair of Georges, first in a state prison, and then in a *maison de santé*, escaped about that time, after having given a thorough beating to the police inspector, who was to have transferred them to a prison a considerable distance from Paris. The Duchess of Rovigo was their relative; and a few days after the entrance of the Count d'Artois, the Duke told me that the Messrs. Polignac had just been with him, and had requested him to publish in print that it was to him they owed their liberty. He waved the proposal; but it was easy to judge that he was not sorry the Count should believe the truth of the anecdote.

After the battle of Montereau, the Emperor had given the Duke de Rovigo an order to send M. de Talleyrand from Paris, with a positive injunction to cut off all communications between him and his friends in the metropolis. I was in the Duke's closet when he opened the despatch, which grieved him extremely. "What is the Emperor thinking of?" he said. "Have not I enough to do to keep in awe all "the royalists in France? Does he want to "throw another Faubourg St. Germain on my

" shoulders? Talleyrand alone is able to keep " them at peace, and prevent them from taking " some foolish step. I shall not execute that " order, and by and by the Emperor will thank " me for it."

The measure would nevertheless have been very wise. The royalists would have been without leaders, and the enemy without directors or encouragement. They would perhaps not have dared to venture their march upon Paris, which proved so fatal to the Emperor. Marmont would not have signed the truce of the 30th of March, and Napoleon would have gained the twelve hours he wanted to enable him to reach the capital.

That deplorable prepossession of the Duke de Rovigo, who nevertheless remained faithful, was not the only cause of our misfortunes. All persons attached to Government soon shared the same feeling,—all had fallen into dismay and discouragement; and with the exception of Boulay de la Meurthe, Thibaudeau, and some other retainers of the Revolution, familiar with political disturbances, who had nothing to expect and every thing to fear from the Bourbons, all the others were only intent on saving some part of the wreck for them-

selves. The Emperor had appointed his brother Joseph Lieutenant-general of Paris. That Prince, though a man of amiable mind and extended information, wanted energy: he could neither persuade the Council, nor excite the people, who were only waiting for a leader. To say the truth, he was distinguished by nothing but his obsolete title of King of Spain; and the Peninsular war had cost too much blood for any gratitude or confidence to attach to the person for whose profit it was undertaken.* The Archchancellor Cambacérès, a learned lawyer, but a stranger, more by character than even by the habits of his life, to those energetic resolutions which great dangers require, could do nothing but submit to the common

* When the Duke de Ragusa arrived at Meaux, he sent his aide-de-camp, Fabvier, to apprise Government of his perilous position. I met that officer at the hotel of the minister Clarke. He complained bitterly that Prince Joseph had left him three hours waiting in the Luxembourg, before he could gain admittance. "He is not yet up," was all the answer he received: "why should we disturb him?"—"You will not be better satisfied with this one than with the other," said I. In fact, when Fabvier came out of the closet of the minister, he said to me—"What will become of us, good G—d! We have nothing else to do than to get ourselves killed."

fate. The Duke de Feltre, Minister of the War Department, a good secretary, but a man of narrow mind, and the slave of his vanity, which stuck to every thing, served the Emperor with suspicious carelessness, and dreamed already of the prodigious honour he should acquire by being a minister of the Bourbons. A council, at which the Empress presided, was held at the moment the enemy entered Nancy, while pursuing Marshals Ragusa and Treviso. The Empress requested that a resolution might be taken in regard to herself and her Son, for she relied no longer on her father, and no accounts had arrived for several days from the Emperor. None but generous advice ought to have been given to her. Boulay de la Meurthe took the task upon himself, and recalling to her memory the conduct of her grandmother, Maria Theresa, in presence of the Hungarians, he said, " Madam, go to the Hôtel de Ville; cross the streets of Paris with your Son in your arms. The whole capital will accompany you to the advanced posts. Acquaint the Allied Sovereigns with your resolution to remain in Paris, surrounded by your faithful subjects, to share their dangers, and to descend only by force from the throne, on which you seated

yourself amidst the applause of those very nations and kings who now besiege you."

This energetic advice appeared to the weakness of the others no better than revolutionary boasting. Cambacérès read a letter from the Emperor, but of old date, which contained the order never to expose the Empress and her Son to the risk of falling into the hands of the enemy. This put an end to all debate, and a resolution was taken to send the Court to Blois, with the members of Government.

Among the considerations that determined the Council not to follow the advice of keeping the Empress in Paris, one of the most important, and which had a great influence over the deliberations, was the fate of the Emperor.

In fact, what would have become of him, if the Allies had acknowledged the King of Rome and the Regency? Paris would have shut its gates upon him. The people, reduced to the utmost extremity, would have submitted to the new Government. The army would undoubtedly have recoiled at the idea of a civil war, or the enemy would quietly have destroyed it. Besides, could the Empress sign the destruction of her husband? For it was not possible to keep him at liberty near France;

and his situation would have become so very peculiar, that there would perhaps not have been one corner in all Europe where the Conqueror of the World could have rested his head in peace; whilst his wife and his best friends would have been forced, for the interests of their country, to wish for his everlasting proscription.

When the Empress was leaving Paris with all the Ministers, the two corps of Marshals Marmont and Mortier hastily retreated to the heights round the capital, pursued by the Russians and Prussians, who had at last resolved, by the pressing solicitation of M. de Talleyrand, to advance and make themselves masters of the city. The two corps did not muster above fourteen thousand men. Some thousand troops, drawn from the depôts at Versailles and Rambouillet, were sent to join them. The brave young men of the Polytechnical Institution flew to their aid on the hills of Chaumont, and a few battalions of National Guards went also out of the barriers. All these troops fought bravely; but the forces of the enemy, augmenting from hour to hour, were by no means in proportion with those of the besieged. Prince Joseph, having no precise

instruction for so unforeseen a circumstance, did not dare to take upon himself to prolong the defence, without any appearance of success. The people, and especially the inhabitants of the suburbs, would not have refused to fight. Some already prepared to unpave the streets, to raise battlements on the houses that were nearest to the barriers, and to take all possible precaution against cavalry, and to fire in case the enemy were to carry things to such an extremity. The people, as I have said, were well disposed; but towards the evening of the 29th of March, there were no public authorities in the city but Marshal Moncey, Commander of the National Guards, the two Prefects of the Department, and the Police. In leaving Paris, the ministers had enjoined them to do all in their power to preserve the peace, and provide for the subsistence of the inhabitants. Five days had elapsed since any certain news had arrived from the Emperor, and all means of communication were intercepted. In vain I sent off intrepid couriers, and, during the last two days, several fleet and clever messengers. They were bearers of letters written in cypher, wherein I begged the Emperor to return at any price. I told him that

the police was no longer strong enough to repress the royalists; that his presence alone could put a stop to the evil, and that he was lost beyond resource if the enemy got possession of the capital. It is unfortunately true that the agents of Government, attached for a long time to a system of absolute authority, and accustomed never to take the smallest responsibility upon themselves, trembled at the idea of adopting any measure without the special order of the Emperor: some, because he was the master of all; others, because the passing events appeared above all human power. Prince Joseph was the first who yielded to the general dejection. After casting a look of dismay on the plain of St. Denis, covered with foreign soldiers and smoking villages, he fled to Blois, authorizing the two Marshals to sign a capitulation that might save the capital.

Officers, sent on parley by Prince Schwartzenberg, came to the Duke de Ragusa, and declared, that if the gates of Paris were not opened to them before night, the next day it would be too late, and that the capital would be delivered over to all the rigour of military execution.

The Duke had no news from the Emperor:

and although he was given to understand that notwithstanding the threats of the enemy, there could be no danger in waiting till next day, —that it was possible Napoleon might arrive in the night,—that Alexander would certainly not rush madly with his army in the midst of so populous a capital, the inhabitants of which were highly incensed;—yet Marmont, confused, and not wishing perhaps to leave to another the honour of saving Paris, resolved to sign the capitulation, without having received any direct order to that effect from his General and Sovereign.

I went to his house on the evening of the 30th of March. He was still at table, and next to him sat Count Orloff, and several other Russian officers. He came to meet me, led me to a private room, and there did his best to prove that he could not have acted otherwise than he had done; that with less than twenty-eight thousand men, any farther defence would be but useless spilling of blood. That, I acknowledged; but could he not wait until the next day to sign? Twelve hours' delay might be of an immense benefit to the Emperor. I could not suppose it possible that he should not be met by at least one of the great numbers of

couriers I had despatched. I was convinced that his presence would re-establish affairs. The Marshal was inflexible: he was too far engaged to be able to draw back. The chief heights round the capital were already occupied by the enemy. Our situation was terrible, it is true; but the presence of the Emperor was alone worth an army. The people, already well disposed, and full of ardour at the sight of their Sovereign, would have done wonders.

I had received no orders to go to Blois. I therefore thought I would set off with the Duke de Ragusa, who had acquainted me with his plan of going to Fontainebleau. I left him with an intention of coming back, when, on going out of the apartment, I met Prince Talleyrand and his emissary Bourrienne, who were slipping up to the second floor. The sight of them was enough for me. These two men, who were in open treason, had undoubtedly come to involve the Marshal in their toils. M. Pasquier had accompanied me in my carriage. I communicated my suspicions to him. "What shall I say to you?" he answered: "all seems to be over; there is nothing more to be done." I set him down at the Prefecture of Police, and retired to my lodgings in the Faubourg St. Germain,

determined never to re-enter the Post-office. A little before daybreak I received an express with letters from the Emperor to the Empress. The courier informed me that Napoleon had arrived during the night at the stage called La Cour de France, and that there he had heard the fatal news of the capitulation. The unfortunate Prince had been flying with all his speed to save his capital. The blow was terrible for him: he sat down on the parapet of the fountains of Juvisy, and remained above a quarter of an hour with his head resting on his two hands, lost in the most painful reflections; after which he set off again for Fontainebleau.

The following day I returned to M. Pasquier's: he had just come back from the camp, whither he had been summoned by the Emperor of Russia. "You took your resolution last night," he said to me. "I adopted mine this morning. I have received an order to continue my functions. Napoleon's reign is over, and I have written to Fontainebleau to acquaint them that they must no longer reckon upon me. My family has always been attached to the House of Bourbon. I have served the Emperor faithfully. I have taken no share in the events which have cast him from the throne,

and I return to the ancient dynasty."—"I do not pretend to discuss your motives," was my reply; "but for me, I owe every thing to the Emperor: I shall not go near his successor. My public career is at an end, and I return to my obscurity. I have only one favour to claim of you: protect me in that retreat where I intend to go and live with my family, and let not malevolence disturb the peace I wish to enjoy."

With these words we separated. I was already convinced that, with the men Louis XVIII. was obliged to make use of, his difficulties would multiply at every step; and without foreseeing as yet the events that broke out eleven months later, I was glad to remain a stranger to duties for which I felt so strong an aversion, that neither the sanctity of an oath, nor the most rigid integrity, could have bound me to them on the 20th of March following, without the greatest struggle and grief on my part.

The Emperor Alexander entered the city at the head of several beautiful divisions of infantry, appointed as if for a parade. He was preceded by a numerous and brilliant staff. As the procession advanced along the Boulevards,

it was soon augmented by numbers of Frenchmen whom our armies had never seen in their ranks. The Montmorencys, the Dondeauvilles, the Noailles, who then faced the enemy for the first time, were eager to welcome him to the metropolis, and to lay at his feet the homage and joy of the French people. One might have thought, for twenty years France had been wishing for their presence. A little farther, all the genteel company of the Paris drawing-rooms joined the retinue. Women dressed out as for a *fête*, and almost frantic with joy, waved their pocket handkerchiefs and cried, "Long live the Emperor Alexander!" The windows of the houses and the open windows were filled with people. I was not so far off but that I distinguished among them many ladies whose husbands had long filled elevated stations in the fallen Court, and who themselves, loaded with honour and riches, had been attached to the service of the two Empresses. I might name them,—but wherefore disgrace their memory? Many of them will have descended into the grave before this work appears, and their children ought not to be punished for the shameful conduct of their parents.

The Emperor Alexander had nowhere on his

march witnessed this boasted enthusiasm of the French for the King and his family. He was candid enough to acknowledge this at a council held at M. de Talleyrand's. It was therefore through motives of policy, and the necessity of circumstances, that the latter persuaded him not to establish a regency. The absence of the Emperor of Austria, the unpopularity of his minister, Metternich, who was present, the force of old recollections, and perhaps also the falling off of the Duke de Ragusa, swayed his resolution.

While these discussions were going on in Paris, Napoleon, at Fontainebleau, had already recovered from the blow he had experienced. He sounded the danger of his position, and calculated his resources. He every day reviewed his troops, animated them by his presence, and looked as if he wished to familiarize them with the idea of marching back to Paris, and driving the enemy from the capital. Such an act of despair, in a man like him, might have had terrible consequences. Notwithstanding the severe discipline to which the foreign troops were subjected, the troops being too numerous for the barracks to contain them, were encamped at considerable distances from each other.

Many officers lodged in hotels, far from their troops. The play-houses, coffee-houses, ale-houses, and bagnios, were filled with them until a late hour of the night. Attacked on all sides, finding at every step some new obstacle to their assembling, with enemies in every street, confusion might soon have spread among the troops, and the terrible cry of "Long live the Emperor!" resounding on a sudden, would have augmented the disorder, and exasperated the people. If driven out of the capital, and a battle lost in the plain, what would have been the fate of all these triumphant troops? This plan appeared feasible during forty-eight hours, and was secretly whispered among the people. Not only the soldiers, but even three-fourths of the officers, were by no means afraid to undertake it. But it was discovered by the Marshals, and they opposed it through apparent motives of prudence, but in fact through weariness and a secret wish to abandon the Emperor. The correspondence with Paris grew every moment more frequent, and the defections more numerous. Military commanders were all rich; their families were in the enemy's power. To the anxiety with which they were tormented, they added the hope of remaining great men

under the Bourbons. The promises made by the conspirators were unbounded. The Allies and the King would open their arms to them. They were already in idea marshals of France, of the old monarchy. The Cross of St. Louis, the Order of the Holy Ghost, governments, Court favours, their uncontested preeminence over the most ancient families, their names placed next to those of Turenne and Villars, seemed in their eyes to give them a lustre that would fear no comparison, even in future times. These childish illusions, this sordid egotism, made them forget natural honour and the faith they owed to their real sovereign. A few days were sufficient to deceive most of them.

Alas! at no period was it more requisite that a deep feeling of patriotism should have animated their hearts! Twenty-two years before (I was then twenty-three), when the Prussians spread over the plains of Champaigne, Paris and all France rushed out against the enemy. French youths, devoid of experience and instruction, but conspicuous for love of their country, exasperated by generous fury, trampled on the old bands instructed by Frederick the Great. Now the barbarians of Russia, and all the European armies we had van-

quished, paraded in our squares, sat insolently round our hearths; and the French, who were again grown polite, whom prosperity and the luxury of a Court had refined and enervated, looked on the strange scene with eyes of indifference. We deserved but too well our fate.

The fire that animated our soldiers was extinguished when they learned that the Emperor recoiled before ill fortune, and acknowledged himself vanquished. It was then that the army, in despair, felt obliged to submit.

However, the Allied Sovereigns had not expected that submission, and they showed their satisfaction by the treaty of the 11th of April. The title of Emperor was left to Napoleon; the Island of Elba was given to him in full sovereignty; a competent income was allowed, not only for him, but also for his family, and gratuities were granted to almost all the members of his military household. These various arrangements were made in presence of the Bourbons. The King refused to sign them, under the pretence that he could not acknowledge Napoleon as an Emperor; but it was agreed, and he engaged his word, that the treaty should be executed in all its stipulations.

CHAPTER VII.

Departure of the Emperor for the Island of Elba.—Attempts to poison and murder him.—Entrance of Louis XVIII. into Paris.—Spirit of the Populace.—Various Impressions.—Sittings of the Senate.—Reflections on the State of the Nation.

MEANWHILE the Emperor departed for the Island of Elba, and the rage of his enemies augmented with that circumstance. Neither his fall nor his banishment was able to satisfy them;—they sought his death alone: and war having spared him, they resolved to get rid of him by assassination. This was the last homage paid to the genius of the Emperor. A sort of superstitious awe had seized the minds of all those who had contributed to his overthrow. "As long as that man lives," they said at the Tuileries, "there will be no repose,—no security for France." Maubreuil's perverseness and des-

perate character give a great deal of probability to all he has said of the proposals made to him by M. de Talleyrand. But that was not the only attempt made against him before his return from the Island of Elba: he was nearly poisoned at Fontainebleau. Generals Drouet and Bertrand will undoubtedly publish one day what the latter told me of the horrible scenes that took place during the Emperor's journey through the South of France, and all the efforts made by murderers sent to the Island of Elba by the Governor of Corsica, M. Brulard.

King Louis the Eighteenth made his solemn entrance into Paris on the 3rd of May. The wealthy portion of the population now took upon them to show that enthusiasm which the mob is accustomed to lavish on the men who dazzle their inconstant and unreflecting imaginations. The sun shone with all the brightness of spring, and added to the magnificence of the novel scene. Gendarmes opened the procession; then came a great number of officers on horseback: some who the day before had been our foes on the field of battle, came to solicit a share of the Royal largesse; others, old servants of the monarchy, had long held

out their hands for Imperial favours. By a singular distinction, or a cruel mockery, two companies of the Imperial Guards preceded the golden troop. The aspect of those old warriors, covered with scars,—their eyes fixed on the ground, their countenances dejected, the rage of their hearts depicted on their sun-burned faces,—inspired compassion. At last the King appeared in an open calèche, accompanied by the Duchess d'Angoulême and the two Princes of the House of Condé. The enormous bulk of the Monarch, his harsh look and severe features, disconcerted the enthusiasm of those who had a close view of him ; and after the space of a few hours, there remained nothing, even in the mass of the population, but cold indifference for the fortunate brother of Louis XVI.

One of the four royal personages ought however to have excited very deep interest. The sight of the King recalled no recollections: the two old warriors, leaders of a legion that had shone with so little lustre, represented nothing but an illustrious name and a cruel loss.—The daughter of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, on the contrary, delivered up in her tender youth to all the violence of revolutionary tyranny, — deprived of her parents, who died on

the scaffold, — abandoned in the dungeon of an old tower,—was now passing slowly before that same *Palais de Justice* out of which her mother had gone in a cart to the scaffold. — In passing that same palace she was about to inhabit, what cruel recollections!—what feelings of compassion and love might naturally have been excited! — and still the marks of joy, the enthusiasm was lavished alone on the old Monarch! Was it that policy got the better of the more refined feelings of humanity? or that the women, who were the most numerous among the crowd, are expected, even when moved by the most noble feelings of the heart, to show always the smallest part to persons of their own sex?*

The restoration of the Royal Family had been prepared with much skill by M. de Talleyrand.

* The translator is convinced that Count Lavallette was completely mistaken in both his surmises. The fact is, that men never forgive the wrongs that they have themselves inflicted. The French nation had behaved like savage cannibals towards the virtuous Duchess of Angoulême and her innocent parents, and the sight of her was an everlasting reproach upon their cruelty. To this sentiment must also be attributed the filthy caricatures and scandalous libels on that spotless Princess, that have disgraced the French press for the last twelve months.

It was however necessary to give it a legal character; and as the Legislative Body was not at that time sitting, they had recourse to the Senate, which closed its political existence by one of the most disgraceful acts recorded in history. In despite of all laws, the Senate moved from the throne, and delivered over to foreigners, their lawful Sovereign, whom France had elected, and to whom they owed their existence. They had, moreover, the baseness to insult the Prince they disowned. I am far from refusing to acknowledge the noble qualities, the eminent services, and even the conspicuous virtues, by which many members of the Senate were recommended to public esteem; but the stain will nevertheless remain for ever fixed on that Assembly, since no effort was tried, no resignations offered, no protest uttered by any one against that fatal sitting over which M. de Talleyrand presided.

The first measure of the new Government was to establish the administration, and punish or stifle the disturbances which disordered passions might occasion in the provinces at the news of its installation.

But before we follow that Government in its measures, it is necessary to cast a look upon the

nation over which it was about to rule. France had been subjected to the forms of a Republic, to which had succeeded the Imperial monarchy. In 1814 but few influential leaders of the Republican Government survived. With the exception of Carnot and Barras, who had not bowed to Napoleon, the rest had been mowed by the scythe of Time, or seduced by the head of the empire. Merlin, Treilhard, Sieyes, Fouché, and many others, had donned the robes of ministers and senators; the Brutuses of 1793 were now designated by the titles of duke, count, and even monseigneur. In the army I find none but Jourdan, who did not enlist among the titled generals. Kleber, Hoche, Desaix, and Moreau, were, it is true, no more; but would it be too much to suppose that these illustrious warriors, who fell in defending the independence of their country, would have also bent under the Imperial yoke? The whole nation had, on the 18th Brumaire, preceded the conversion of the army. The First Consul found everywhere among the people an equal disgust for republican forms and government. He took advantage of this, to establish the Consulate,—and misused it, to place the crown on his head. Vanity, so powerful over the French, and hatred of a yoke

sprung from under their feet, rendered insupportable to them an authority brutal in its forms, and an offensive equality. The persecutions and violent deaths which, during more than two years, had spread mourning and dismay, left such a deep impression on the people's minds, that they were resolved, cost what it might, never to go back to them. The defeats the French armies suffered in 1799, the violent and unskilful measures of the Directory, their *coups d'état*, and especially that of the 18th Fructidor, added to the general impatience, and to the disrepute in which they had fallen ; so that when General Bonaparte returned from Egypt, all classes of citizens opened their arms to him, and begged him to save France. The 18th Brumaire took place. But the Conqueror of Italy was accustomed to enforce obedience: he therefore organized the country, and commanded over it as he would over an army. The wonderful success at Marengo,—order re-established in the finances, as if by enchantment, everywhere excited enthusiasm. The odious attempts of the infernal machine, and of the Chouans commanded by Georges and Pichegru, excited indignation against the English and the Bourbons to the highest pitch. Then it was that Napoleon,

convinced that he might dare all he wished, again raised up the throne of France with a view to master Europe. Fifteen years' glory and an arbitrary government had made the French more supple; and the Bourbons never doubted but their government, which they called paternal, would be received with transports of joy, especially as it appeared a sure pledge of sincere reconciliation with the rest of Europe.

But Louis XVIII. dazzled by the easy obedience of the nation to his predecessor, was far from suspecting what had been hidden under the Imperial purple. He did not know what troubles, what cares, what increasing obstacles, perpetually arose against the former Government. He did not suspect that the passion for Liberty had only been compressed, and that the contempt the nation felt for the last kings of his race extended to him. The hatred of the old Court and the nobility, indifference in regard to religion, and contempt for the clergy, had acquired new energy under the Imperial reign. The King did not know that the Emperor had lost many adherents in all classes. Finally, since the departure of the present King in 1791, a new generation had arisen and

taken its rank in the social state. They were a grave population, full of energy, nursed in deep study, free from superstitious mummery, leaving college to fly to the field of battle. To them every career of science and ambition was open, and to their success incapacity was the only obstacle.

Nobody had told the King that all illusion in regard to the majesty of the throne had vanished. The Emperor had, in fact, never been a monarch, or at least the people had never experienced for him the superstitious awe with which they had been wont to look upon Louis XIV. and Louis XV.

He was admired only as a great man. The people beheld in him the gainer of so many battles,—the conqueror of so many kingdoms, —the invincible, the man of fate: but still he was always Bonaparte,—a glorious name, which his enemies have not been able to tarnish, nor he himself to deface.

Louis XVIII. therefore, on his return, no longer found the halo of his House. In the eyes of sensible and cool-thinking persons he was nothing more than an old gentleman of Versailles, whom circumstances again raised to a throne. His family and himself returned, however, with

the old prejudices of five-and-twenty years before. They thought that the Revolution had been made by men, and not by the force of things,—a fatal mistake which had already ruined Louis XVI. They began, therefore, to inquire of all they saw, who they were, and what they had done at various periods. An old rancour, against the constituents,—an affected contempt for the nobles who had declared themselves in favour of the Revolution,—a haughty indifference towards all the members of the preceding government—a disdainful and humiliating politeness towards the leaders of the army, because they had still their arms in their hands:—such were the features that marked the conduct of the Court.

The foreign Sovereigns, in the midst of the intoxication of their triumph, were however wise enough not to misuse it: and far from treating France with the violence of a conqueror who thinks he may dare whatever he wishes, they seconded the patriot party in their efforts to prevent France, in her misfortune, from being deprived of all the laws by which she had been governed for the last thirty years. The pledges required by a civilized age were therefore laid down in a charter granted by

the King, under the wretched title of Ordinance of Reformation. The forms of the administration were preserved, and the agents of public authority provisionally maintained in their posts. Extraordinary commissaries were sent into all the departments, to enlighten and calm the public mind. These commissaries, chosen for the most part among the disinterested, and among the enemies of the Emperor, obtained but little success. Private interest, however, weariness, and necessity, produced a surer effect. The people showed themselves everywhere distrustful; but I have no doubt that if Government had advanced with firmness and good faith in the principles laid down by the charter, it would soon have gained, if not affection, at least confidence, and oblivion of the prejudices with which it was surrounded.

But the intoxication of a triumph so easily obtained, turned the heads of the royalists. The bragging of the emigrants knew no bounds. When they saw the Bourbons seated on the throne, they imagined themselves masters of their Sovereign and all France. They asked, or rather demanded, employments, favours, and money. All was lavished on them. Most of them were old officers, who, at the time of

their emigration, enjoyed but an inferior rank in the army. Five-and-twenty years' service was reckoned for them. Senior lieutenants became colonels, and colonels majors or lieutenant-generals. The pretensions of these old men to glory,—their warlike disposition, now so out of season, cast on them a ridicule that was eagerly seized by the numerous idle young officers, whom peace had brought together in the metropolis, and they became the subjects of biting pleasantry and bitter irony. Songs and caricatures were directed against these people, and contributed to bring them into disrepute.

An unimportant circumstance gave Government an idea of the exasperation that began to spread among the people. An actress of the Théâtre Française died about that time in the Chaussée d'Antin. Her funeral was accompanied by most of the theatrical characters in the metropolis. As she had enjoyed a good deal of celebrity, the procession was soon augmented by a great number of those persons who had applauded her talent. When they arrived in front of the Church of St. Roche, they found the doors shut by order of the vicar, according to the ancient custom, by which, in France, actors were considered as excommu-

nicated. The friends of the deceased were unable to soften the obstinacy of the old priest. The mob, full of indignation, broke open the doors of the church, lighted the wax tapers, and began to sing the prayers consecrated to the dead. At last one of the King's chaplains came, as it was said, to fill the sacerdotal functions, and the ceremony concluded peaceably. For this unforeseen disturbance public authority was unprepared; and if the King had followed his first impulse, which was to repel the people by his guards, a riot would in all probability have ensued, the consequences of which would have been incalculable.

This state of the public mind in regard to Government, — this propensity towards resistance, spread rapidly from Paris to the Departments. The awkward position of the Imperial magistrates and other persons who had been kept in office, and who were all of a sudden obliged to preach other duties, other affections, and contrary opinions, cast on them a sort of obloquy; and the necessity of making the Bourbons forget their former devotion to the enemy, communicated to the exercise of their authority a sort of violence, that wounded and irritated every one.

The purchasers of national property, who were extremely numerous, ten millions of persons being supposed to be interested in those sales, were soon tormented by the former proprietors, who, far from accepting the offers that had been made to them through fear, rejected all manner of arrangement. They declared openly, that their lands would be restored to them by the King's authority, and that they ought to resume the possession of their property by the same title by which he had recovered his crown; that the loss of the subjects and the monarch having been the same, the restitution ought to be made at the same time; finally, that the charter, which was only a temporary convention — a plain ordinance of reformation, was to be modified on that point, even if it were not abolished altogether.

The King had returned with a very small number of nobles who remained faithful to his person; but all the emigrants who had come back in 1801, at the time of the amnesty granted by the First Consul, hastened to invade the Tuileries, and added to the joy they felt at the return of the Bourbons, complaints on their former sufferings during their emigration. They appeared every day, by swarms, at the Chapel

of the Tuileries, most of them dressed in plain clothes, ornamented with shoulder-knots, and having by their sides the swords of their deceased regiments. The accounts of their ancient prowess at Coblentz, and in the legion of Condé, appeared pitiful to those who had beaten them with so much facility. They seemed as if they had returned but the day before; and their boastings, supported by the favours of the Court, gave great offence to the warriors who had recently fallen with so much glory. Finally, after a space of twenty years, the whole troop of Coblentz, and the banks of the Rhine, insolently triumphed in 1814, as if they had succeeded twenty years sooner.

The army was a still greater cause of uneasiness. Though exhausted and mutilated by the last campaign, still a feeling for glory, and the name of the Emperor, remained alive in the hearts of the troops. The marshals, and many of the guards, had yielded to necessity; but the greatest part of the officers remained faithful to these noble sentiments. Discipline and the military virtues were nevertheless preserved, and shone with a new lustre. The King could not review the troops himself, on account of the bad state of his health; and

the Princes affected, every time they saw them, a degree of distrust and neglect, which seemed augmented by the jealousy they felt for their glorious deeds.

The following circumstance has been related to me by Count d'Erlon. The Duke de Berri was one day reviewing some regiments garrisoned in the province of which Marshal Duke de Treviso was governor and Count d'Erlon commander. An officer came out of the ranks and asked the Prince for the cross of St. Louis. "What have you done to deserve it?"—"I have served thirty years in the French army."—"Thirty years' robbery!" replied the Prince, turning his back on him. It is true, that the Marshal having remonstrated, the officer obtained the next day what he had solicited; but the words were reported about, and I leave the reader to judge of the effect they had among the troops.

The corps, dispersed on the surface of the empire, were soon deprived of a part of their officers, whom disgust and forced resignation banished from the army. The staff, and that crowd of military agents now become useless, returned to their homes, whither they carried the discontent and hatred that filled their breasts. The two last campaigns had been

ruinous to them. They had almost all lost their baggages. Exasperated by the presence of an enemy, recently victorious, now masters of the country, but who had been beaten during twenty years, the necessity of submitting to the yoke of the Bourbons, whom that enemy had brought with them, soon grew unbearable. Without fortune or possessions, rejected by Government, accustomed to the adventurous life of a camp, they saw nothing before them but misery and disgrace if the Bourbons remained on the throne. They wished at any price to alter their situation, and their thoughts were directed with dissatisfaction towards the Island of Elba.

So many causes of confusion were still not sufficient to open the eyes of the Bourbons. The three first months passed away in apparent tranquillity. Government thought nothing was easier than to subdue the dispersed disaffected; and the Allied Sovereigns, who began to fear the effect which might be produced on their troops by the example of our easy manners, and especially our opinions, consented to retire, after having settled their accounts. France had immense sums of money to pay; the terms and conditions of payment were settled, not without a good deal of difficulty.

The Allies probably carried away with them doubts on the long continuance of a government that began so ill; but they were satisfied at seeing France weakened for a long while, and fallen from the high station to which glory and civilization had raised her.

The Charter had instituted two chambers. The Chamber of Peers, which was the former senate, had lost all consideration. The honourable men it contained added no lustre to it. They had, besides, all risen by the Revolution. The King introduced into it all the old peers of the monarchy, and some of these who had of late served with distinction. The newcomers gave to that body, and received at the same time from it, habits, and a love for subservience; and if the nation took but little interest in the elevation of men who numbered in their ranks the Count de Bourmont and the Mayor of Bordeaux, the King might at least be assured that this assembly would for a long time still maintain the traditional obedience of the Imperial Senate.

Things were, however, not quite the same in regard to the members of the Legislative Body. They had been chosen at a time when war had become for France an insufferable burthen.

Several of them had energetically opposed the demands of Government in 1813. But the number of royalists was not yet very considerable; and if they had consented to abandon the Imperial Government, it was not with a view to submit to arbitrary law under the authority of a king. Government found therefore, if not obstacles, at least serious warnings, when the counsellors of the crown submitted to the chamber projects which but ill agreed with the principles of the fundamental law, and that wounded the feelings and prejudices of the true friends of Liberty. One of them, Count Ferrand, disgusted the assembly when he came in the King's name, and established distinctions in the conduct of the French, at the different periods of the Revolution, distributing praises to some and reproaches to others. His comparison of the straight line and the curved line, applied even to those who had rallied round Government, spread alarm and indignation in every one's mind, and the Emperor perfectly well appreciated how serious that imprudence was, when he said: "I came with M. Ferrand's speech in my hand, convinced that the whole nation would rally round me."

CHAPTER VIII.

My singular and perilous situation.—The Empress Josephine at Malmaison.—The Emperor Alexander.—His opinion of the Bourbons.—Death of the Empress Josephine.—Errors of the Government.—Discontent of the Army.—Anger of Marshal Ney.

I OBSERVED all these seeds of confusion. I felt that the storm was not far distant, and I separated every day more and more from the persons who might take a share in it. I must here explain the singular and perilous situation in which I was placed.

The day before the Emperor left Paris for the fatal campaign of Russia, he kept me with him at the close of the evening; and after giving me all the necessary orders for his journey, he said to me: "Go to the Grand Marshal; he will give you drafts on the Treasury for 1,600,000 fr. You will convert them secretly into gold, which the Minister of the Treasury

will procure you the means of doing; and you will wait my orders to send it me." So much gold was difficult to hide. I addressed myself to the keeper of the Ordnance Depôt, (M. Regnier,) who was a very ingenious mechanic, and who made for me, in a very clever manner, several boxes which looked exactly like as many quarto volumes. Each of them contained 30,000 fr., and I placed them in my library. When the Emperor came back from the Russian campaign, he seemed to have entirely forgotten the money, and he returned to Germany for the campaign of Leipsic without giving me any particular orders on the subject. The only reply he made to my question respecting it was, "We shall speak of that when I come home." At last, when, a few months afterwards, he was going to leave Paris for the campaign of France, I insisted on his relieving me from the charge of a treasure, for which I might perhaps not be able to answer in the midst of the important events that might threaten Paris. "Well then," he said, "hide it at your country seat." It was in vain that I remonstrated, observing, that the castle of La Verrière, situated on the road leading from Versailles to Rambouillet, might be plun-

dered by stragglers of the enemy; that my occupation in Paris never permitted me to remain long in the country, and that chance and the slightest imprudence might make me lose the money. He would listen to nothing, and I was forced to obey. My steward was an honest and intelligent man. He made, in my presence, during several nights, a hole under the floor of a closet on the ground floor. There we deposited the fifty-four volumes of Ancient and Modern History. Never would any work have been read with more eagerness, nor appreciated nearer to its real value. The inlaid floor was carefully replaced, and nothing was suspected. The taking of Paris threw the Emperor into Fontainebleau. I most ardently wished to share his fate, or at least to receive probably his last orders. But he sent me word by the Duke de Vicenza, that it would be dangerous if I were to come to see him; that he wished me to remain in Paris, where I might act as I pleased; and that he would let me know at some later period how I was to dispose of his money.

That circumstance was one of the motives that made me keep so carefully at a distance from Government. My attachment to the per-

son of the Emperor, the oaths of allegiance I had made to him, my gratitude for his kindness and generosity, made me shudder at the idea of not devoting to him the remainder of my life; but, on the other hand, honour forbade me to embrace the party of the Bourbons, when I was placed in the necessity of maintaining a correspondence with him. What punishment would I not have suffered and deserved, if the King's government, after having received my oath, had discovered that I had in my possession a part of Napoleon's fortune, and that I disposed of it according to his orders? At the time I was making those painful reflections, three hundred Prussians occupied the castle of Verrière. Fifteen slept in the very room where the treasure was hid. These soldiers were far from suspecting that they would have had only to raise with the points of their swords two boards of the floor, to fall upon heaps of gold. They remained there nearly two months. During all that time, I was in continued agony. I expected every day to learn that all had been discovered. Fortunately the Prussians went away at last, and I was easy, at least in that respect.

The late Empress Josephine had however

returned to Malmaison. After a short absence, during the month of April, the Emperor of Russia invited her to return home. He added such flattering assurances, that she soon resumed, without uneasiness, her usual mode of living. At first few persons went to see her; but the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia having visited her, a great number of foreigners appeared in their train, and were soon followed by many Frenchmen, who still felt gratitude and attachment to Josephine, and who feared no longer to express their feelings. The Emperor of Russia went frequently, and paid her long visits: their conversations on Napoleon were inexhaustible. The Empress Josephine's mind was neither extensive nor cultivated; but she possessed a sound judgment, ingenuity, a thorough acquaintance with good society, and inimitable grace; whilst her accent, which was rather that of a Creole, added a great charm to her conversation. Alexander appeared delighted with her. One day he presented his brother Constantine to her, and said, "Do you not think that the whole person of her Majesty, and even the sound of her voice, have a great resemblance to the Empress Catherine?"

Notwithstanding some indiscreet observations that escaped her in the freedom of those numerous conversations, Josephine never belied the tender affection she still felt for Napoleon. The revolution was complete, and the throne for ever lost, and still she never ceased to implore the generosity of the Emperor, that he might soften the fate of her former husband. The promises he made, and which she repeated to me with sincerity, were speedily forgotten at Vienna, if it be true that even at that time Alexander consented to let Napoleon be taken from the Island of Elba and sent to St. Helena. Prince Eugene came to Paris, about the time I am speaking of. The Emperor Alexander took a liking to him, made him many professions of friendship, and promised to give him in Germany a principality, the population of which should not be less than sixty thousand inhabitants. These arrangements were afterwards altered: the Prince obtained the principality of Eichstadt, which contains scarcely seven thousand inhabitants. The day before his departure, the Emperor Alexander, in a moment of effusion, said to Prince Eugene, "I do not know whether I shall not one day repent having placed the Bourbons on the

throne. Believe me, my dear Eugene, they are not good people.* We have seen them in Russia, and I know from experience what to think of them."

In the midst of these splendid comfortings, surrounded by the homage of the most powerful sovereigns of the Continent, death overtook the Empress Josephine. She was subject to catarrhal colds, which a little care and repose usually cured in a short time. One day, as she felt an attack of one of these complaints, she walked round the Park of Malmaison with the King of Prussia. She grew in consequence worse. Three days afterwards she was so ill that Dr. N*** having been called in on consultation, gave me the painful commission to acquaint Prince Eugene and the Queen of Holland, that within a few days they would be motherless. The Emperor Alexander brought her the next day his own physician, and remained the whole day with her; but on the Sunday she softly expired in the arms of the Countess d'Arberg, her lady of honour, and her friend.

* If the Emperor Alexander really used these expressions, he was not of the same opinion as our Yorick—"The Bourbons are a gentle race." (Sentimental Journey.)—(*Note of the Translator.*)

The Empress was fifty-two years of age. She was an excellent woman in all respects: she embellished the throne by the most amiable qualities. Her benevolence and her kindness may serve as models to all those whom birth or fortune sentence to wear a crown.

The Emperor Alexander also wished to make a provision for the Queen of Holland. Her husband had left her. Alexander procured for her the title of Duchess of St. Leu. Louis XVIII. did not dare to refuse openly, but his Minister, Blacas, made so many difficulties, that Alexander sent his aide-de-camp to the Tuileries with an order not to leave the Palace until the patent was delivered to him, if even he should be obliged to sleep there.

The Empress Josephine was buried in the Church of Ruel. The funeral ceremony was celebrated with great splendour, by special order of the Emperor of Russia, who wished to give a last token of regard to the memory of Josephine, by sending as chief mourner, Field Marshal Sacken, of all his generals the one for whom he had the greatest esteem, and to whom he had intrusted the government of Paris.

The death of the Empress Josephine was the last blessing fortune conferred on her. Accus-

tomed to all the enjoyment of luxury, and not knowing how to set bounds either to her expenses or to her charity, whilst the new Government refused to pay the pension that had been granted her by the treaty of the 11th of April, she was on the point of feeling all that trouble that accompanies want of order and imprudence. The return of the Emperor on the 20th of March would, besides, have undoubtedly compromised her. Her affection for him and the enthusiasm his presence would have created, would have led her into measures for which she could not have expected pardon from the Bourbons. She would therefore have been obliged to end her unfortunate days far from France and her friends.

Prince Eugene was going to return to Germany. Not receiving any accounts from the Island of Elba, I resolved to acquaint him with my situation. He was devoted to the Emperor, and he was *my* friend. I proposed to him to take charge of 800,000 francs, and send them to the Island of Elba.

Feeling myself a little easier from the thought of having saved half the sum, I exerted my utmost prudence to keep the eyes of the police off me. M. Pasquier was no longer

there; and his successor, prepossessed by the idea of the general excitement, which was daily augmented by newspapers and pamphlets written by men who observed no moderation, naturally forgot a person like myself, whom his investigators never met with, and whose name was never uttered in his presence.

What I had foreseen happened at last. The charter was infringed by underhand practices, and the press complained openly of them. The abuse with which the Emperor was overwhelmed by the royalist papers exasperated all the adherents and friends of the hero. Recriminations took a violent character, and some writers searched the old Moniteurs, and published the odious imputation with which the King had formerly been charged at the time of the trial of the Marquis de Favras.

M. Rey, a lawyer from Grenoble, described in a work which was eagerly read, all the infringements made on the charter from the day it had been granted. Two young men, Messrs. Comte and Dunoyer, published a periodical work, called Le Censeur, whence the principles of Liberty were developed with an energy and a strength of argument that gained universal applause. The writings of the royalists

contained abuse on the Revolution, and on all, without distinction, who had taken a share in it: to which they added such provoking threats, that it was impossible not to perceive that their aim was to punish all.

This hostile disposition had extended all over France by the very measures that Government took to alter or weaken it. Fearing, not without some reason, the troops assembled under the colours, they had come to a resolution of disbanding more than half of them. The sufferings of want soon took the place of the happiness they had enjoyed on finding themselves returned in peace to their homes. The fatigues, the dangers, and even the disasters of the last campaign were soon obliterated from their memory; and they only retained the enthusiasm with which the recollection of the Emperor inspired them in their idle hours, mingled with pity for his fall, and indignation at the disgraceful treatment he suffered from enemies he had so often vanquished. The glory they had been promised, the military rewards that could not have escaped them, the illustrious title of soldiers of the Grand Army, and the universal veneration that was to embellish the remainder of their days, had all dis-

appeared. They returned to their homes poor and humbled, and had moreover to suffer from the mistrust of the agents of the new authorities, and from the contempt of that crowd of nobles, most of them old emigrants, who ranked among their rights and privileges the pleasure of detracting from the military glory, and branding with the name of revolt the heroic exertions of the French to save their country from a foreign yoke.

Most of the generals who had been retained, and even those who commanded military divisions, soon perceived, by the reception they met with at Court, that the day was not far off when they should be set aside to make place for the royalists, whose long idleness was repaid by an accumulation of rank.

I saw none of my old companions in arms; but a conversation I had with one of my friends opened my eyes, and made me more attentive to what was passing around me. My lodgings, which were situated in the Faubourg St. Germain, placed me under the necessity of frequently crossing the garden of the Tuileries. I met there one day a former aide-de-camp of the Emperor. We talked about public affairs, and he said to me: "I have just met Marshal Ney;

I have never yet seen a man more exasperated than he against Government. His lady was yesterday so cruelly insulted at the Tuileries, that she went home in tears. The old duchesses taxed her with being the daughter of a chambermaid.* Her aunt, Madame Campan, has just lost the situation of superintending lady of the establishment at Ecouen, notwithstanding the Marshal's solicitations. The harsh and insolent manner of Count de Blacas, to whom the King referred him, added to his exasperation."

This account appeared so singular to me, from the disposition in which I supposed the Marshal to be, that I could not help expressing some idea that it might be exaggerated. "If you think me mistaken," returned the aide-de-camp, "let us continue our walk. He will soon pass through here again to return home, for I

* The lady of Marshal Ney was a daughter of Madame Anguié, chambermaid to the Queen. Her unfortunate mother, who was persecuted in 1793 by the revolutionary committees, threw herself into a well, to escape from the scaffold, and to avoid by a voluntary death the confiscation of her property. She had three daughters, all of them remarkable for their beauty and the most amiable qualities: Madame Gamot, (afterwards Madame Delaville,) the lady of Marshal Ney, and Madame de Broc, who met with her death by falling into a torrent near Aix in Savoy. (*Note of the Author.*)

know he is gone to the Rue du Mont Blanc, and you may hear him yourself."

In fact, the Marshal appeared in about an hour. We stood at the entrance of the terrace, by the water-side. When he saw me, he immediately came up to me, and we walked all three together. "Well," said he, "so you have kept yourself aloof; you are at peace, far from this puddle. How happy you are, that have no insult or injustice to suffer! These people are so ignorant, they know not what a Marshal Ney is. Shall I be obliged to teach it them?"

He continued there for half an hour, to vent his passion; and, notwithstanding some reflections we made with a view to calm him, he left us abruptly. This fact will undoubtedly appear a considerable charge against him; and many persons will be tempted to connect that speech with his conduct in the month of March following. This would however be a mistake. The Marshal was a man who always acted upon the first impulse: he did not love the new Government; but (it must, alas! be acknowledged) he loved the Emperor still less. A few days after the conversation I mentioned, he went to his seat of Coudreaux, and remained a complete stranger to all that follows.

CHAPTER IX.

Conspiracy.—Affair of General Excelmans.—General Lallemant, Marshal Davoust, the Dukes of Otranto and Bassano are at the head of the Conspiracy.—Prudent conduct of Marshal Davoust.—News of the Emperor's landing.—Various sensations produced by it.—I seek refuge at the Duchess of St. Leu's.—Departure of the King.—My visit to the Post-office.

THE youngest and most ambitious among the general officers were naturally the most discontented. Stopped all of a sudden in the midst of their career, forced to mix again with the crowd, fortune and honours escaped from their hands, when they seemed to have only one step more to take to gain them. Accustomed to a showy life, their large salaries were suddenly cut off, and they experienced great disappointment in not being able to keep up the brilliant rank that had been assigned to them in the army and in the world, the enjoyment of which would perhaps have comforted

them. I do not say that their love of their country and their devotion to the Emperor had not a great share in their resentment; and all those causes added together, made their situation insufferable. The universal contempt for the new Government, and the clamour that was raised on all sides, persuaded them that the favourable moment for an insurrection had arrived; and some of them did not hesitate to employ for that end the troops with which Government had intrusted them for its defence, in full reliance on the oath of allegiance they had taken. I had not the least knowledge of the plot. It was M. de P—— who first spoke to me about it, and who, with the confidence and levity of youth, acquainted me with all its particulars. He did not even seek to hide the names of any of its leaders. By all I had heard, I soon discovered that every body knew the secret except Government. It was Marshal Soult who held the portfolio of the War Department; but having at that time no other wish than to efface by his new zeal the remembrance of his old affection for the Republic and the Emperor, he consecrated all his time to the Vendéans and their history, making the King sign an ordinance for the monument at Quibe-

ron, and placing them in the army. Far from enlightening the Sovereign on the spirit of the army and the people, he knew so little about it himself, that he thought it quite natural to assemble with great éclat, in the city of Nantes, all the remains of the old rebels of the Vendée, for a solemn distribution of pensions and orders. The Nantese, at the sight of their old foes, who had so frequently shown marks of cruelty, were at the point of insurrection. The agent of the Minister was obliged to run away, leaving behind him an incensed population, ready to take up arms to repel this counter-revolutionary attempt.

This awkward act was soon after followed by an unjust and brutal measure, which augmented the exasperation of the military. General Excelmans, one of the most brilliant leaders of the army, had been first aide-de-camp to the King of Naples. One of the physicians of that Prince setting off to join him, Excelmans gave him a letter, wherein he feelingly expressed his attachment to his former general. Some loose words on the energy of the army, which still subsisted notwithstanding the peace, and offers of service, concluded his letter. The person who had taken charge of it was arrested; the

letter was then delivered to the Minister of War, (then General Dupont,) who reprimanded General Excelmans for the very slight impropriety he had committed. But the letter remained in the office of the Minister. One of the first measures of Marshal Soult, when he took the portfolio, was to decide that General Excelmans should leave Paris, and go and reside, until farther orders, in the department where he was born. The General resisted, alleging, with reason, that his natural home was in the metropolis, having no property in the department, where he had not even been for the last twenty years. Finally, he only solicited a respite. Madame Excelmans had been for three days in the pains of child-birth. All the friends of her husband surrounded him, and encouraged him to resist an order which had all the appearance of a *lettre de cachet.* The minister was going to use violence, when one of the General's companions in arms, General Flahaut, helped him to escape. A court-martial assembled at Lille to try him: he went there and was acquitted. This acquittal was a fresh triumph to the friends of the Emperor, and a powerful encouragement to those who were at the head of the plot.

One of the leaders was General Lallemant, whom I had known in Italy and in Egypt, when he was an officer of the Guards, and afterwards aide-de-camp of General Junot. He wished me to take an active part in the conspiracy, and especially to undertake the commission of acquainting the Emperor with it. He observed that I had undoubtedly kept secure means of corresponding with him. He opened to me his plans, which were to seize the persons of the Bourbons, proclaim the Emperor, and replace him on the throne. Marshal Davoust, the Dukes of Otranto and Bassano, and several others, whose names I forget, were the heads of the enterprise. The more he advanced in his explanation, the more my alarm and uneasiness deprived me of all power of replying. In listening to him, it was not, I acknowledge, the fate of the King that caused my anxiety, but that of the Emperor. I however answered, " The persons whom you have named are very able, and their co-operation undoubtedly makes your success very probable; but still, it seems to me, you dispose very freely of the Emperor, simply to acquaint him with an undertaking, in regard to which he has not been previously consulted:

to dispose of his fate without his permission appears to me a very bold act. First, I positively declare I have no sure means of sending him a letter. I even entreat his friends not to address him any, as I am sure they will be stopped by the posts of France or Italy, and sent to Vienna, where M. de Talleyrand strongly solicits a more distant exile for the Emperor. The motives on which he grounds his demand have not as yet appeared sufficient to determine the Allied Powers to such a measure; but I leave you to judge what effect would be produced upon them by a correspondence such as you wish to undertake. I am convinced the Emperor would be sent to the world's end, and perhaps even murdered. Who knows whether he may not have plans of his own which yours may counteract and destroy? Do you think his mind is weakened? Has he no friends left in Italy? Can he not easily be informed of what happens here? Finally, has he left his orders with any body? Has he sent any over since he has been in the Island of Elba?"— "As you think it dangerous to write," replied the General, "we shall strive to send him somebody of great trust. As for our plan, it is too far advanced for us to delay the execution of it

any longer. If we put it off till some other time, the Emperor will be one day unexpectedly removed from the Island of Elba, in spite of the brave men who guard him, and then all will be lost beyond resource. For the rest, speak to the Duke de Bassano; communicate to him your anxiety; but be sure we will not. This government is not to be borne; we will break it with our swords; our resolution is taken."

I went the day after to the Duke de Bassano, whom I had not seen since the restoration. After having related the conversation I had had with Lallemant, I expressed my fears, not only in regard to a correspondence with the Island of Elba, but also to the strange trust they reposed in the Duke of Otranto, Murat spoke openly to me—"This is quite a military operation," he said; "*we* have nothing to say in it: all that concerns *us* is the return of the Emperor. I know not how to acquaint him of it, if you have no means, and if you think them all dangerous. I am, moreover, as much convinced as you are that it would be his certain ruin to commit even a single word to paper; and, in fact, I gave no letter to M. Fleury de Chaboulon, who, you know, set off more than a

fortnight ago. To be sure, when he left us, the military conspiracy was not yet hatched; or, at least, I had no knowledge of it. As to the Duke of Otranto, I do not share your mistrust: he has entered on the business with so much ardour, and he is on such bad terms with the Bourbons, that I am sure he will not betray us."—"Very well; but suppose he be sincere in this, who knows whether he has not some after-thought, and whether he does not intend to work for another?"—"I do not know for whom it should be: he can have no thoughts on the Duke of Orleans. Of that I have indisputable proofs. Neither he nor any other would dare to touch that question with the Prince. Come and see me often, and I shall make you acquainted with every thing."

My conversation with the Duke de Bassano had augmented my fears for the Emperor. The name of the Duke of Otranto appeared fatal to me, and I returned a few days afterwards to the Duke's house, to speak again with him on the subject. He was closeted with the Prince of Eckmühl; but I found Count Thibaudeau, who was very well informed of the whole business, and knew the plot in its most minute particulars. I communicated to him

my anxiety concerning Fouché. His answer was—"It is not yet very clear in my eyes that he really wishes for the return of the Emperor, but he will remain faithful to us on the occasion."

While we were talking together, the Prince of Eckmühl came out of the Duke's cabinet, and the latter taking us aside, acquainted us that the Prince had just declared he gave up all co-operation in the undertaking. The reason he gave was, the levity of the leaders, and the certainty that the Court had already some suspicion on the subject. His resolution came rather late; his name had encouraged all the others. The means of execution had been submitted to him, and he had approved of them; it was therefore fear that made him recede, for repentance could scarcely find a place in the heart of such a man. Finally, he stopped rather late, the motion having already begun, the dike being broken, and the torrent ready to overflow on all sides. The initiated were expecting with great anxiety the news of the rising. Only three days more were wanting for us to receive it, when we learned that Lallemant and Lefebvre Desnouettes had been discovered at La Feren, through the vigilance

of General Daboville and Colonel Lyon; that Lallemant was taken with his brother, and that a court-martial was already convoked to try them. The cause seemed lost beyond resource. Anxiety and despair seized all the friends of the Emperor. Without uneasiness with regard to myself, I sighed over the fate of so many brave men, who were going to expiate on the scaffold their fidelity for him whom they still looked upon as their Sovereign, when suddenly an extraordinary event, an absolute miracle, began to be reported about secretly at first, but soon with undoubted certainty. It was on Monday the 7th of March. I was crossing the Tuileries at nine o'clock in the morning, when I perceived on the steps of the gate leading to the Rue de Rivoli, M. Paul Lagarde, late Commissary-general of the Police in Italy. I saluted him with my hand in passing by, and continued my way under the trees, towards the terrace on the water-side. Hearing some person near me, I was going to turn round, when the following words were whispered in my ear:—"Make no gestures; show no surprise; do not stop; the Emperor landed at Cannes on the 1st of March; the Count d'Artois set off last night to oppose him."

It would be impossible for me to express the confusion into which these words threw me. I could scarcely breathe from emotion: I continued walking like an inebriated man, and repeating to myself—"Is it possible? Is it not a dream, or the most cruel mockery?" When I arrived on the terrace on the water-side, I met the Duke de Vicenza, went up to him, and I repeated to him the news word for word, and in the same tone of voice, in which I had just received it. He being of a hasty temper, and accustomed to view things on the worst side, exclaimed:—"What an extravagance! How! to land without troops! He will be taken; he will not advance two leagues into France; he is a lost man. But it is impossible! However," he added, "it is but too true that the Count d'Artois set off hastily last night."

The ill-humour of the Duke de Vicenza and his fatal forebodings were irksome to me. I left him, to indulge at liberty the joy I experienced. At home I found no one who would share it. Madame Lavallette was dismayed at the news, and drew sad omens from it. I ran to the Duchess of St. Leu, and found her bathed in tears of joy and emotion.

After the lapse of a few moments, we began to calculate the immense distance between Cannes and Paris. "What will the generals do that command on that road? What the public authorities? What the troops? What effect will the arrival of the Count d'Artois produce?" It appeared to us as if nothing could resist the Emperor; and we concluded that, when once he should arrive at Lyons, all opposition would become impossible. From that moment the Duchess closed her door. All the suspicions of the royalists, all the eyes of the police, centred upon her. During the eleven months that had elapsed, her house had not been much frequented. Some generals, a few ladies and young men of the new Court, visited her often; but the conversation never turned upon the Emperor. A small number of faithful friends alone now and then inquired what was his manner of living,—what would be his future situation.

An undefined feeling convinced us that he would return; that a life of miracles would not be terminated on a rock between Italy and France; but how, and by what means, that was to happen, our imagination, active as it was, could not conceive. Every day we counted

the errors Government committed, those they were supposed to commit, and the mass of prepossessions, complaints, violent or satirical writings, in which the ridicule of the royalists and the absurdity of their plans were exposed to light with so much bitter irony. But, notwithstanding all that, the people were satisfied with laughing and shrugging up their shoulders: the soldiers obeyed, and the mob appeared resolved to remain quiet. How could the Emperor, therefore, think of showing himself to a Government that appeared strong, and to a people that seemed to have forgotten him? And, lo! all of a sudden he lands in France; he agitates the minds of every one; his formidable name spreads dismay and discouragement among those who command, and those who detest him. The days, hours, and minutes were counted. Every morning the newspapers published the most sinister reports: he had either been taken or had fled to the mountains. No certain accounts were received. Our consternation augmented from day to day. I took long walks in the suburbs, and found everywhere the appearance of complete indifference. The labours and habits of the people remained the same. But the police, who carefully ga-

thered the movements of the evening, in the cabarets and other places of resort of the lower classes, were struck with awe at the energetic speeches and terrible plans that were secretly circulated. They dared not however imprison any individual of those classes, for fear of causing riots, the consequence of which might have been frightful.*

* I occupied at that time a part of the old Hôtel de Lamoignon, which belonged to M. de Lamoignon's son-in-law, M. de Caumont. Madame de Stael lived on the ground-floor of the same hotel. The day after the news of the Emperor's landing had arrived, she sent to beg I would come down to her. When I entered her drawing-room she came to meet me, her arms crossed before her breast, and said with a faltering but still sonorous voice: "Well, Sir, so he is come back!"—"He is not yet arrived; the journey is long, and I fear that many obstacles . . ."—"He will arrive; he will be here in a few days, I have no delusion! Oh! my God! Liberty is then lost for ever! Poor France! After so many sufferings; notwithstanding such ardent, such unanimous wishes. . . His despotism will prevail, and I must leave the country,—leave it undoubtedly for ever! One month more, and I should have united these two poor children. I should have been happy." (She pointed to the room into which her daughter and M. de Broglie had retired.) — "But, Madam, why should you take so desperate a resolution? You have nothing to fear from the Emperor; misfortune and public opinion, which is so powerful, will have great influence over him." — "No, I will go. What can I do here? I should

It must however be acknowledged, that the tradespeople, monied men, and lawyers, did not share those sentiments. The position of the Court inspired no interest; the jests to which it was exposed gained rapid applause; but still, the too recent presence of the enemy caused great anxiety and a sort of stupefaction at the arrival of the Emperor. Nevertheless, with the exception of a few young men who enlisted at Vincennes as royalists, nobody appeared will-

have too much to suffer. Alas! when I saw these Princes in England, they listened to truth. I depicted to them the situation of France, what she wished to have, what it was so easy to give her. I thought I had convinced them; and here, during eleven months, will you believe that I have not been able once to speak to them? I saw them advancing towards the abyss, and my warnings have been rejected. I love them, I regard them, because they alone can give me liberty, and because they are honest men. I do believe that Bonaparte will not dare to oppress me at present: but, to live under his eyes! never!" Then looking full in my face, she added: "I do not wish to discover your secrets, or to know what share you have had in this foolish expedition; but I reckon upon you to help me to escape from the ill-treatment and persecution that may begin even before his arrival; for all this appears to me so well prepared."— "For my part, you may rely on me. If I hear that they have any intention of using you ill, you will find my doors open at any hour of the day, and means of escaping through my

ing to fight. The Count d'Artois returned in despair, unable to place any confidence in the army. All the regiments he had met with, all the troops he had assembled at Lyons, had refused to obey his orders. Marshal Macdonald, so beloved by the army, could not even obtain a hearing. The great name of Napoleon had intoxicated and turned the minds of every one. An immense number of peasants had joined the army. A word, a sign, would have

garden shall be provided for you." I left her, deeply touched with what she had said, and with her noble spirit. A few days afterwards she gave a rout to eight hundred persons of the court and the city. There was a concert and a supper. One of my friends who had been there, came up to me, and told me what he had witnessed. The scene was animated with the greatest apparent freedom and gaiety. The news that the Emperor had landed and was approaching Lyons seemed not to create the least uneasiness. If his name was pronounced, it was only to abuse him. Nobody seemed to doubt but that he would be obliged to fly, and would perhaps be taken; and still a secret feeling of fear disturbed the minds of every one; they seemed to feel the necessity of seeking forgetfulness in noisy diversions, to avoid consternation and terror. I saw Madame de Stael no more. She left Paris a few days before the 20th of March; and the Emperor, to whom I spoke of her departure, appeared vexed at the step she had taken. It was even reported to me at that time that he made some proposals for her to come back.

been sufficient to make them murder all the nobles and priests. Fortunately, some moderate men undertook to lead the insurrection, and found means to direct it solely towards Bonaparte. "Do not tarnish the Emperor's name!" they cried on all sides; "he will not suffer a drop of blood to be spilt."

Days passed away, and each hour made the danger more imminent. M. D***, the Prefect of Police, was succeeded by M. Bourrienne. The friends of the Emperor knew what they had to fear from that man, who was a former schoolfellow of Napoleon at the military college, and afterwards his secretary. He had been dismissed for some shabby tricks, and at the restoration he had delivered himself up, body and soul, to the royalist party. The choice of this person had been undoubtedly fixed upon, because he was perfectly well acquainted with all the friends of the Emperor and their habits. I knew that he was capable of any act, and I was particularly anxious about the Duchess of St. Leu and her two children, whom it was resolved to take as hostages, in case the Court should be obliged to fly to foreign parts. She went however, betimes, to seek a refuge with an old Creole woman from Martinique, who was entirely devoted to her.

Not wishing to compromise any of my friends, I concealed myself in the hotel of the Duchess, but in that part of the house kept apart for the servants. It was the 14th of March: I had no news from the provinces; but, notwithstanding the false accounts with which the papers were filled, I could see that the Emperor advanced rapidly, and that it was no longer possible to oppose any obstacle to his march. The Duke de Berri had just received the command of a camp near Paris. The officers, who had begun by immeasurable professions of fidelity, soon grew colder and more reserved. As for the soldiers, the wind itself seemed to waft to them the name of the Emperor; every bird they saw was to them the Imperial eagle. The rigour of military discipline, exhortations, intreaties, were not capable of keeping them within bounds; and during the three last days that preceded the arrival of the Emperor, woe to those among the troops who would have dared to abuse him, or designed to attack him!

At last, on the 20th of March, at six o'clock in the morning, I learned that the King and the whole Court had left Paris during the night, and that the city was without magistrates or military leaders. I left my retreat, intending

to return home; for I was anxious about my wife, whom I had left indisposed, and whom I had not seen for eight days. As I came out of the Rue d'Artois, to cross the Boulevards, I met General Sebastiani in a cabriolet. He told me the news of the King's departure; but he knew nothing of the Emperor. "I have a mind," I said, "to go and inquire at the Post-office." I seated myself next to him. When I entered the audience-room that precedes the closet of the Postmaster-general, I found a young man sitting before a table, and asked him whether Count Ferrand was still in the house. He answered that he was, and I gave my name, begging him to ask for me a few moments' conversation with Count Ferrand. I had never seen him before, but had heard that he was an infirm old man, and the father of a family. I was surprised at his delay in setting off; and, through a feeling of generosity, I wished to protect his escape, and ensure his safety. M. Ferrand came; but without stopping or listening to me, he opened his closet. I did not follow him there; but I went to another room, where I found the chief clerks delighted to see me again, and disposed to do any thing to oblige me. M. Ferrand, after having put up

his papers, went away, and left his closet at my disposal. I had a great desire to fly to Fontainebleau and embrace the Emperor; but I wished to see my wife before I went. To reconcile these two feelings, I resolved to write to Fontainebleau. An express was given me, who went off immediately. I acquainted the Emperor with the departure of the King, and solicited his orders for the Post-office, which M. Ferrand had left vacant. As soon as the express was gone, I went home and remained there an hour. I was far from thinking that the short and natural step I had taken would be charged upon me as a crime. I had so little desire to take possession of the Post-office, that I went to Prince Cambacérès to consult him on what I was to do. I found him, according to the custom of his whole life, complaining of ill-health, and struggling against the sufferings caused by his daily medicines. I communicated to him my visit to the Post-office. I pointed out to him the situation of Paris,—deprived of magistrates, and perhaps at the point of an explosion of the most dangerous character. I had forgotten to mention, that after the departure of Count Ferrand, my fear that the cash might be plundered, made me go to

General Dessolles, the commander of the National Guards, and beg he would send a detachment of soldiers to protect the money. The officer who commanded them did not even consult me in placing the sentries. One of the clerks took that task upon himself. When the Prince learned these particulars, he replied with his usual coolness and gravity: "You have undoubtedly acted very wisely: I foresee all the confusion that will prevail in Paris; but I shall take great heed not to say a word or make a sign, by which the Emperor may suspect that I have anticipated his resolutions. I have not forgotten that he reprimanded me on his return from the Russian campaign. I will tell you the circumstance for your information. You know that, during his absence, it was I who presided at the Council. The affair of Mallet took us by surprise. You know he was sentenced with some of his accomplices. They were executed. When the Emperor arrived at the Tuileries, he sent for me, and as soon as he perceived me, he came up to me with looks that seemed to pierce me through and through. — "Who allowed you," he said, trembling with anger, "to shed the blood of my subjects without my order?

They were brave soldiers, who had a hundred times exposed their lives for me and the glory of their country. Have you forgot that the most precious jewel in my crown is to pardon? I know not what prevents me from punishing you severely for it."—"It is not necessary, I think," added Prince Cambacérès, "for me to say any more in the matter, and you may easily suppose that I have not the least wish to expose myself once more to his resentment."—"As for me, Monseigneur," I answered, "I act for his interest, and have despatched to him an express. I shall undoubtedly receive an answer, for which I am going to wait at the Post-office."

On my return there, I was really surprised to learn that Count Ferrand was not yet gone. The post-horses had been waiting with the carriage from six o'clock in the morning. The old man appeared quite beside himself, and all the exertions of his family were unable to persuade him to leave the place. He wanted to go to Ghent, and sent to me for a permit for post-horses. I repeatedly refused to give him one, declaring that I had nothing to say there; that he was sole master at the Post-office, and might protect himself by his own signature. But M. Ferrand,

prepossessed with the idea that the return of the Emperor was owing to some great conspiracy, of which I was one of the heads, insisted on having some paper in which my handwriting should stand, convinced that that alone would protect him in his journey, and especially in the streets of Paris. His wife said to me: "It is for his safety that we ask you that permit." At these words I hesitated no longer, and I enclosed the paper, of which he made no use, not having been once obliged to draw it out of his pocket-book, until he arrived at Orleans, where he remained more than six weeks.

The conduct of the ministry in those last days, and especially that of M. Ferrand, was inexplicable. The King, before he went away, had issued a proclamation, wherein he exhorted the Parisians, and consequently all France, to submission. This proclamation was inserted in the Moniteur of the 20th. Its aim was to make all the royalists lay down their arms, and still one of my crimes was stopping the departure of the Moniteur and other journals. But if such great importance was attached to the publication of that last will of the King's, why did not M. Ferrand despatch it the day before by expresses? It might have travelled sixty leagues

in twenty-four hours in all directions, except on the road to Lyons, and the Prefects would at least have known how to act. I always suspected that the reason why M. Ferrand did not send it off was because it did not please him. The man has so publicly acknowledged his wishes and his opinions, that I do not think I speak ill of him in saying that he wanted a civil war to break out, which the proclamation might prevent. As for the rest, I own I did wrong in stopping the journals; they could do no harm. Besides, the proclamation was stuck up in all the streets; and whoever wished to read it might do so. Though I wish to be sparing in anecdotes, I cannot, however, omit one that paints admirably well the men who at that time had so fatal an influence over our affairs. The proclamation I mentioned had been digested by the Chancellor d'Ambray; but the order for its insertion in the Moniteur had not been delivered. The editor of that journal went at ten o'clock in the evening to M. de Vitrolles, Secretary of the Council, to ask for the order. M. de Vitrolles sent him to the Chancellor. After having repeatedly rung the bell, the porter appeared at a small window, and said that no one could then see his master, who was

asleep. M. M***, vexed at not being able to obtain an audience, even of the porter, made a great noise, saying that he came by order of the King, and at last they were obliged to let him in and walk up-stairs. There he had a fresh ceremony to go through before he could penetrate to his Excellency. The valet de chambre was to be awakened and dressed, and afterwards the master himself roused from the arms of Morpheus. At last M*** found himself in the presence of the head of the law, whom he asked for an order of insertion in the Moniteur. "Oh yes, to be sure, the proclamation! Have you seen it?" Then, without waiting for an answer, my Lord took it from under his pillow, and began to read it slowly, complacently, and with pauses and inflexions of his voice, which showed all his paternal affection for that masterpiece of composition. "This is," said he, "one of the things I have written most correctly, and I fear not to say that it is one that will make the greatest sensation. Yes, you may print it." So saying, he laid himself down again on his pillow and closed his eyes.

CHAPTER X.

Aspect of the Tuileries.—Arrival of the Emperor.—Fouché at the Police. — Carnot at the Home Department. — I again resume the service of the Post-office on the 21st.— Proclamation of the Congress of Vienna. — Situation of the Emperor; its danger and novelty.—Champ de Mai.— Declaration of the Council of State.—General Bourmont. —Singular and painful discovery.—Fouché.

My thoughts were solely occupied with the fearful burthen I should have upon my shoulders in a few hours later, (for I was resolved not to accept of any other employment than that of the Post-office,) and I found myself by degrees engaged in fulfilling the duties of Postmaster-general. I was encouraged and seconded by the commissioners, and by all the clerks, who were delighted at seeing the Bourbons put to flight, and convinced, as well as myself, that we should never look upon them again. Indeed, they were already so completely forgotten, that

their reign of eleven months appeared to us nothing more than an uneasy dream of a few hours. After having arranged the business of the Post-office in the best way I could for the interest of the Emperor, I went to the Tuileries. Five or six hundred officers on half-pay were walking in the extensive court-yard, wishing each other joy at the return of Napoleon. In the apartments the two sisters-in-law of the Emperor, the Queens of Spain and of Holland, were waiting for him, deeply affected. Soon after, the ladies of the Household and those of the Empress came to join them. The fleurs-de-lis had every where superseded the bees. However, on examining the large carpet spread over the floor of the audience-chamber where they sat, one of the ladies perceived that a flower was loose: she took it off, and the bee soon re-appeared. Immediately all the ladies set to work, and in less than half an hour, to the great mirth of the company, the carpet again became Imperial.

In the mean while time passed on: Paris was calm. Those persons who lived far from the Tuileries did not come near it; everybody remained at home. The departure of the King and the arrival of the Emperor were such sin-

gular events, that the fourteen centuries the monarchy had existed, did not in their course present one as extraordinary. And nevertheless indifference seemed to pervade the minds of all. Were these events above the capacity of common men? or, rather, did not the good sense of the people make them feel that it was not for *their* happiness the two monarchs were wrestling for the throne, and that they would reap from it nothing but sufferings and sacrifices?

But it was not the same in the country. Officers who arrived from Fontainebleau, preceding the Emperor, told us it was extremely difficult to advance on the road. Deep columns of peasants lined it on both sides, or rather had made themselves masters of it. Their enthusiasm had risen to the highest pitch. It was impossible to say at what hour he would arrive. Indeed it was desirable that he should not be recognised; for, in the midst of their delirium and confusion, the arm of a murderer might have reached him. He therefore resolved to travel with the Duke de Vicenza in a common cabriolet, which at nine o'clock in the evening stopped before the first entrance near the iron gate of the quay of the

Louvre. Scarcely had he alighted, when the shout of "Long live the Emperor!" was heard; a shout so loud, that it seemed capable of splitting the arched roofs. It came from the officers on half-pay, pressed, almost stifled in the vestibule, and who filled the staircase up to the top. The Emperor was dressed in his famous grey frock-coat. I went up to him, and the Duke de Vicenza cried to me, "For God's sake! place yourself before him, that he may get on!" He then began to walk up-stairs. I went before, walking backwards, at the distance of one pace, looking at him, deeply affected, my eyes bathed in tears, and repeating, in the excess of my joy: "What! It is you! It is you! It is you, at last!"

As for him, he walked up slowly, with his eyes half closed, his hands extended before him, like a blind man, and expressing his joy only by a smile. When he arrived on the landing-place of the first floor, the ladies wished to come to meet him; but a crowd of officers from the higher floor leaped before them, and they would have been crushed to death if they had shown less agility. At last the Emperor succeeded in entering his apartments: the doors were shut, not without difficulty,

and the crowd dispersed, satisfied at having seen him.

Towards eleven o'clock in the evening, I received an order to go to the Tuileries; I found in the saloon the old ministers, and, in the midst of them, the Emperor, talking about the affairs of Government with as much ease as if we had gone ten years back. He had just come out of his bath, and had put on his undress regimentals. The subject of the conversation, and the manner in which it was carried on, the presence of the persons who had so long been employed under him, contributed to efface completely from my memory the family of the Bourbons and their reign of nearly a year. However, on one of the tables there stood, in confusion, marble busts of Louis XVI., the Dauphin, father of the present Prince, and some of the Princesses. These busts recalled to our memory the recollection of the day before. On the following day they all disappeared.

When the Emperor perceived me, he advanced a few steps, drew me into another chamber, or rather pushed me gently before him. Then pulling me by the ear, he said: "Ah! are you here, Mr. Conspirator?"—"No, indeed, Sire; and you know, if the truth has been told

to you, that I would have nothing to do with a business in which M. * * * *—"—"It is well, it is well!"

Fouché was already Minister of the Police. Our conversation, or rather the Emperor's everlasting questions, began. He concluded by offering me the Ministry of the Home Department. "No, Sire! your Majesty will want a man accustomed to general business, and who ought to bear a name celebrated in the Revolution. I intreat you to give me again the Post-office, where I may be of service to you." —"Well then," said he, "I shall name Carnot for the Home Department."

This was a good choice. Not but that the manners of Carnot, which were rather dry, and his want of experience, gave rise to some complaints; but he was a sincere man, who ardently wished the good of France. Two months afterwards, the Emperor still congratulated himself with his choice, and said to me, "Carnot is a very honest man!"

My audience had been preceded by one given to M. Molé, who had refused the appointment of Minister of Justice and of Foreign Affairs, to return to the Roads and Bridges, which had been entrusted to him before the last reign. These

several audiences continued till very late. At last, at about three o'clock in the morning, the Emperor returned to the saloon, and said, "Make out the patents for all these gentlemen. As for Lavallette, he does not want any; he has conquered the Post-office."

There was in the tone with which he uttered these words something satirical, and even a little bitter, that made me feel he was hurt at my conduct. In fact, I officiated during the three months at the Post-office without having obtained any letters patent. This strange count might therefore have been added to my indictment, and they might have put in—"Accused of having, during the reign of the Emperor, filled the situation of Postmaster-general without any written authorization from him."

This was the second time Napoleon had taken possession of France. The first was on the 18th Brumaire, in 1799, when he came back from Egypt. France was then a Republic, governed by the Directory,—a machine worn out, as well by the powerful attacks of foreigners, as by its own bad administration. Detested, and fallen into disrepute, civil war was rising up before its eyes. Rebellion triumphed over its power, and the people seemed only waiting for

a man who might help them to cast off the hateful yoke. Nevertheless, how much solicitude, how many manœuvres were required to arrive at the Revolution of the 18th Brumaire! On his way from Fréjus to Paris, and particularly at Lyons, all ranks of men, aristocrats, emigrants, citizens, peasants,—all whispered in his ear—"Overturn the Directory; take the power into your hands!" But on all sides also he must have heard the firm voice of the republicans, who said aloud to him—"Take the power into your hands! Conquer, but let us be free!" To succeed, he wanted the consent of Sieyes, a grave and theoretical organizer of republics, and of Roger Ducos, his colleague. If the majority of the Directory had possessed energy, they might have had him arrested; and then, even if the sword of justice had not dared to strike him, he would have expiated his glory and his temerity by banishment, and perhaps transportation.

How wide was the difference in March 1815! Fallen from the throne, erased from the list of sovereigns, banished to the rock of the Island of Elba, he returned almost alone: scarcely did he set his foot on the French shore, when the people everywhere rose up. All France re-

peated with enthusiasm—" Napoleon! no more Royalty! no more Bourbons! It is Napoleon alone that France wishes to have; it is *his* glory, *his* genius she stands in need of. Woe to those who shall dare to raise a finger against him! or rather woe to those who shall not declare in his favour!" And in fact, peasants, soldiers, citizens,—all hastened to meet him; all hailed him with their wishes and their gratitude, like a good genius, like a Providence. The royalty of the Bourbons was no longer any thing more than a dream: it appeared as if royalists, nobles, emigrants, had never existed. It was not the consequence of a conspiracy; it was a great national movement, like that of 1789 for Liberty, of the 9th Thermidor against tyranny, of the 18th Brumaire against incapacity. At what period did man witness defections so abrupt, so remarkable, and in some respects so sincere? What were the sentiments which at that time filled all hearts? Patriotism, love of glory, and an enlightened conviction that the newly accepted dynasty was unable to do any thing for the happiness and independence of the kingdom; **** and three months afterwards, this second dream also vanished!!!

In the mean while I had taken again upon

me the business of the Post-office, whither I returned on the morning of the 21st. Nothing had been wanting in the material part of that service, for that would have been impossible; but the late Postmaster-general had thrown the persons employed into the most deplorable confusion. He had not only urged and favourably received the most absurd informations, but he had even rewarded them. In consequence, hatred and distrust had made the greater part of the clerks enemies to one another. They were all either Jacobins or noblemen. I learned for the first time, that in a department I had governed during thirteen years, there were priests, regicides, knights of St. Louis, and emigrants. The latter especially, so supple and incapable, had persecuted their superiors with incredible fury, in hopes to get into their places. I put an end to such scandalous practices, by refusing to take any interest in them; and these gentlemen were the foremost to sign the Additional Act to the Constitution, and take the oath of allegiance to the Emperor.

Within eight days' time I was perfectly aware of the deep gulf that was opening beneath us. The too famous proclamation of the Congress of Vienna had reached France

before that of the Emperor. It was impossible to entertain a doubt of its authenticity; and the Emperor, although he did not acknowledge it, was as sensible as any one that the storm could not be averted. I had wished that, renouncing the past, he had taken no other title than Lord Lieutenant of the Kingdom, governing in the name of his Son. I was however soon convinced that such a measure would have been impossible. Nothing therefore remained but to advance boldly with the Imperial crown upon his head. Was he to maintain the Constitution? I know that that question was debated very warmly, and that it found able antagonists. In putting it aside, it was said, nothing remained. The great fault of Napoleon's reign was then paid for:—I mean, the want of *ensemble*, the absence of all those laws, so strongly claimed by the old friends of Liberty, which, before, had ruined all, and which still poisoned our present situation. What a deplorable idea it was, to wish to maintain these numerous contradictory decrees, a hundred times more dangerous than the ordinances of the King! It was in the name of Independence that he ought to have spoken; in the name of his Son that he ought to have

commanded. The enemy once beaten, it was time to think of settling the internal contest. But I must acknowledge that the Emperor was awed by the energy of all that surrounded him. The eleven months of the King's reign had thrown us back to 1792, and the Emperor soon perceived it; for he no longer found the submission, the deep respect, and the Imperial etiquette he was accustomed to. He used to send for me twice or three times a-day, to talk with me for hours together. It happened sometimes that the conversation languished. One day, after we had walked up and down the room two or three times in silence, tired of that fancy, and my business pressing me, I made my obeisance and was going to retire. "How!" said he, surprised, but with a smile; "do you thus leave me so?" I should certainly not have done so a year before; but I had forgotten my old pace, and I felt that it would be impossible to get into it again. In one of those conversations, the subject of which was the spirit of Liberty that showed itself on all sides with so much energy, he said to me, in a tone of interrogation: "All this will last two or three years?"—"That, your Majesty must not believe. It will last for ever."

He was soon convinced of the fact himself, and he more than once acknowledged it. I have even no doubt, that if he had vanquished the enemy and restored peace, his power would have been exposed to great danger among the civil broils. The Allies made a great mistake in not letting him alone. I do not know what concessions he would have made, but I am well acquainted with all those the nation would have demanded, and I sincerely think he would have been disgusted with reigning, when he must have found himself a constitutional king after the manner of the patriots. Nevertheless, he submitted admirably well to his situation,—at least, in appearance. At no period of his life had I seen him enjoy more unruffled tranquillity. Not a harsh word to any one; no impatience: he listened to every thing, and discussed with that wonderful sagacity and devoted reason that were so conspicuous in him. He acknowledged his faults with most touching ingenuousness, or examined his own position with a penetration to which his enemies themselves were strangers.

The enthusiasm of the nation soon cooled. It has often been said that the change was caused by the Additional Acts. That measure,

no doubt, contributed greatly to it; but there was another reason still, which was, that the people felt less love for the Emperor than hatred for the Bourbons. The latter being once repulsed, the nation was satisfied; and when they received the Emperor with so much warmth, the French, according to their custom, did not think of the morrow. Contented to see the royalists, who had made themselves the enemies of every body, humbled and restrained, they were soon shocked at discovering that their victory would cost them peace, the advantages of trade, and all the sacrifices that an obstinate war draws after it; and nevertheless, such a revolution could not be made without running some risk, the foreign sovereigns considering it a point of honour to maintain the House of Bourbon on the throne. In the mean while, all those who had already fought, nobly answered to the call of honour and necessity; but as it was no longer possible to think of conscription, instead of 400,000 men whom Government declared to be under arms, there were scarcely 250,000, and with those we were forced to begin the war. The Bourbons had been strongly shaken in public opinion; the Emperor was still more so. The royalists, who had

not shown themselves, because they had been taken unawares, began to feel more easy under the shelter of a Liberty they were soon going to crush; and all the patriots, who must be carefully distinguished from the friends of the country, found themselves face to face, covered with the colours under which they fought. Old quarrels sprang up again, and the new camp soon presented the image of anarchy. The election was made in the same spirit, and the same divisions appeared in the Chamber of Representatives. The Emperor had thought of the Champ de Mai with a view of making an impression on the public mind; but the electors who were sent there, were shocked at the sight of the throne, at the splendour of the Court, and even at the mass that was celebrated; for their prejudiced eyes saw nothing but the Emperor and his arbitrary law, without thinking of the enemies that were assembling. A great many were thinking of the miracles of 1792, without reflecting on the difference of the periods. In 1792 France possessed an almost inexhaustible treasure in her paper money. She was not embarrassed by a government she had recently destroyed; nor by her interior foes, whom the people had all murdered or put to flight; nor

by pretensions, every body being reduced to the same level, now the ignorance of war appeared complete. Still, enthusiasm was raised to its highest pitch, and the French wished for independence at any price. The people were enraged, barbarous, but not corrupt; the army was brave, ambitious of glory, but indifferent to wealth and favour. Now all was changed. The men who had employments wished to keep them, and were in consequence wavering and without resolution; the army had its marshals, ashamed of the wretched part they had played at the restoration, and despised by the soldiers,—finally, in presence of their old master, detesting the Bourbons, and fearing their return, but still more fearful of a new war, which they were sensible they could no longer wage with the former advantages, which had procured them so much glory and fortune.

The Emperor had resumed all his titles, and even the offensive form of "Napoleon, by the grace of God and the Constitution of the Empire." The Council of State took a fancy to proclaim the Sovereignty of the People. This declaration was not very agreeable to him, but he let it pass: he could no longer dictate laws. I recollect that the day it was signed at the

Council, I was not at the sitting. When I crossed the Section of the Interior, the Secretary proposed to me to sign it. I did so without even reading it; and meeting Regnaud de St. Jean de Angely, I asked him what it was, "It is," replied he, laughing, "an act that compromises you strongly." I was not much perplexed at what he said. But M ***, to whom I mentioned the circumstance the next morning, told me he had thought proper to sign it also. I appeared surprised that he should have done it; but he told me in confidence, "The Emperor has not taken it amiss." I then read the paper with attention, and I found, in fact, that it could not have been very pleasing to the Sovereign; so that M***, instead of doing an act of courage, made only the calculation of a courtier.

The fatal division of opinions put in part a stop to the national enthusiasm, and extended its influence over all the details of the administration. Many prefects were changed. That was an indispensable measure; but among some excellent choices, favour also produced many bad ones. Several young men, full of ardour, were selected, but who could not inspire much confidence. The reign of the laws was preached

everywhere, whilst the commissaries extraordinary of the Emperor, sent into the Departments, everywhere dismissed the persons in employment, to put in their places either those who had held the situations before them, or some who had in former times given proofs of patriotism. These measures not only impeded public business, which so greatly required expedition, but added also greatly to the number of the disaffected. Such changes were undoubtedly necessary, in as far as the chiefs were concerned, who corresponded directly with the Ministers; but it was easy to have an eye on the subalterns, and their treasonable practices could not be very dangerous in the beginning. I struggled as long as I could against that fatal system, but without success. To my remonstrances they always opposed the situation of affairs, and the success that had formerly been obtained, chiefly by keeping the friends of the Bourbons out of all public employments. But they did not sufficiently consider, that the greatest part of the persons employed by Government were not traitors; but weak men, whose chief aim was to keep their situations,—who wished in some degree well to the Emperor, prayed for his success, but feared above all things a defeat. I

spoke to the Emperor of the harm his emissaries did. He answered: "I want a victory; I can do nothing before that. I am perhaps the only man in the empire who is cool; and still I cannot give the impulse everywhere, and direct all motions." He could not even repulse his enemies, so far was his position changed. A few days after his arrival, General Bourmont presented himself at his levée; he was in full regimentals; and although he had placed himself in the first rank, the Emperor went by without stopping, and without looking at him. He was not disheartened, and came back three days successively. I soon learned that he had obtained the command of a division in the Grand Army. I expressed my surprise, and asked, with indignation, who had achieved such a masterpiece. "I," answered Labedoyère, turning round; "I pledged myself for him. He is a good officer, who loves only his country. He will fight well, and serve faithfully."—"I wish it may be so," was all the reply I made; and when I saw Labedoyère again, after he had returned from the campaign, I spoke to him of his *protegé*. "What could he do?" he observed: "his father had been arrested in the Vendée." A fine excuse, indeed!

Could he not have solicited the Emperor to set him at liberty, who would certainly not have refused him? And besides, was that a sufficient motive to betray his country and the Sovereign he had acknowledged?

Napoleon had undoubtedly expected that the Empress and his son would be restored to him: he had, at least, published his wishes as a certainty; and it was, in fact, the worst thing the Emperor of Austria could have done. His hope was however soon destroyed. About a month after his arrival, the Duke de Vicenza called upon me, and presented to me a letter without address, which a courier, just arrived from Vienna, had delivered to him among several others, saying that it had been sent to him by M. de * * *, who had not dared to put the direction on it. I was not intimate enough with M. de * * *, to suppose he could have written to me, so I refused to take the letter. Caulaincourt said: "Be not too hasty; I am convinced it is for you. You would perhaps do well to open it; for if you persist, I shall give it to the Emperor."—"You may do so," I replied; "I have no interests in Vienna, and I wish the Emperor may read it."

In the evening I was summoned to the

Palace. I found the Emperor in a dimly lighted closet, warming himself in a corner of the fireplace, and appearing to suffer already from the complaint which never afterwards left him. "Here is a letter," he said, "which the courier from Vienna says is meant for you; — read it." On first casting my eyes on the letter, I thought I knew the handwriting of * * *; but as it was long, I read it slowly, and came at last to the principal object. The writer said that we ought not to reckon upon the Empress, as she did not even attempt to conceal her hatred of the Emperor, and was disposed to approve of all the measures that could be taken against him; that her return was not to be thought of, as she herself would raise the greatest obstacles in the way of it, in case it should be proposed; finally, that it was not possible for him to dissemble his indignation, that the Empress, wholly enamoured of * * *, did not even take pains to hide her ridiculous partiality for that man, who had made himself master of her mind as well as of her person. The handwriting of the letter was disguised, yet not so much but that I was able to discover whose it was. I found however, in the manner in which the secret

was expressed, a warmth of zeal and a picturesque style, that did not belong to the author of the letter. While reading it, I all of a sudden suspected it was a counterfeit, and intended to mislead the Emperor. I communicated my idea to him, and the danger I perceived in this fraud. As I grew more and more animated, I found plausible reasons enough to throw the Emperor himself into some uncertainty. "How is it possible," I said, "that * * * should have been imprudent enough to write such things to me, who am not his friend, and who have had so little connection with him? How can one suppose that the Empress should forget herself, in such circumstances, so far as to manifest hatred to you, and, still more, to cast herself away upon a man who undoubtedly still possesses some power to please, but who is no longer young, whose face is disfigured, and whose person, altogether, has nothing agreeable in it?"—"But," answered the Emperor, "* * * is attached to me; and though he is not your friend, the postscript sufficiently explains the motive of the confidence he places in you." The following words were, in fact, written at the bottom of the letter: "I do not think you ought to mention the truth to

the Emperor; but make whatever use of it you think proper." I persisted, however, in maintaining that the letter was a counterfeit; and the Emperor then said to me: "Go to Caulaincourt. He possesses a great many others of the same handwriting. Let the comparison decide between your opinion and mine."

I went to Caulaincourt, who said eagerly to me: "I am sure the letter is from ***; and I have not the least doubt of the truth of the particulars it contains. The best thing the Emperor can do, is to be comforted: there is nothing to be expected from that side."

So sad a discovery was very painful to the Emperor, for he was sincerely attached to the Empress, and still hoped again to see his Son, whom he loved most tenderly.

Fouché had been far from wishing the return of the Emperor. He was long tired of obeying, and had, besides, undertaken another plan, which Napoleon's arrival had broken off. I shall perhaps resume this part of his history another time. I suppress it at present without any scruple, because it has nothing to do with mine. The Emperor, however, put him again at the head of the Police, because Savary was worn out in that employment, and a skilful

man was wanted there. Fouché accepted the office, but without giving up his plan of deposing the Emperor, to put in his place either his Son, or a sort of a Republic with a President. He had never ceased to correspond with Prince Metternich; and, if he is to be believed, he had tried to persuade the Emperor to abdicate in favour of his Son. That was also my opinion; but, coming from such a quarter, the advice was not without danger for the person to whom it was given. Besides, that advice having been rejected, it was the duty of the Minister either to think no more of his plan, or to resign his office. Fouché, however, remained in the cabinet, and continued his correspondence. The Emperor, who placed but little confidence in him, kept a careful eye upon him. One evening the Emperor had a great deal of company at the Elysée; he told me not to go home because he wished to speak to me. When everybody was gone, the Emperor stopped with Fouché in the apartment next to the one I was in. The door remained half open. They walked up and down together, talking very calmly. I was therefore greatly astonished when, after a quarter of an hour, I heard the Emperor say to him gravely: "You

are a traitor! Why do you remain Minister of the Police, if you wish to betray me? It depends on me to have you hanged, and every body would rejoice at your death!" I did not hear Fouché's reply, but the conversation lasted above half an hour longer, always walking up and down. When Fouché went away, he bade me cheerfully good night, and said that the Emperor had gone back to his apartments. In truth, when I went in he was gone; but the day after he spoke to me of that conversation. "I suspected," he said, "that the wretch was in correspondence with Vienna. I have had a banker's clerk arrested on his return from that city. He has acknowledged that he brought a letter for Fouché from Metternich, and that the answer was to be sent at a fixed time to Bale, where a man was to wait for the bearer on the bridge. I sent for Fouché a few days ago, and kept him three hours long in my garden, hoping that in the course of a friendly conversation he would mention that letter to me; but he said nothing. At last, yesterday evening, I myself opened the subject." (Here the Emperor repeated to me the words I had heard the night before, "You are a traitor," &c.) "He acknowledged, in fact," continued the

Emperor, "that he had received such a letter; but that it was not signed, and that he had looked upon it as a mystification. He showed it me. Now that letter was evidently an answer, in which the writer declared over again, that he would listen to nothing more concerning the Emperor, but that *his* person excepted, it would be easy to agree to all the rest."

I expected that the Emperor would conclude his narrative by expressing his anger against Fouché; but our conversation turned on some other subject, and he talked no more of him. Two days afterwards I went to Fouché to solicit the return to Paris of an officer of musketeers, who had been banished far from his family. I found him at breakfast, and sat down next to him. Facing him sat a stranger. "Do you see this man?" he said to me, pointing with his spoon to the stranger: "he is an Aristocrat, a Bourbonite, a Chouan: it is the Abbé M * * *, one of the editors of the Journal des Débats,—a sworn enemy to Napoleon, a fanatic partisan of the Bourbons:—he is one of our men."

I looked at him. At every fresh epithet of the Minister, the Abbé bowed his head on his plate with a smile of cheerfulness and self-

complacency, and with a sort of leer. I never saw a more ignoble countenance. Fouché explained to me, on leaving the breakfast-table, in what manner all those valets of literature were men of his; and while I acknowledged to myself that the thing might be necessary, I scarcely knew who were really more despicable —the wretches who thus sold themselves to the highest bidder, or the minister who boasted of having bought them, as if their acquisition were a glorious conquest. Judging that the Emperor had spoken to me of the scene I have described above, Fouché said to me: "The Emperor's temper is soured by the resistance he finds, and he thinks it is my fault. He does not know that I have no power but by public opinion. To-morrow I might hang before my door twenty persons who have that opinion against them, though I should not be able to imprison for four-and-twenty hours any individual favoured by it." As I am never in a hurry to speak, I remained silent; but, reflecting on what the Emperor had said concerning Fouché, I found the comparison of their two speeches remarkable. The master could have his minister hanged with public applause, and the minister could hang — whom? Perhaps the

master himself, and with the same approbation. What a singular situation !—and I believe they were both in the right; so far public opinion, equitable in regard to Fouché, had swerved concerning the Emperor.

CHAPTER XI.

Assembling of the Champ de Mai on the 1st of June.—Mass.—Affecting speech of the Emperor—His departure.—Battle of Waterloo.—Return of the two Chambers.—My conversation with Napoleon at the Elysée.—He retires to Malmaison.—Last conversation.—His departure.

THE ceremony of the Champ de Mai took place at last; it was on the 1st of June. Nothing could be more singular than that assemblage in the open air. It had but little success, because it had been badly announced. The Emperor wanted time: the minds of the people were not prepared; the influence of the patriots had not had sufficient opportunity to exercise its power, or rather no one yet knew where to find them. Those who had begun the Revolution were old, retired from public life, and few in number; those of 1793 were fallen into contempt. The Imperialists, or Bonapartists, were not much regarded: they had perpetually

received and frequently misused popularity. There were no persons truly respectable but the military: though discontented and humbled, they alone still knew how to express themselves with dignity concerning their country and Liberty. But they were no longer mixed with the people, having already joined their corps. The majority of the electors, and many deputies, brought with them a good spirit; but the French, whose imagination is so lively, never know how to enter into the reality of things until their first fire is extinguished: when prepossessed by a first impression, it is not till after much extravagance that they re-enter the path of common sense. In the beginning they only think of advancing, without caring which way. Now, the way they had taken was bad. At first they saw only a despot in the Emperor, and forgot entirely the enemy: they never could feel that it was first of all necessary to beat their foreign foes. I never could bring that idea into the head of people who nevertheless were full of merit and long experience. "We will have no more *senatus consultum*, no double legislative body, no arbitrary practices,—finally, no master. We want a moderator, and nothing else. We are numerous enough to beat the

enemy, if he attack us. If he triumph, each department will become a Vendée. France will never hesitate between slavery and civil war." The imprudent men did not observe that by such speeches they stopped the enthusiasm of the people, who preferred to live in expectation of what was to happen, rather than throw themselves into the fatigues and dangers of a struggle which appeared distant and uncertain, notwithstanding the evident approach of the enemy. The ceremony of the Champ de Mai was however a noble one; but all France was not there, and even there the feeling for the Emperor was sincere among the crowd. The magistracy were opposed to him. All the judges preferred Louis XVIII. to the Emperor: the pretension they put forward of succeeding to the parliaments, of which they were the dross, flattered their vanity. Under a weak prince they enjoyed real authority, and the love of the Bourbons for old institutions gave them a degree of power they greatly hoped to augment. Under the Emperor, on the contrary, they were found to obey. All the heads and clerks in the public offices were in a false position: they had every thing to fear, and nothing to hope; for they could not

help seeing that we were beginning a new era of revolutions, in which all things would become uncertain. Finally, the impression of the horrors that had accompanied the first invasion was far from being blotted out, and the public mind shuddered at the idea of a second one!

The speech delivered to the Emperor by M. Dubois d'Angers was full of energy. It contained a summary of all the wishes, and expressed clearly the national will. But could a power that had nothing left, give all that was expected? The answer of the Emperor, which was not directed to that speech, was above all sincere. He promised a great deal; but still he was obliged to explain what he wished, in his turn, as the executive power. He displeased his auditors by that. I soon perceived it in talking with some deputies who had heard him. After the celebration of mass, to which, by the by, every body turned their backs, the Emperor went down and took his place on an amphitheatre in the middle of the Champ de Mars, from whence he was to distribute the eagles to all the cohorts of the departments. This was a beautiful scene, for it was a national one. The situation, besides, was true. The Emperor took care to address a word to each of the corps that

received these colours, and that word was flattering and full of enthusiasm. To the department of the Vosges he said: "You are my old companions." To those of the Rhine: "You have been the first, the most courageous, and the most unfortunate in our disasters." To the departments of the Rhone: "I have been bred amongst you." To others: "Your bands were at Rivoli, at Arcola, at Marengo, at Tilsit, at Austerlitz, at the Pyramids." These magic names filled with deep emotion the hearts of those old warriors, the venerable wrecks of so many victories. But, as I have already said, all France was not present at that ceremony, and the enthusiasm of the spectators was not communicated to the people in the departments. A few days afterwards the Emperor set off. I left him at midnight. He suffered a great deal from a pain in his breast. He stepped, however, into his coach with a cheerfulness that seemed to show he was conscious of victory. The particulars of that campaign are too well known for me to repeat them here; but I saw with grief too many unworthy Frenchmen form wishes for his defeat. The Assembly of Representatives did not adopt the attitude, or speak the language its influence

over the public mind rendered necessary. Old hatred, former opinions, the hope of the return of the Bourbons, and great anxiety in many respecting the conduct the Emperor would pursue if he returned victorious, threw confusion on the labours of the Assembly. It had been said to them that the first point was to save the Country;—but they answered: "Let us save Liberty!" as if Liberty could be saved when the soil was invaded!

At last I learned the fatal news of the battle of Waterloo, and the next morning the Emperor arrived. I flew to the Elysée to see him: he ordered me into his closet; and as soon as he saw me, he came to meet me with a frightful epileptic laugh. "Oh! my God!" he said, raising his eyes to Heaven, and walking two or three times up and down the room. This appearance of despair was however very short. He soon recovered his coolness, and asked me what was going forward at the Chamber of Representatives. I could not attempt to hide that exasperation was there carried to a high degree, and that the majority seemed determined to require his abdication, and to pronounce it themselves if he did not send it willingly. "How is that?" he said. "If proper

measures are not taken, the enemy will be before the gates in eight days. Alas!" he added, "I have accustomed them to such great victories, that they know not how to bear one day's misfortune! What will become of poor France? I have done all I could for her." Then he heaved a deep sigh. Somebody asked to speak to him; and I left him, with an order to come back at some later hour. I passed the day in seeking information among all my friends and acquaintances. I found in all of them either the greatest dejection or an extravagant joy, which they disguised by feigned alarm, and pity for myself, which I repulsed with great indignation. No hope could rest on the Chamber of Representatives. They all said, they wished for Liberty; but, between two enemies who appeared ready to destroy it, they preferred the foreigners, the friends of the Bourbons, to Napoleon, who might still have prolonged the struggle, because they were silly enough to despise the former and fear the latter. Besides, each person took counsel only from his resentment or egotism. Some hoped to escape in the confusion, because they were unknown; others thought they might draw advantage from circumstances; and the majority, foolishly

trusting to the promises of the foreign Powers, were still persuaded that the Bourbons would not return to Paris, or, at least, that the King, convinced of his weakness and incapacity for government, would be so strongly bridled and fettered, that he would neither be able to revenge himself, nor to violate the Constitution. Those who held the latter opinion were the friends of Fouché, who had given them to understand that nothing remained for them but to submit, but that he alone would find means to save them, and erect the edifice of Liberty.—The Chamber of Peers presented a much sadder spectacle. Except the intrepid Thibaudeau, who till the last moment expressed himself with admirable energy against the reign of the Bourbons, almost all the others thought of nothing else but of getting out of the scrape with the least loss they could. Some took no pains to hide their wish of bending again under the yoke; and looked upon themselves as being paid in advance, either by their remaining in the Chamber of Peers, or the necessity of disarming revenge. The majority, however, wished to fall with dignity; but there existed no firm will. The Chamber waited for the resolutions of the Representatives,

and intrenched itself behind them, as if that shield could have saved it. I sued in vain to those who consented to listen to me: "We have no means of escaping: you must give up all hopes. The other Chamber has been named by the people with the forms consecrated by the Constitution; we, on the contrary, are nothing but the Ex-Emperor's friends; we have not been forced to accept. Each of us, in setting our foot here, has received a sentence of proscription from the Bourbons. It is we who are the rebels: we have nothing more to do than to signalize our last moments by a noble energy, and to fall with a good grace."

But I talked to men too old to give up the sweets of life, and who had nothing left in their hearts but the wish to preserve them, and the fear of adversity. I must however make some few exceptions, among which I shall name old Sieyes, who maintained fully the opinion I had formed of him. He wanted the habit, and perhaps the courage, to speak in public; but I never heard any one express with greater energy a hatred of slavery, and more forcible and generous ideas on the necessity of fighting to the end against it.

The next day I returned to the Emperor.

He had received the most positive accounts of the state of feeling in the Chamber of Representatives. The reports had however been given to him with some little reserve; for he did not seem to me convinced that the resolution was really formed to pronounce his abdication. I was better instructed on the matter; and I came to him without having the least doubt in my mind that the only thing he could do was to descend once more from the throne. I communicated to him all the particulars I had just received myself; and I did not hesitate to advise him to follow the only course worthy of him. He listened to me with a sombre air; and though he was in some measure master of himself, the agitation of his mind and the horrors of his position betrayed themselves in his face and in all his motions. "I know," said I, "that your Majesty may still keep the sword drawn; but with whom, and against whom? Dejection has chilled the courage of every one; the army is still in the greatest confusion. Nothing is to be expected from Paris, and the *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire cannot be renewed."—"That thought," he replied, stopping, "is far from my mind. I will hear nothing more about

myself. But poor France!" At that moment, S * * * * and C * * * * entered, and having drawn a faithful picture of the exasperation of the Deputies, they persuaded him to send in his abdication. Some words he uttered proved to us that he would have considered death preferable to that step; but still he took it.

This great act being performed, he remained calm during the whole day, giving his advice on the position the army was to take, and on the manner the negociations with the enemy were to be conducted. He insisted especially on the necessity of proclaiming his son Emperor, not so much for the advantage of the child, as with a view to unite on one head all the power of sentiments and affections. Unfortunately, nobody would listen to him. Some men of sense and courage rallied round that proposition in the two Chambers; but fear swayed the majority; and among those who remained free from it, many thought that a public declaration of Liberty, and the resolution to defend it at any price, would make the enemy and the Bourbons turn back. Strange delusion of weakness and want of experience! It must however be respected, for it had its source in

love of their country: but while we excuse it, can it be justified? The population of the metropolis had resumed their usual appearance, which was that of complete indifference, with a resolution to cry "Long live the King!" provided the King arrived well escorted; for one must not judge of the whole capital by about one-thirtieth part of the inhabitants, who called for arms, and declared themselves warmly against the return of the abandoned family.

On the 23rd I returned to the Elysée. The Emperor had been for two hours in his bath. He himself turned the discourse on the retreat he ought to choose, and spoke of the United States. I rejected the idea without reflection, and with a degree of vehemence that surprised him. "Why not America?" he asked. I answered, "because Moreau is retired there." The observation was harsh, and I should never have forgiven myself for having expressed it, if I had not altered my opinion a few days afterwards. He heard it without any apparent ill humour; but I have no doubt that it must have made an unfavourable impression on his mind. I insisted on his choosing England, and the reason I gave appeared plausible; but after I had left him, I met General F*** in the

saloon, and communicated our conversation to him. His answer was—"You are mistaken in respect to the English Government. In that country, all the institutions are excellent for the nation itself; but foreigners are not admitted to enjoy their benefits. The Emperor will never find any thing in that country but oppression and injustice. The nation will not be consulted on the treatment he will undergo; and, believe my words, far from finding protection there, all possible outrages will be invented for revenge."

These reflections struck me, and I begged F*** to communicate them to the Emperor. I could not however admit them without some restriction. I could conceive that the English Government might think it necessary to the safety of Europe, to prevent all connexion between the Emperor and his numerous adherents; but to sentence him to the slowest and most horrible death,—to exercise on his person all manner of cruelty,—to invent for him sufferings unknown to the most cruel tyrants —(for in what other light can be viewed the insufferable separation from all connexion with civilization and human kind;—from his wife and child, from whom he could not even re-

ceive letters to comfort him in his banishment): —these are things an honourable mind could never have expected. After such conduct, we may be allowed to suspect, that in England, a nation so estimable in other respects, there exists a coldness of heart, with a total absence of humanity and generosity, from the moment her pride is wounded.

The Emperor went to inhabit Malmaison. He was accompanied thither by the Duchess de St. Leu, Bertrand and his family, and the Duke de Bassano. I went there several times a-day; for I could not leave Madame de St. Leu, who had suffered much in her health by the late events. The day he arrived in that retreat, he proposed to me to accompany him abroad. "Drouet," he said, "remains in France. I see, the War Minister wishes him not to be lost to his country. I dare not complain; but it is a great loss for me; I never met with a better head, or a more upright heart. That man was formed to be a prime minister anywhere." I refused to accompany him, in the following words: "I have a daughter of thirteen years of age: my wife is four months advanced in pregnancy; I cannot resolve to leave her. Allow me some time, and

I will join you wherever you may be. I have remained faithful to your Majesty in better times, and you may reckon upon me. Nevertheless, if my wife had not a claim on me, I should do better to go with you, for I have sad forebodings respecting my fate."

The Emperor made me no answer; but I saw by the expression of his countenance that he had no better augury of my fate than I had. However, the enemy was approaching, and for the last three days he had solicited the Provisional Government to place a frigate at his disposal, with which he might go to America. It had been promised him; he had even been pressed to set off; but he wanted to be the bearer of the order to the Captain, to convey him to the United States, and that order did not arrive. We all felt that the delay of a single hour might put his freedom in jeopardy. After we had talked the subject over among ourselves, I went to him, and strongly painted to him how dangerous it might be to prolong his stay. He observed, that he could not go without the order. "Depart nevertheless," I replied; "your presence on board the ship will still have a great power over Frenchmen; cut the cables, promise money to the crew, and if

the Captain resist, have him put on shore, and hoist your sails. I have not the least doubt but Fouché has sold you to the Allies."—"I believe it also; but go and make the last effort with the Minister of Marine." I went off immediately to M. Decrés. He was in bed, and listened to me with an indifference that made my blood boil. He said to me: "I am only a minister. Go to Fouché; speak to Government. As for me, I can do nothing. Good night." And so he covered himself up again in his blankets. I left him; but I could not succeed in speaking either to Fouché or to any of the others. It was two o'clock in the morning when I returned to Malmaison; the Emperor was in bed. I was let into his chamber, where I gave him an account of the result of my mission, and renewed my entreaties. He listened to me, but made no answer. He got up, however, and spent a part of the night in walking up and down. The following day was the last of that sad drama. The Emperor had gone to bed again, and slept a few hours. I entered his closet at about twelve o'clock. "If I had known you were here," he said, "I would have had you called in." He then gave me, on a subject that interested him personally, some in-

structions which it is needless for me to repeat. Soon after I left him, full of anxiety respecting his fate, my heart oppressed with grief, but still far from suspecting the extent to which both the rigour of fortune and the cruelty of his enemies would be carried.

CHAPTER XII.

I am arrested.—General Labedoyère.—My confinement at the Prefecture of Police.—My examination.—Anecdote of one of the Accomplices of Georges.—I am transferred to the Conciergerie.—Marshal Ney—His delusion.

A FEW days after the departure of the Emperor, I was told that a list of proscriptions, which was said to contain the names of two thousand persons, was making up under the inspection of Messrs. de Talleyrand and Fouché, by order of the Princes; and that Madame the Duchess of Angoulême vouchsafed to take an active part in the measure. Many persons had already fled from France. The intrepid Thibaudeau, who, a few days after the return of the King, had openly protested against his reign at the Chamber of Peers, took some pains to make me comprehend the danger I stood in. The Duke de Bassano, at his departure, wished

to persuade me to follow him quickly; but I, prepossessed by the idea that my conduct was above all reproach, rejected the cautions of friendship. The Princess de Vaudemont intreated me at least to seek some retreat for a short time. She told me that it was Fouché's wish that I should; but he never thought of offering me the passport I might stand in need of. The situation of my wife, who was far advanced in pregnancy and very unwell, made the idea of my flight impossible for me to bear. From within the walls of a prison, said I to myself, I may still protect her. Prejudice will diminish, and the Royal resentment will undoubtedly vent itself on those who are absent. The more I examined my conduct, the more I was convinced that my cause could only be brought before the Correctional Police, and the result would be no more than an imprisonment for two or five years, for having taken upon me the superintendence of the Post-office a few hours before the Emperor arrived. Having made up my mind to this, I was the more obstinate in my refusal to fly; and I proposed to the Princess de Vaudemont to give her a letter addressed to M. de Talleyrand, in which I should explain my conduct. She con-

sented to lay it before him. In that letter I unfolded to the Ministry my whole conduct since the Restoration; all the steps I had taken on the 20th of March; and I concluded by soliciting my trial. My wishes in that respect were soon complied with.*

* Far from having any uneasiness on my own account, my whole anxiety was for the fate of my friends. The Countess de Souza, the aunt of Labedoyère, knowing that he was still in Paris, intreated me to go and see him, to thrust him, if necessary, by the shoulders out of the barriers, and to persuade him to seek refuge with the Army of the Loire, from whence he might go abroad. I went therefore at eight o'clock in the morning to Labedoyère. He was still in bed, playing with his child, and his lovely wife next to him. When we were alone, I warmly pressed him to depart, and by a singular prepossession, I gave him the same reasons, made him the same intreaties, placed before his eyes the same dangers with which my friends harassed me on my own account. He listened to me with a smile and a yawn, and turned himself round in his bed. I was obliged to put an end to that discourse, and talk of the fate of the Emperor and France, which interested him more than his own. We had already lost more than three hours in useless conversation, when his valet-de-chambre came to tell him that two Prussian officers, who were billeted in his house, refused the apartment that had been offered to them, and insisted on taking possession of his wife's. At these words Labedoyère flew out of bed like a madman, and taking scarcely time to slip on his clothes, he wanted to go immediately and

On the 18th of July I was sitting at dinner with Madame Lavallette and M. de Meneval, when an inspector of the Police came to tell me that the Prefect, M. Decazes, wished to speak to me. When I stepped into the hackney-coach, I saw that I was surrounded by three or four spies, who were good enough to act the part of footmen, and stepped up behind the carriage. In less than half an hour I was in the registering room of the prison of the Prefecture. I was introduced to the jailer, who paid little attention to me, being busy with distributing lodgings to several newcomers, among whom I discovered M. de P***, who had been long Secretary to the Duke de Rovigo, and appeared to be the person in whom he placed the greatest confidence. He seemed so grieved and mortified to be where he was, that I went up to him, and had already begun to express my pity for his misfortune, when all of a sudden he turned aside, and,

cut off the ears of these two insolent fellows. It required considerable exertions on my side to make him keep quiet and wait the result of his wife's mother's remonstrances. He did not set off till the evening. He gained the banks of the Loire. I shall mention hereafter how he returned from thence.

pointing to me, said to the turnkey, "Conduct this gentleman to No. 17;" after which he disappeared. This man, thought I, has very cleverly turned his coat; and I followed my guide, blushing at the mistake I had made. He introduced me into a dirty garret with a window that opened in the roof at twelve feet from the floor. I was permitted, if I could, to open it by means of an iron bar with notches, but so heavy that it was not possible for me to raise it. When one enters into prison, anger always follows the first surprise. I began by throwing out some energetic exclamations against the Prefect, who had not deigned to receive me in his apartments, though he had sent for me to come and speak to him. I was not yet acquainted with the code of politeness of the Prefects of Police; but I soon made great improvement in that branch of knowledge. As there was no bell, I was obliged to wait three hours before I received a visit from the turnkey, who brought me for dinner some disgusting prison ragout. I made some inquiries respecting the prisoners who lodged on the floor above me. I had seen through a key-hole, men carrying bottles and all the preparations for a feast. "They seem to be very

merry," I added.—"They are two aides-de-camp of General Labedoyère."—"How! is he then arrested?"—"I believe so."

The next day these two officers were set at liberty; and I afterwards learned the following particulars. The unfortunate Labedoyère, after the Army of the Loire had been disbanded, had retired to the outskirts of Riom, with several of his friends, among whom was General Flahaut, his near relation. The latter, who possesses a cool head, and unites prudence to much courage, immediately perceived the danger of their position. He was convinced that nothing remained for them to do but to pass the frontiers as quickly as they could. Labedoyère was of the same opinion; but no persuasion could make him alter his plan. He wanted to go to the United States, but on his way to pass through Paris, where he wished to take leave of his family, and raise some money. All the exertions of friendship had no power over him. He stepped into the diligence under a false name, and found among his travelling companions two wretches in regimentals, who pretended they came from the Army of the Loire, and who were scarcely arrived in Paris when they informed against him. These were the

two prisoners who were merrily feasting on a part of the money they had received as the reward of their treachery.

By ten o'clock in the evening the jailer came to call me down to the chief clerk, who was to examine me. In my situation, this might be looked upon as some amusement: I was therefore far from wishing to decline it, and I was conducted, through a labyrinth of passages, to a room on the ground floor, where I found M. V ***, who was dismissed a little while after. This inquisitor, who was a short, fat man, was seated in his arm-chair, where for the space of twenty-nine years he had been asking questions at all hours of the day and night, under all possible governments. After having taken down in writing three or four pages of questions and answers, he stopped, and as we had neither of us much inclination for sleep, he eagerly took advantage of some inquiries I made about his occupations, to relate to me all the prowess of the prefects of police, the manner the prisoners made their defence, and the confessions he extorted from them; his skill in troubling their consciences, in disconcerting their firmness, in surprising their tenets, in pursuing their confessions, and finally in sounding the bottom of

their hearts. I cannot help recording here one of these anecdotes, which I thought remarkable, in the words he gave it to me.

"Among the conspirators of the Infernal Machine was one M. N * * *, an intimate friend of Limoëlan, the first inventor of the plot. He had served among the Chouans, and the police supposed, reasonably enough, that he was in Paris. After being hunted like a fox for several days, he slept at night in the charcoal-boats in the Pot au Bled. When the pursuit had ceased in that part of the town, he ventured to seek a retreat in a miserable garret in a public-house. The next day, the police came back; but he had escaped, and was seen no more. His room was searched, and near the bed was found a scrap of half-burned paper, which he had used to light his pipe. This paper contained, however, some written lines, which seemed to be part of the rough draft of a letter addressed to some general, who was supposed to be Georges. On the last line were the following words: 'I cannot write any more to-day, as I have a great pain in my eyes.' This unfortunate man was afterwards implicated and taken in the conspiracy of Georges, and I had the pleasure of examining him. He was sitting where you are,

his face between two wax-candles, as your's is. While I was talking with him I continued writing. He was my countryman. I spoke to him of his parents, of his first affections, of his schoolfellows; and having observed that he began to gain assurance, and that his answers showed a little more cheerfulness, I stopped all of a sudden, and said in the most natural tone I could: 'But the light annoys you: you may put out the candles if you choose.'—'No; I have no pain in my eyes.'—'I thought you had.' "No, not at present; my eyes were bad, it is true, about two years ago.' We continued our conversation. At last I slowly read to him his examination: he was surprised to find I had inserted in it so trivial a circumstance, and asked why I had done it. 'It is my custom.' Now, will you believe that this very trivial circumstance convicted him? The half-burned scrap of paper had been preserved. The writing was compared with his, and his presence in Paris, at the time of the Infernal Machine, was proved."

"And what became of him?" said I.—"He was guillotined," answered V *** with a most fiendish look and gesture.—He said to me: "I am fond of my profession: I cannot remain

one day out of this apartment. I might go to the play and divert myself with my friends, my wife, my children. But, no; I must be here." While listening to him, I observed that by custom he constantly leered to the left side, where the prisoners were placed; and I am convinced that if they had been put at his right, he would have lost half his skill. When he read my examination to me, and before I signed it, I asked why he had not inserted his anecdote in it. "Oh, your business cannot go far," he said: "you are not an important man for me."

I remained a fortnight in that temporary prison without seeing M. Decazes, who might have been a little troubled at having me so near him, if he had not entirely forgotten our former connexion. The bad air and the vexations of a prison gave me an inflammatory complaint. My physician, who was also the medical attendant of M. Decazes, prescribed for me with great care, which contributed to make them change my prison, and send me speedily on my trial, for fear I should escape by a natural death from the one they were preparing for me. On Sunday the 24th of July, I was abruptly put into a hackney-coach to be conveyed to the Concier-

gerie, at a small distance from where I was. There are many people in Paris wholly unacquainted with the existence of the dungeons of the Conciergerie, which are beneath the magnificent apartments of the Palais de Justice, and which, it is reported, served in the time of St. Louis as kitchens and pantries for the Royal household. I was introduced into the registering room, where I found the jailer, whose name was, I think, Landrajein. He was a tall man, disagreeably familiar, though with tolerably polite manners. He began to make out aloud the description of my person, and invited me afterwards to follow him to the end of a dark passage, where my new abode was situated. This was a long and narrow space, terminated by a window covered with a slanting roof, that just enabled me to distinguish a square foot of the sky. Bare walls, covered with names and exclamations of despair, traced with charcoal, were the only ornaments of this dungeon. A wretched bed, an old table, one chair, and two tubs of foul water, were all its furniture. I describe it thus minutely, because it was there that Marshal Ney passed the three first weeks that he remained in prison. I was weaker than he, for he did not complain of it; but when I

saw that it would be impossible for me to read during half an hour, I burst into reproaches, and wrote to the Prefect of Police, that disease would soon kill me if my lodging was not changed. In the evening the jailer came to lead me to the promenade in a large yard called the Green; and at nine o'clock, instead of bringing me up again to my dungeon, he introduced me into a room on the ground-floor, where I found a fireplace, and a window looking into a small yard, separated from the women's yard by a high wall. "I could not place you here this morning," he said, "because General Labedoyère was locked up in the next room; but he has been transferred to the Abbaye." The next day I wished to see his chamber. It was still more inconvenient and more dismal than the one I had left. He had remained there eight days in the most rigorous solitary confinement, and abandoned in a manner by the keepers, who only visited him twice in twenty-four hours. The dungeon was so narrow that he could not even walk about in it, though that was the only diversion left him, as he was deprived of books, newspapers, and even of all manner of correspondence.

They began, according to custom, to keep me

during six weeks without any communication. I could receive no letters unless they were opened, nor see a friend except in the presence of the registrer. The accounts I received from my wife were painful. Her tremulous handwriting, the sufferings she sought in vain to dissemble by repeated assurances of good health, her five-months' pregnancy, of which she never spoke, — all added to my anxiety. I soon felt also the inconveniences of my prison. Next to my room was an enormous iron door, that was opened at every hour of the day and the night to relieve the sentry: its violent motion shook my bed and interrupted my sleep, while the cold and damp of the air obliged me to have fire night and day.

Such torments, every instant renewed, were, however, far from discouraging me, and I had no need to seek moral force in meditation, or in delusions that vanished every day more and more before the sad truth: I found it in my attachment for the Emperor. I suffered, but it was for him: my misfortune was heightened by the consideration of the cause that had given it birth. My name and fate were united to his immortal name; and besides, were not his sufferings worse than mine? The perfidy of

the English Government was leading him to St. Helena. How many torments were preparing for him in his banishment at the world's end! I should have blushed to complain in presence of such a disaster. The vengeance of kings fell heavy on us both, and I found at once honour and glory in sharing it with him. It was that thought that constantly bore me up, and saved me from all weakness. The idea that he would read my trial, and that my death would cause him some emotion; that I showed myself worthy of his attachment and his trust, elevated me in my own eyes. I shall explain hereafter how that feeling of energy against misfortune received a powerful support from another cause.

A few weeks after my imprisonment, as I was one day walking in the yard, I saw Marshal Ney at the bottom of the staircase which led to my former dungeon. He bowed to me as he went quickly up, accompanied by the jailer and an officer of the gendarmes. It was thus I learned that he was arrested. Like me, he had scorned to leave the kingdom, and had only sought refuge in the country-seat of one of his wife's relations near Cahors. His sabre, which he had left in the drawing-room, be-

trayed him for the first time. He suffered himself to be taken, convinced that they would not dare to condemn him. After he had remained a month in that dungeon, he was at last placed above me in the registrer's lodging. There was a stove that defended him from the cold; and his grated window, being higher than mine, procured him a less unwholesome air than what I breathed. But his name and his rank could not protect him from the hardships they seemed to take pleasure in inflicting on him. He played tolerably well on the flute, and during several days he amused himself with his instrument. He was however deprived of this resource, under the pretence that it was against the rules of the prison. He repeatedly played a waltz, which I long recollected, and frequently hummed in my evening musings. I had never heard it anywhere else, till once again it struck my ear in Bavaria. It was at a *bal champêtre* on the borders of Lake Starnberg. I had before my eyes young peasant girls merrily skipping on the fresh green sward. The air was sweet and melancholy, and when played on the flute, it immediately recalled to my memory the Conciergerie, and I retired, unable to repress my

tears, and repeating with bitter feelings the name of the unfortunate Marshal. During the day we shared the right of walking in the small yard, without being however allowed to remain there together, though he was always accompanied by a gendarme. I was in the habit of taking my walk at six o'clock in the morning; the Marshal wished to take that hour for *his* walk; I resigned it to him with great pleasure, and this arrangement lasted until his solitary confinement ended. From that time, his lady and children came every day to dine with him. She always accompanied him in his walks. One day she came near my window and said to me: "The sentry that guards us is an old soldier who has served under the Marshal; he wishes very much to talk with you." The Marshal in consequence came up: our conversation could not be long. He said to me: "I am easy as to what concerns myself. A great many friends watch over me: the Government is advancing fast again towards its ruin. The foreigners already take our part; the public indignation has communicated itself to them; and if you wish to have a proof of it, read these papers and burn them when you have done." He then slipped through the bars a file of pam-

phlets and some manuscript sheets. I found in them violent threats and even provocations, that appeared to me very ill-advised: there was also a great deal of absurd news. According to their accounts, the English already repented having replaced the House of Bourbon on the throne; and there was a long protest of the Empress Maria Louisa against the resolution of the Sovereigns who kept her out of France. What the Marshal had told me about his friends was more correct; but, some time after, I learned that he had failed in an attempt to escape from the Conciergerie, and that six thousand officers on half-pay had been forced to leave the metropolis by order of the Minister of War. A little while after that conversation, we again exchanged the hours of our walks. He then went down in the evening, accompanied by his wife, his brother-in-law, and his sister-in-law Madame Gamot. The prisoners had retired to their dormitories; among them was a soldier called Dieu, whose good voice and comic songs diverted the Marshal.

I felt a very great wish to see him again; and one evening I ventured to ask permission to go up to the Green. The jailer was gone out:

the turnkey opened the door and led me there, where I found Marshal Ney and M. Gamot. I joined them. It was about three months after our first conversation. At that period, all his delusions seemed to have vanished. "Labedoyère," said he, "has crossed the fatal passage. Now it will be your turn, my dear Lavallette, and mine afterwards."—"It is all one," I answered, "who falls first. I know there is no hope left."—"Oh, oh! that we shall see. However, all these lawyers annoy me; they do not understand my situation; but I shall speak for myself."

CHAPTER XIII.

My thoughts and occupations.—The female prisoners.—Apartment of Queen Marie Antoinette.—My examination before M. Dupuis, Supernumerary Justice.—His generous impartiality.—Animosity of the Royalists against me.—Visits and comfortings of my friends, Messrs. Alexander de la Rochefoucault, Vandeuil, Briqueville, Tascher de St. Roses.—I see my daughter again for the first time.—M. Tripier.

TIME passes very slowly in prison. I did not know what to do with myself; I was discontented without reason with my situation, and uneasy in respect to my poor Emilie. Each day brought me worse and worse accounts of her health. I had obtained her promise that she would not come to see me before her accouchement: the visit might have killed her. My time, so ill employed in seeking to discover the future, in exhausting all conjectures, in cursing the new Revolution, threw me into a fatal dejection. I felt the want of raising my spirits by the only diversion I was permitted

to take,—reading. I sent for Hume's History of England. When I perused the narrative of all the royal misfortunes with which it is filled, I found my own more bearable, and I reaped both courage and comfort from it. Finally, in recurring to my own situation, I rested on the idea, that it was not possible I could be sentenced to capital punishment, and that I should certainly come off with a few years' imprisonment. This prospect was not cheerful; but, as I entertained the hope of being confined in one of the prisons of Paris, I might see my family, comfort them, and put my affairs in order. I also frequently thought of the scaffold, but only as a vague threat that could never be realized. I was in the abode of crime; and I often figured to myself the terrors of a thief, and especially of a murderer, awaking in the night at the fancied cries of his victims, and struggling, in vain, under the hands of the executioner. What must not his sufferings be! As for me, I could at least return without remorse to the 20th of March. The indignation of the Sovereign, the anger of his adherents, could not make my heart beat more quickly. I felt myself strong against their vengeance, and I escaped from it in

imagination, by following the Emperor, in a solitary bark, on his way to St. Helena.

I also took a fancy to know who were my new compatriots in this strange country; for the Conciergerie is like a distant region, separated from all civilized nations, — a sort of colony of the New World, governed by brutal and despotic laws, and whose population consists only of the dregs of society, and where ferociousness and depravity must be constantly watched and repressed. To penetrate into that region, passports are with difficulty obtained, and many humiliating forms must be observed. The prisoner can see his relations, friends, and counsel, only across double bars, which keep them at several feet distance, surrounded by turnkeys, who are the privileged spies of his words and most trivial gestures, and who trifle with the most painful feelings, by enjoining them a rigorous silence.

I took great pains to obtain any information. The turnkeys could not answer any questions: but from my own observations, I think there must have been, at the time of my confinement, about fifty prisoners. They slept in about twenty rooms, containing each five or six beds, for which they paid ten francs a-month: this

was called, being *à la pistole*. Those who did not possess the means of paying, passed the night in a sort of shed, on straw very seldom renewed. The greatest part of these wretches were doomed to the galleys, and most of them had committed theft or forgery. Their indifference as to the fate that awaited them was quite inconceivable.

Not to deprive Madame Lavallette of the services of my man-servant, I had accepted for myself those of a condemned prisoner, who was respited for a few months. He had filled a responsible employment in one of the Government offices, and had embezzled the money that passed through his hands, for which crime he was to go for six years to the galleys. He was a spy over me. His honied words and affected officiousness inspired me with a great disgust; but, on the one hand, my pity for his fate, that seemed to frighten him, and on the other, my fear of getting, instead of him, one still more perverse, determined me to keep him. At last, however, a perfidious trick he played to some others became the cause of our separation. He slept with six other prisoners, in a room situated in the western part of the edifice. These wretches took it into their heads to get

out of prison, by digging a hole in the wall twelve feet thick, and so to escape on the Quai des Lunettes. My honest servant procured them one of those large iron bars called by the prisoners, I believe, a *chancelière*; but he had begun by betraying them, and the jailer let them go on for some time in their work. Every night they filled their pockets with the rubbish, and in the morning they cleverly dispersed it in the yard. To arrive at the outward wall, they were obliged to take out and replace, every night, an enormous stone of six feet in length. They had been already for several months at work, and they only wanted one night more to regain their liberty, when the jailer came to pay them his visit, and all was easily discovered. The traitor was, in appearance, condemned to the same punishment that was inflicted on them all. But his companions were not to be duped by this; and the jailer told me, that he ran the risk of being murdered in the galleys. It would be even difficult to let him travel thither with them. The galley-slaves never pardon, among one another, a treachery of that sort. Ten years would not be sufficient to make them forget it.

The yard of the female prisoners was, as I

have said, facing my window, and separated from it by a high wall. That circumstance was a continued source of annoyance to me. From eight in the morning to seven in the evening, I was stunned by a deluge of the most vulgar, coarse, and depraved expressions in the French language. The turnkeys were frequently obliged to go and restore good order among those harpies. It was on this yard that the two windows of the Queen's prison opened. During my confinement, that chamber, situated on my passage when I went to the Green, served as a speaking parlour for those privileged prisoners who were allowed to receive visits from their friends. It was a large room, divided in two by a sort of pillar that formed two arches. The floor was paved with bricks placed on the thick side, and must have been very old, as the figures they presented are long since out of use. The entrance was at the bottom of a dark passage. The Queen had only a miserable bed, a table, and two chairs: a large piece of tapestry that hung across the room separated her from the gendarme and the jailer, who, however, left her during the night. How many times have I not walked up and down in that prison, when grief and lowness

of spirits used to oppress me! There I found strength and courage: I blushed to complain of the fate that might be preparing for me, when I recollected the horrible destiny of a Queen of France. I was certainly the first person who openly expressed the wish that this dungeon might be converted into a chapel. A short time after my escape, the order was really given and executed.

The jailer, with his obsequious manners, began to weary me; and his everlasting questions, his long narratives of prison adventures, became quite insufferable. He used to come eight or ten times a-day, and interrupt me while I was reading or meditating. I was imprudent enough to speak in his presence of chess; and from that instant I was obliged, every evening, to let myself be beaten during three hours by him. A circumstance of small importance happily delivered me of that bore. He had been at a former period verger of the Criminal Court, and had sold his office to a man who could not pay him. Having heard that I was particularly acquainted with M. Pasquier, then Keeper of the Seals, he begged me to write a few words to Madame Lavallette, that she might solicit for him permission to resume

his office. She however, being rather mistrustful, was convinced that under his claim might be some dangerous plot against me; and she sent my letter to the Minister of Police, Decazes: communications of that sort with the prisoners are hourly prohibited; so the jailer was sent away. This was very fortunate for us at the time of my escape. Having been born and bred in a prison, he was full of artifice, sagacity, and penetration. He would undoubtedly have observed my disguise, and all would have been lost.

They put in his place a man from Bordelais, a protégé of M. Decazes. This man was of a harsh humour; his manners were severe, and even rude; and he was very enthusiastic in his political opinions. He wanted at first to imitate his predecessor: to come into my room at all times, and enter into conversation with me: but I took such a high tone with him, that I silenced him the very first day. Consequently, I only used to see him in the morning and in the evening, when he came to examine whether all was right.

I had chosen M. Tripier for my counsel, whom I did not know, and he had taken for his assistant M. Lacroix Frainville. My friends

had a great desire that I might be forgotten, and frequently expressed a wish that I might fall sick. Count Alexander de la Rochefoucault, who came very often to see me, continually reproached me with my looking too well. "If you were ill," he said, "and obliged to keep your bed, they would be forced to put off your trial: time would by degrees calm passions, and your friends would do the rest for you." I was certainly of his opinion; but where was I to find an illness? I could not come to the resolution of breaking one of my legs or arms; and one cannot have just at the time one wishes it an inflammation on the lungs or in the stomach. I was therefore under the necessity of keeping my health, and with it all the dangers of my situation. It was at last decided that I should be examined by one of the judges of the Royal Court, and M. Dupuis was chosen for my reporter. I had several years before frequently dined with him at the house of a mutual friend. When I came before him, we knew each other again. The presence of the registrer kept me silent. The magistrate appeared to me to be moved by generous compassion; but as the examination went on, he was soon convinced that he need

not observe any particular delicacy in regard to me. I took the advance on the required explanation. I urged them on in all possible ways, and the first examination lasted five hours, though he wanted several times to stop it, thinking I might be fatigued. But I felt myself so completely innocent, I laid so much importance on destroying all prepossessions, all superstructure of false imputations which filled the indictment, that I should have continued for two hours longer if he had wished it. The next day we had another sitting, which lasted again four hours. I have heard from my friends, that M. Dupuis did not conceal his surprise at the importance that was attached to my business; and that at the news of my being condemned, he expressed his indignation with a generous frankness. Two months elapsed, I believe, between this examination and my trial; but time did not alleviate the hatred to which I was exposed. My friends were discouraged at the violence of the Paris drawing-room against me. The royalists were enraged at the recollection of their unworthy conduct in the month of March, and sought to cover their shame by the imaginary plot which they said had brought back the Emperor; and they ap-

peared to have no doubt but that I had been at the head of the undertaking. According to them, a very active correspondence had taken place with the Island of Elba during the eleven months of the first reign, and all the old clerks of the Post-office had taken a part in it. The mails which went to the South of France were filled with letters from me. Head clerks, under-clerks, couriers, postmasters in the departments,—all had been in the secret, and had abetted in my design. To tell the truth, if I had been the chief contriver of such a plan, I might claim credit for it: its conception and execution would have ensured me everlasting fame; I should have been the most profound of all conspirators, and I might pretend to a great part of the glory which people too frequently bestow on men who have made themselves famous by great enterprises, even when their aim is contrary to morals and humanity; but nothing must go before truth.

In 1804, I had carefully avoided all connexion with the clerks of the Post-office. With my ardent wish to see the Emperor again, I mixed no thought of ambition. The love cherished for him by France; the conviction I shared with the country, that he alone could

govern her, and place her on a solid footing in the first rank among the nations of the globe; the hope, that to all the benefits he had already bestowed on her, he would also add the restitution of her liberties; and finally, a deep feeling of gratitude,—were the only motives of my conduct. A thousand others, in my place, would have done as much. Millions have been led on by the same impulses. On his road, at his arrival, the people pressed forward to meet him: the greatest in the land had rushed to serve him,—as well those whom the Bourbons had discarded, as those whom they had retained. One lost battle had decided our fate; but if victory had remained faithful to us, the empire, re-established on its true foundation, would have repulsed for a long time, and perhaps for ever, the family of the Bourbons, and thus Liberty would have undoubtedly found her place with glory and peace!

I was very much afraid that, during my confinement, there would be some execution. The condemned cell was next to mine, at the bottom of the yard where I used to walk. Two persons, accused of a murder, were tried, but acquitted: one of them was a young man who had served in the Life-guards. He had mur-

dered his mistress in cold blood, after having passed the night with her: the particulars of his crime were horrible. He first fired a pistol at her, and then discharged one at himself; but his own wound was slight. He was acquitted, as I have said, and they brought him back to the vestibule adjoining my dungeon, where he was to wait until the accustomed forms had been gone through to set him at liberty. I was not yet made acquainted with the verdict, when cries and sobs struck my ear. I thought he had been condemned, and I must confess that my courage was greatly shaken. It was not until two hours afterwards that I was told, that joy had produced on him a violent nervous attack. Fortunately, his fear of passing another night in prison gave him strength enough to go away. The other prisoner was a woman who was accused of having pushed her invalid sister into the river, where she had been drowned. This unfortunate person edified even the jailer with her good behaviour; so that he employed rigorous means to prevent her odious companions from extending their abuse into real outrages. The day she was tried, she dressed herself with particular care. When she left the court she

fainted,—but her joy was moderate; and on leaving the prison, she wished to distribute among her wretched companions some marks of her benevolence; but as the money she possessed did not make a considerable sum, she sent to beg ten francs of me, to add to the present she made them, saying, that she would pray to God that I might find as equitable a jury as her's had been.

When the time of my solitary confinement was over, some friends came to visit me. In the foremost rank I must place Count Alexander de la Rochefoucault, whose constant friendship never ceased to soften my sufferings, and who gave me an affecting proof of it by accepting the charge of *subrogé tuteur** to my wife during her illness, — and M. de Vandeuil, at present a member of the Chamber of Deputies.† As he was obliged to go down to the country, and remain there all the autumn, he put one day

* Minors and insane persons have, in France, besides their common guardians, (*tuteurs*,) a *subrogé tuteur*, who takes up the minor's interests whenever they come in collision with those of their guardian.—*(Note of the Translator.)*

† The reader must not forget that these Memoirs were begun in exile, and finished in Paris. This part appears to have been written by M. Lavallette after the election of 1827.—*(Note of the French Editor.)*

into my hand two hundred gold louis, begging me to keep them, saying: "Your communications with your family may become difficult, and money can never do any harm. It is better for you to have some now in your possession, than to be obliged to ask for it." And indeed these two hundred louis were of great service to me when I fled to Bavaria two months afterwards. His mother has been an angel of kindness to my wife: it was she who brought her the first consolation in her prison. Colonel Briqueville, who was not yet cured of two wounds he received at the affair of Versailles, frequently left his bed to come and talk with me for several hours together. I owe also many thanks to Messrs. Frank O'Hagarty and de Fidières for the marks of attachment they lavished on me. But the most active friend of all was one of our relations, Tascher de St. Roses, aide-de-camp to Prince Eugene. This excellent young man, though suffering from an asthmatic complaint which, from his childhood, never allowed him sleep in a bed, and the attacks of which put him regularly twice a-month in the most imminent danger, used to come and pass whole days with me. The charms of his conversation, and the gentle cheerfulness of his

temper, made me forget at once my dungeon and my future fate. He continually maintained that I should be sentenced to banishment, and he pressed me to accompany him to Martinique, where he was born. He painted to me, with the enthusiasm of a colonist, its beautiful climate, its cool shades, the various pleasures its inhabitants enjoyed, the singularity of their manners, and the attentions I should meet with from a numerous family of which he was the favourite. He sung to me Negro songs, talked the sweet jargon of the Negro women, and thus took a pleasure in preparing for me, my wife and her child, a happy life in the New World.

I had not seen my daughter since my confinement, through the fear of adding consternation to her grief at the sight of the horrors of my prison. Her mother, nevertheless, sent her to me to receive my blessing, the day before her first communion. My daily correspondence with my family was all my love for them required. I thought I should have been able to set bounds to my expansive affection for her; but when I saw my only child, adorned with all the graces of youth, falling into my arms, bathed in tears, and afterwards at my feet in a deep swoon, all the anguish and agonies of

paternal tenderness lacerated my heart. For the first time, I felt how great was my misfortune. I could not master my grief; silent tears mixed with my daughter's sobs, and when I placed my hands on her head, it was impossible for me to utter a single word.

This scene made me reflect on my situation. I began to consider it under its real aspect; and my counsel, in their conferences, tore off a part of the veil which till then had covered my eyes.

The first, M. Tripier, was a man whose mind was cool, accurate, and logical. The best way he found to prepare himself for my defence was, to attack me on all points. What had I to do at the Post-office? Why did I go there so early in the morning? Why did I send a courier to Fontainebleau? Why did I give orders during the day? Why that bulletin sent all over France by the mail? Finally: Why did I stop the newspapers, and especially the Moniteur that contained the King's proclamation? He had never done with his questions. My answers appeared to him to be sincere and satisfactory; but they did not clear me of the fault I had committed. He was however soon convinced that I had merely

yielded to imprudent impatience. But that was not enough to acquit me; and until the day before my sentence was passed, he thought I should be condemned to five years' imprisonment for having usurped the public power.

CHAPTER XIV.

Letter of the Duke de Richelieu against Marshal Ney.—My anxiety respecting Madame Lavallette.—Opening of the Debates.—The List of the Jury communicated to me.—M. Heron de Villefosse.—My sentence of death is passed.—The fatal news announced to Madame Lavallette.—She solicits and obtains an audience of the King.—Words of Louis XVIII.

The preliminary conferences continued twice a-week during nearly a month. A few days before the opening of the debates, the Moniteur acquainted me with the terrible Letter addressed to the Chamber of Peers, and signed by the Duke de Richelieu, against Marshal Ney. How could that man, of whom public fame proclaimed the frankness, the gentle manners, the impartial and independent character,—how could he attack before the Chamber of Peers, with such brutal and sanguinary rage, one of the most honourable Frenchmen of our time,—one of our most illustrious warriors,—an unfor-

tunate, accused, but unjudged man, whose examination was not yet known, and whom the law ought to have surrounded with a generous compassion? When M. de Lacroix Frainville, one of my counsel, entered my room, I showed him the Moniteur. Deep emotion was visible in his features while he read it; and when he had done, he said to me with an air of consternation, after a few moments' reflection: "Sir, I see but too clearly what they want to come to: but I am old; I wish to pass my last days free from political storms, and my health is too weak to bear the persecution that is about to spread on all sides. Permit me therefore to deposit into other hands the burdens I have taken upon me. My friend Tripier will easily find a fellow lawyer that will help him with your defence. I shall continue to give my advice, but I do not feel strength enough to appear before the court."

The old man appeared, in fact, so overcome, that I made no comment on these observations. At that instant M. Tripier entered the room; and his colleague, after having put the newspaper into his hands, repeated his resolution, and was going to name some other lawyer to take his place, when M. Tripier said coolly: "I

want nobody; I shall defend my client alone. It is my duty, and no consideration shall make me turn away from it:" and then our conference began.

While I was thus debating for my life, my new-born child was dying in the arms of its poor mother. This misfortune would, I feared, have most fatal consequences for her. I reckoned upon that child to comfort her grief after I should be dead. The motherly care it would require, and which she would lavish on it with so much affection and tenderness, would, I expected, give still a zest to her life; and it was abruptly taken away from her in the space of a few hours. This circumstance threw me into despair. The following day, when Lacroix Frainville came in, the situation in which he found me made him suspect that the fear of a sentence of death was the cause of my trouble; and he was going to offer me some commonplace comfortings, when I acquainted him with the fresh blow that had shook me. "My God!" he cried, pressing me in his arms; "this is too much at one time. Pray, forget the momentary weakness I showed yesterday. I will not leave you;—yes, I will defend you." And he nobly kept his word by coming into

court, and assisting his fellow counsel during all the debates.

My greatest anxiety, however, was the situation of Madame Lavallette. That son, the object of the wishes of all her life, had been snatched away from her. I had required of her not to come to the Conciergerie during her pregnancy. The dismal sight of a prison, and of the dungeon in which I was confined, might have had a fatal effect upon her. Through the same motive I had forbid them to bring my son to me. All that had been reported to me of the passionate love of the mother for her child, made me tremble for her health. St. Roses only spoke to me of her tears and her grief, but tried to make me easy as to consequences. Now, what would be the result of the trial? Five years' confinement was a severe punishment; but still I might see her, comfort her, keep in my hands the management of our mutilated fortune — in one word, offer her the prospect of more happy times to come. But if death awaited me, what would become of her in her misfortune? Through some fatality, too common in our Revolution, her family, not very numerous of itself, was dispersed, or had disappeared.

Her father was indeed returned from abroad; but he had brought with him a second wife, who had borne him children. Although he was an excellent man, new ties, new affections, and the distance at which he lived from Paris, did not promise that he would be a very effectual consolation for his daughter. My only hope rested on Count Alexander de la Rochefoucault, who was related to her by marriage, and who had given us for the last month courageous proof of his affection.

While my mind was thus agitated, I was informed that the trial would open on the 19th of November. The list of the jury was laid before me on the 18th. Not one among the thirty-six names was known to me. I had to choose among them twelve men, whose conscience might be firm, and whose minds enlightened enough to resist the corruption of party spirit and the threats of Government. The list was composed of tradesmen, lawyers, and two members of the Council of State,—all men, the independence of whose position, except that of the former, was not extremely certain. I had several copies made of that list, and my friends hastened to make inquiries concerning them, and to visit them. But it was Sunday,

and consequently difficult to meet with them. The notes I received the next day were so contradictory that I knew not whom to reject or admit. I was however obliged to go up to court. Before I entered the room where the jury was assembled, they made me wait in the President's closet, where I found a verger of the Criminal Court. He was a young man, whose eyes, fixed upon me with an appearance of great interest, seemed to question me respecting the list I held in my hand. "Read the list to me," he said, with emotion; "your fate lies in that paper. I can direct you better than any one." I did as he bade me, and at each name I mentioned he cried—"That one is doubtful; this other shocking; quickly erase the name." He had scarcely heard twelve of them when I was called to assist at the drawing of the jury. It was an imposing scene. Thirty-six persons assembled, standing in presence of the magistrates and the prisoner: twelve were to decide his fate. My looks wandered over the assembly. I sought for good-will, or at least for impartiality, and methought I perceived a sort of sympathy for me. The gravity of their countenance, their downcast looks, the air of melancholy spread over their features,

infused a degree of tranquillity in my mind, that augmented with each minute. I challenged the first names that came out of the urn, because they had been so by my kind verger, but I accepted the thirteenth, M. Horon de Villefosse. The information my friend had given me was favourable to him. He was an engineer, who had been employed by the Emperor in the mines of the Hartz in Hanover. I had been assured he was a learned and sensible man: he had been Master of Requests during my time. I congratulated myself, therefore, for having him for foreman of my jury. To his name followed that of M. Jurien, now Counsellor of State, and, I believe, formerly an emigrant. I accepted him with a secret reluctance, and with a sort of foreboding that he would prove inimical. The sequel will show in how far I was mistaken.

My intention is not to retrace here all the particulars of my trial. I cannot however pass over in silence some facts, which are not explained by the perusal of the proceedings. On the 20th of March, the two nephews of M. Ferrand were at the Post-office. One of the two accompanied Madame Ferrand when she came to ask me for a permit for post-horses. It was the first time in my life that I had seen

this young man: and it was not he that came up as a witness against me. The one who appeared had neither his stature, his features, his eye, nor the tone of his voice. I did not know there were two brothers; and in my first astonishment on finding myself in the presence of an utter stranger, I made the observation aloud. The witness, however, positively affirmed that it was he who had accompanied his aunt. The President asked me what use I wished to make of so serious a charge, which might have involved the witness in a trial for perjury. My counsel, whom I consulted, was at a loss what answer he should give me; and in all probability I should not have succeeded in eliciting the truth. I nevertheless remain convinced that I was in the right. What could have been the motive of that change of individuals? The eldest, who really accompanied his aunt, was a Master of Requests: could it have been repugnant to his feelings to present himself as a witness against me? I have not seen either of these two gentlemen since that time; and when I returned to France, after five years' banishment, it would have been impossible to throw any light on so strange a circumstance.

The Advocate-general Hua was a man of

very violent opinions; and I am not the only victim of the unjust severity which he showed at that time, with several other officers on the crown side of the court. He had shown himself my private enemy. The violence of his attacks, his obstinate hatred of me, made him reject in a brutal manner all that seemed to militate in my favour. The result of the trial was advantageous to his personal interests: he is at present a counsellor at the Court of Cassation.

The first day was spent in examinations; the second was devoted to the pleadings of my advocate, and of the King's attorney. I stood in the presence of numerous spectators, none of whom were my friends. However, the great animosity which prevailed during the first day, and which expressed itself more than once by groans, was afterwards softened. The second day appeared to me much more favourable. At last, towards six o'clock in the evening, the jury were going to retire, when the manner of putting the questions was discussed between the King's advocate and mine. The latter wanted them to be put in the following manner:—1st, Is the prisoner guilty of conspiracy? 2nd, Is he guilty of an usurpation of

public authority? It was clear that I had had no share in the conspiracy, for that charge had been abandoned from the beginning of the proceedings; and the jury would undoubtedly have acquitted me on the first question. On the second I should certainly have been declared guilty. But by that means death was avoided. By separating the plot from the usurpation of authority, the jury would have saved me, as my crime was no longer a felony, but a misdemeanour. That was, however, not the object of Government; death was the result they demanded from the jury, and the following were the infamous means made use of to gain over the majority. It was secretly observed to the jury: "That after a great act of justice (the condemnation of Marshal Ney), it is very important for the King to do a great act of clemency. Good policy and the interest of the monarch will have it so. Give, therefore, a verdict against the prisoner. His life shall be spared, while Justice will be satisfied, society avenged, and the King's bounty will shine in all its splendour." Thus the two questions were joined in one, and delivered over to the conscience and timidity of the jury. I was brought back to prison, where

St. Roses, who had been in the court, came to keep me company. My hopes had all vanished, but I tried to prolong those of this excellent young man. After a very sad dinner, I prepared to play a game at chess, and I won it, contrary to custom, for he was the better player. The more the hours advanced, the more his courage slackened; and when at ten o'clock he was obliged to leave me, he burst into tears and could scarcely resolve to go. I remained alone during two whole hours; for it was not till after midnight that I was called up to hear my sentence pronounced. The verdict had been read during my absence; so that the gendarmes who received me at the top of the staircase and accompanied me to the President's closet, observed the most dismal silence. I sat down, and looking at them attentively, I read my fate in their faces. "Well," said I to the brigadier, "I am condemned? How could an aide-de-camp of Bonaparte expect to be acquitted?" Without giving me any answer, he led me before the judges. A deep silence, an absence of all motion, prevailed in the extensive and dimly lighted hall. The benches were still filled with ladies. My eyes, wandering around me, sought in vain a look of

compassion and kindness. One of the jurymen had his face covered with his handkerchief: it was M. Jurien. At last the President ordered the Registrer to read the verdict of the jury. It was as I expected:—but fearing, above all things, to see the cross of the Legion of Honour torn from my breast, I had taken care to lay it by, as well as the great ribbon and other insignia of the Orders of the Iron Crown and Holland. The judges retired *pro formâ* for a few minutes, and on their return the President repeated aloud the article of the Criminal Code by which I was sentenced to die. Fortunately, the ceremony of tearing off the cross of the Legion of Honour was omitted. This outrage could alone have destroyed the tranquillity of my mind. The minute circumstances recorded by the public papers are correct: I shall therefore not repeat them here. At half-past twelve I went down again to my dungeon. In the passage that leads to it I met the jailer, who questioned me with great indifference. I answered: "All is over!" The man started back as if he had received a violent blow, and disappeared. I had restrained my feelings in presence of the public, but night and solitude recalled to my memory the fatal

words,—"Pain of Death!" The agitation of mind began to show itself by an effusion of violent indignation. I walked backwards and forwards with long strides; I appealed to all France against the iniquity of my sentence. However, I grew calm by degrees, and soon, in a deep sleep, I forgot my misfortune.

The next day I received authentic particulars of what had passed the day before at the discussion of the jury. The foreman had enforced the charges with inconceivable obstinacy, and M. Jurien had confuted them with wonderful strength of argument. The discussion lasted six hours with a great deal of animosity, and such loud speeches that they were heard very far from the room where the jurymen sat. At last the foreman got the better, notwithstanding all the efforts of M. Jurien: eight votes against four pronounced me guilty.

I wished to die without appealing to the Court of Cassation. I concluded that the forms had been undoubtedly too well observed for me to hope that the verdict could be set aside. Besides, why should I languish in agony during a fortnight, and perhaps a month? Why let myself be dragged to the scaffold among the rabble in the streets, and

perhaps amidst the hootings of the royalists? But then, when I thought of my wife and child, reason and coolness recovered their sway, and this was the only fit of despair which I experienced.

The first thing to be done was to communicate the dreadful news to Madame Lavallette. I wrote to an old friend, Madame de Vandeuil, and to the Princess de Vaudemont. They both went to her, and the mourning they had put on acquainted her immediately with her misfortune. But the Princess de Vaudemont, whose firm character was capable of foreseeing every thing, made my wife write a letter to the Duke de Duras, First Gentleman of the Bedchamber, to obtain an audience of the King. It was very doubtful whether it would be granted. The ladies of Labedoyère and Ney had been refused. Nevertheless, contrary to all expectation, an hour afterwards she received permission to go to the Palace. "The King expects Madame de Lavallette in his closet." Such was the answer sent to her. She stepped in consequence into the Princess's coach with my daughter, and alighted at the Tuileries at the apartments of the First Gentleman of the Bedchamber. The Duke de Duras took her

by the hand, and led her, amidst all the courtiers, to the King's closet. There she fell at the feet of Louis XVIII. who said to her: "Madame, I have received you immediately, to give you a proof of the interest I feel for you." These were the only words he uttered. She was raised, and went out of the chamber. But the words of the King had been heard; they circulated as Madame de Lavallette passed; and her grief, her beauty, her noble and graceful demeanour, notwithstanding the evident dejection under which she laboured, affected all who saw her. They recollected that she was the daughter of an emigrant, and nobody doubted but my pardon would be granted, the King having once admitted her into his presence. They were nevertheless mistaken.

CHAPTER XV.

Madame de Lavallette comes to see me.—Count Carvoisin.—Some particulars concerning Emilie Beauharnais.—My marriage with her.—I leave her to go to Egypt.—My mission to Saxony.—My journey to Berlin.

THE next day Madame Lavallette came to see me for the first time during four months. Her pale, emaciated, and dejected countenance made me shudder. Her voice was scarcely audible, and during half an hour I could not draw a single word out of her. She recovered however by degrees, and acquainted me with the particulars of the reception she had met with from the King. She came alone, but Count Carvoisin came to fetch her and conduct her home. Gratitude does not permit me to forget that worthy friend. I had known M. de Carvoisin eight years before at Surene, where we were country neighbours. He had

at that time with him a young niece, who afterwards married the Count de Clermont Tonnerre. Though he had not yet attained old age, he had already some of its infirmities. Subject to an asthmatic complaint from the time of his infancy, he had left the army before the Revolution broke out, and lived at present the life of a Christian philosopher, far from the world he did not love. He was solely occupied with the education of his young ward, and with a charitable society of which he had urged the establishment, and which prospered through his benevolence. We were far from sharing the same opinions on several political questions; but by yielding a little on both sides, the greatest harmony had never ceased to reign between us. I had lost sight of him since the Restoration; but he returned to me in my misfortune, and during the last and most terrible month of my confinement he used to come every day to see me, after having assisted at a mass he ordered to be said every morning for my liberation. He was however admirably moderate in his opinions. My situation seemed to require from him that he should offer me the comforts of religion. His conversation had a most seducing charm: he gave to his words

a devoutness, and an openness of heart, that touched me; but I was too sincere not to acknowledge that there was no hope of our agreeing. I explained to him, in the most simple manner, all that it was impossible for me to admit, and he discontinued his intreaties without showing the least impatience or the slightest coldness.

Now that Madame de Lavallette is about to fill a prominent part in these Memoirs, I think fit to enter into some particulars concerning her and our marriage.

Louise Emilie de Beauharnais was born in 1780. Her father, Francis, Marquis de Beauharnais, had married his first cousin, the daughter of the Countess Fanny de Beauharnais, who has acquired some celebrity in literature, and sister to the Count de Beauharnais who died a Peer of France, and whose daughter is now Grand-duchess of Baden. M. de Beauharnais was the head of his family. His brother Alexander, who had married Mademoiselle Josephine Tascher de la Pagerie, had two children, Eugene and Hortense. My father-in-law had only one surviving daughter.

At the convocation of the States General, Alexander was elected deputy of the nobility

of Blaisois. The eldest brother, Francis, was named supernumerary member of the nobility of Paris, and only took his place in the Chamber after the 6th October 1789, in lieu of M. de Lally Tollendal, who left France at that period. Alexander embraced the cause of Liberty, and was rewarded by the scaffold. Francis always voted with the right side, and in 1792 he rejoined the Princes at Coblentz. Madame de Beauharnais soon shared the fate of all the nobles who remained in France. She was put in prison, where she stayed more than two years. Young Emilie was entrusted to the care of a governess, or rather abandoned to the vulgar caprice of some domestics, who shared the movements and passions of the mob. Born of emigrant parents, the poor child was obliged to assist at the patriotic processions which took place every month on the Republican holidays. She often said: "I was very ill-used on those occasions by my companions, the young girls of the neighbourhood. They could not forgive me my tall stature and genteel features, which contrasted with those of the greatest part among them. The daughter of an emigrant marquis and an imprisoned mother could scarcely share the honour of their company. As for me, the exclusion had

nothing disgraceful in my eyes; but my governess, though she had none of the prejudices of my companions, took great care to conduct me to their assemblies for her own interest. The least reluctance she would have shown for it, might have exposed her to be arrested."

At that terrible period of madness and fanaticism, private life was subject to jealous and perpetual supervision. The porter of a nobleman's house was obliged, for his individual safety, to become a spy and an informer. The servants were again the masters, or rather the tyrants, of those who employed them. They were displeased that the daughter of an emigrant was not bound in apprenticeship, and that she maintained in her manners and occupations something genteel and delicate. The two cousins of Emilie were both apprentices,—Hortense to her mother's mantua-maker; Eugene to a joiner in the Faubourg St. Germain. The 9th Thermidor having overthrown tyranny, Madame de Beauharnais got out of prison, and Emilie was sent with her cousin to a boarding-school which Madame Campan had established at St. Germain-en-Laye. There she continued her education, which had been interrupted during two years.

General Bonaparte, to whom I was at that

time aide-de-camp, had sent me in 1796 to Paris, that I might follow the motions of the two Councils and the Directory. I had written to him the truth, with a frankness that made him sensible how dangerous and how disgraceful it would be to confirm, by his assent, the *coup d'état* of the 18th Fructidor. The Directory soon became acquainted with my opinions; and though they dared not punish me for them, they expressed so great a resentment, that General Bonaparte did not think fit to take me with him to Paris, when he returned from the Army of Italy. He left me at the Congress of Rastadt; and I rejoined him only three weeks before his departure for the Egyptian expedition. All my comrades had obtained advancement: the General wished to reward me also; but, not willing to expose himself to a refusal from Government, he determined to bring about a marriage between me and Mademoiselle Beauharnais. One day, when I had accompanied him to the Treasury, to expedite the sending off of the sums that were required at Toulon for the fleet, he ordered his coachman to drive along the New Boulevards, that he might have at his leisure a conversation with me. "I cannot make a major of you,"

he said; "I must therefore give you a wife:—you shall marry Emilie de Beauharnais. She is very handsome, and very well educated. Do you know her?"—"I have seen her twice. But, General, I have no fortune. We are going to Africa: I may be killed—what will become, in that case, of my poor widow? Besides, I have no great liking for marriage."—"Men must marry to have children; that is the chief aim of life. Killed you certainly may be. Well, in that case she will be the widow of one of my aides-de-camp—of a defender of his country. She will have a pension, and may again marry advantageously. Now, she is the daughter of an emigrant that nobody will have: my wife cannot introduce her into society. She, poor girl! deserves a better fate. Come, this business must be quickly settled. Talk this morning with Madame Bonaparte about it: the mother has already given her consent. The wedding shall take place in eight days; I will allow you a fortnight for your honeymoon. You must then come and join us at Toulon on the 29th." (It was then the 9th.) I could not help laughing all the while he spoke: at last I said: "I will do whatever you please. But will the girl have me? I do not wish to force

her inclinations." — "She is tired of her boarding-school, and she would be unhappy if she were to go to her mother's. During your absence, she shall live with her grandfather at Fontainebleau. You will not be killed; and you will find her when you come back. Come, come! the thing is settled. Tell the coachman to drive home."

In the evening, I went to see Madame Bonaparte. She knew what was going forward, and was kind enough to show some satisfaction, and call me her nephew. "To-morrow," she said, "we shall all go to St. Germain. I will introduce you to my niece. You will be delighted with her: she is a charming girl!"

Accordingly, next day, the General, Madame Bonaparte, Eugene, and I, went in an open carriage to St. Germain, and stopped at Madame Campan's. The visit was a great event at the boarding-school: all the young girls were at the windows, in the parlours, or in the court-yard, for they had obtained a holiday. We soon entered the gardens. Among the forty young ladies, I sought anxiously her who was to be my wife. Her cousin, Hortense, led her to us, that she might salute the General, and embrace her aunt. She was, in truth, the

prettiest of them all. Her stature was tall, and most gracefully elegant; her features were charming; and the glow of her beautiful complexion was heightened by her confusion. Her bashfulness was so great, that the General could not help laughing at her; but he went no farther. It was decided that we should breakfast on the grass in the garden. In the mean while I felt extremely uneasy. Would she like me? Would she obey without reluctance? This abrupt marriage, and this speedy departure, grieved me. When we got up, and the circle was broken, I begged Eugene to conduct his cousin into a solitary walk. I joined them, and he left us. I then entered on the delicate subject. I made no secret of my birth, nor of my want of fortune; and added: "I possess nothing in the world but my sword, and the good-will of the General; and I must leave you in a fortnight. Open your heart to me. I feel myself disposed to love you with all my soul; but that is not sufficient. If this marriage does not please you, repose a full confidence in me; it will not be difficult to find a pretext to break it off. I shall depart; you will not be tormented, for I will keep your secret."

While I was speaking, she kept her eyes fix-

ed on the ground; her only answer was a smile, and she gave me the nosegay she held in her hand. I embraced her. We returned slowly to the company; and eight days afterwards we went to the municipality. The following day, a poor priest who had not taken the oaths, married us in the small convent of the Conception,* in the Rue St. Honoré. This was in some manner forbidden, but Emilie set a great importance on that point: her piety was gentle and sincere.

A few days after our marriage, I was obliged to begin secretly to prepare for my journey to Toulon, where the General had already arrived. It was agreed that Emilie should divide the time of my absence between her aunt and her grandfather, who was then eighty-six years old, but who preserved at that advanced age a sound understanding, an amiable and even temper, and who doated on his grand-daughter. I left her without taking leave of her: for our separation would have been too painful. I did not return until eighteen months afterwards. My forebodings were not fulfilled. Of the eight aides-de-camp of the General, four

* This convent no longer exists.

perished. Julien and Sulkowski were murdered by the Arabs, Crosier was killed at the siege of St. John of Acre, and Guibert at the battle of Aboukir. Duroc and Eugene Beauharnais were severely wounded. Merlin and I escaped. Glory and fortune were dearly bought with General Bonaparte.

On my return to France, and a short time after the 18th Brumaire, I received an order to go to Saxony, with full power to negociate a peace with Austria, in case she might be inclined so to do in the midst of the war. I took Madame de Lavallette with me. Since the year 1792 the people of the North of Germany had not seen a Frenchwoman. They were convinced that they were all dissolute persons, without education, and almost naked. Their astonishment was great when they saw a young woman, perfectly modest, extremely bashful, and dressed with a decorum and good taste that might have served as a model to the most prudish of her sex.

The admiration she obtained increased the more she was known. We passed the carnival at Berlin. The whole Court, and especially the Queen, loaded her with kindness and attention. She was the means of destroying the

extravagant prejudices that were entertained against the French ladies, and of rendering the Germans very fastidious in respect to those that came after her.

My stay in Germany was no longer necessary after the victory of Hohenlinden. In consequence the First Consul recalled me near his person; and when he placed the Imperial Crown on the head of Josephine, her niece was named Dame d'atours. Her functions were not easy to fulfil. The Emperor, who wanted to govern his household as he did his extensive empire, was far from obtaining the same obedience there. He had ordered that the tradespeople who supplied the toilet of the Empress should only be admitted into her presence one day in the week; that the Dame d'atours should assist at all the bargains, keep an account of what was bought, and be answerable for all want of order. These rules soon displeased the Empress. The Dame d'atours remonstrated; she fell into disgrace, and by degrees her functions were reduced to those of a Dame du Palais. Fortunately for her, the Emperor was not dissatisfied with her. But what she had been unable to do, the Emperor could not do either; and the lady of honour, Madame de Rochefou-

cault, could not avoid many petty discussions that made her very uncomfortable. The divorce of the Emperor, and his marriage with Maria Louisa, restored Madame de Lavallette to her liberty. From that time she appeared no more at the Tuileries; so that the catastrophe of 1814 found her prepared, and excepting the pain her gratitude for the Emperor made her feel on his account, she accustomed herself without much trouble to the obscure life she had led for the last three years.

CHAPTER XVI.

Conduct of General Clarke towards me.—M. Pasquier.—The Duke de Ragusa—His friendship for me.—My prepossession. — I grew familiar with the idea of a violent death and its horrible details. — The Princess de Vaudemont takes measures in my favour.—Trial of Marshal Ney.—Disguised Life-guards.—The Marshal's execution. — My Sentence confirmed by the Court of Cassation. — The Duke de Ragusa accompanies Madame de Lavallette to the Tuileries—His courage.—Answer of Louis XVIII.—Harsh conduct of the Duchess of Angoulême.

I NOW return to my dungeon. During the night that followed my condemnation, I had written to two of my friends, General Clarke and M. Pasquier. I imagined that the former could not forget an important service he received from me when he was disgraced by the Directory on the 18th Fructidor. "I have kept no secret from you (these were the words of my letter); I have revealed every thing to my judges. See what you can do for me. Endea-

vour at least to spare me the horrible agony of the scaffold. Let me be shot by brave soldiers. In that manner, at least, death will be almost a favour to me." I will not give here literally his answer. I shall only mention the following phrase: "You have nothing more to do than to recommend your wife and child to the inexhaustible bounty of the King." The sentence of death was less painful to me than the perusal of that letter. In my indignation I was going to write to him all his cruelty made me feel. I however contented myself with the agreeable thought, that my wife and child would never be found to implore the pity of him who had deprived them of a father and a husband. I was still full of the agitation into which the letter of the Minister of War had thrown me, when my door was mysteriously opened. A man approached, pressed my hand, and, slipping a note in it, disappeared immediately. It was M. Angles, the Prefect of Police. The note was from M. Pasquier, and contained the following words: "Keep up your spirits; all is not lost. His Majesty is surrounded by several of your friends, and all that can be attempted to soften him shall be done with courage. Hope still."

Among the Peers who might interest themselves for me, I was far from reckoning the Duke de Ragusa. We had been for a long time united by the most cordial friendship; but his conduct towards the Emperor in 1814 had separated us, and I broke off our connexion. I however received a letter from the Marshal, in which he mentioned: "I used to go twice a-week to the Tuileries; now I shall go twice a day. I will speak, I will solicit even till I grow troublesome. Whoever has any heart will join with me, and I hope to obtain my greatest wish in the world."

These comfortings of courageous friendship could deceive me no longer. I saw that I had been condemned, as Marshal Ney was going to be, to serve as an example. He was, by his reputation, the first on the military hierarchy; while I was in the eyes of the Court the most important man in the civil order,—the late Aide-de-Camp of General Bonaparte, first cousin of Prince Eugene and the Queen of Holland, whom they detested, — Postmaster General during twelve years, and by that circumstance the depositary of a great many secrets it would be good to stifle (such was at least their opinion). My death was irrevo-

cable. I therefore sought resignation, to regard with a firm eye, and make myself familiar with all the details of that death I was shortly to undergo. The turnkeys had frequently described to me the last moments of most of the unfortunate men who had left them for the Place de Grève. But I wanted to know all that concerned what they call the *toilet.* A little before four o'clock the culprit is brought into the registering room; scarcely has he crossed the low door that opens into that chamber, when the executioner and his men appear; they make him sit down on a bench, take off his coat, cut off his hair and the collar of his shirt; after which they tie his hands behind his back. They lead him thus to the cart that stands waiting at the door. This moment is terrible. Those who till then have shown the greatest courage and strength of mind, fall into a complete dejection and confusion; but the open air and the crowd of people generally revive them on the way. Sometimes also the exhortations of the confessor have their effect. I listened with attention, repeated my questions, multiplied my observations, and asked every day to hear the fearful description over again, sometimes by

one person and sometimes by another. There were some who made it with reluctance; but the oldest among the jailers seemed to delight in it.

By that means I augmented my sufferings without reason. I experienced a horror and a shuddering that agitated my inmost frame. I walked in dismay up and down my room, and my sleepless nights were terrible. However, by my perseverance in recurring to the same idea I obtained at last what I so much wished for,—a tranquillity at which the turnkeys were themselves surprised. At first, when listening to them I used to grow pale; I now could hear them speak without emotion or reluctance. I had some time before concealed in my straw mattress a table knife that belonged to me; I lost all idea of making use of it. I found a sort of glory in challenging death,—in awaiting it as I would have done on the field of battle.

The Minister of Justice, Count Barbé Marbise, was endeavouring to delay the judgment of the Court of Cassation as long as possible, in hopes that time would moderate the feelings of the inhabitants of the Palace; for all my enemies were there. The Princess de Vaude-

mont, through her name of Montmorency, happened to be related to the most considerable persons of the Court. Almost all of them owed to her their return to France, and the tranquillity they had enjoyed under the Emperor; for though the Emperor did not like her, and mistrusted her, she had a great deal of influence over Messrs. de Talleyrand and Fouché, and made use of it with courage and generosity. The King and his family had inherited the Emperor's dislike of her. They could not forgive her former connexions with their two powerful Ministers. However, at her house there had been held some of the meetings which, in 1814, prepared the downfall of the Empire; and though she only took in them a very indirect and timid part, I had left off visiting her, after confessing openly the reasons of my conduct. But in my misfortune I found her animated with all the courageous devotion of a real friend. Through her M. de Richelieu was perpetually assailed. A great number of persons whose names I scarcely knew, made it a point of honour to obtain my pardon. Madame de Vaudemont recalled to their memory my behaviour in Saxony towards the unfortunate French whom I had

found there, and in France during fourteen years. I had facilitated the return of a great many; and as I never regarded them otherwise than as unfortunate countrymen, I had frequently employed my influence to be serviceable to them. Some of these kept it in their memories. But party spirit ran too high, and in particular the wound inflicted by the 20th of March was still too painful, for the voice of generosity to be heard. Had my courage failed during the thirty days that elapsed between the judgment of the Assize Court and that of the Court of Cassation, I must have died or have gone mad. Every morning I learned the measures that had been taken, and the obstacles that had been overcome, and every evening I received the most desperate news:—the stubbornness with which the Royal Family rejected all solicitations; the timidity and discouragement of M. de Richelieu; and, finally, the impossibility of softening the Monarch. From time to time, some courageous friends came to see me in my prison, in spite of Government, who might have punished them.

M. Pasquier, though a Secretary of State, and M. de Freville, Master of Requests, both

told me to hope for the best; but I easily discovered, through their professions, a secret discouragement, over which they could not triumph in my presence. "I could never have had the courage to come," said M. de Freville, "if I had not reckoned on the success of your friends."

But while he was talking, the tears rolled in his eyes, and his trembling hand, that pressed mine, destroyed the hope his words were meant to convey.

It was during this interval that Marshal Ney was tried. Even before the trial came on, the number of his guards had been considerably augmented. Day and night three sentries were stationed under his window, which was also mine: one Gendarme, one National Guard on horseback, and one grenadier of the Old Guard, or rather a disguised Life-guard; for they could not place confidence enough in the soldiers of the old army. I was soon satisfied in regard to that disguise, by one of our relatives, Mademoiselle Dubourg, who had obtained permission to see me. She had seen one of her cousins standing sentry, and in the uniform of an old grenadier of the cavalry of the Guards. Every evening the Marshal was conveyed in a coach

to the Luxembourg, and brought back to the Conciergerie the next morning. On the 7th of December he did not return. I questioned the turnkey, who showed some confusion; and, on insisting, I learned that the Marshal had been executed. "Was it in the Place de Grève, on the scaffold?"—"No; he has been shot."—"What a happy man he is!" I joyfully exclaimed; and the poor turnkey, who did not understand what I meant, thought I was run mad.

Time however passed on: one of my counsel advised me not to wait for the judgment of the Court of Cassation, but to write to the King and invoke his clemency. I had an invincible reluctance to take such a step. Besides, his colleague was not of the same opinion. "It might be very dangerous," he said, "or at best produce no effect at all. If the King wishes to pardon him, he will wait for the judgment of the Court. If he is decided not to do it, he still will wait. It is therefore preferable not to alter any thing in the present progress of the business."

The Duchess of Placencia, a daughter of the Minister of Justice, came one day to fetch Madame Lavallette, and conduct her to her

father. The two ladies fell at the feet of the venerable old man. His daughter was bathed in tears; she pressed his hands in her's, and solicited, with a degree of vehemence, of which those who know her can alone have an idea. While he listened to her, the tears trickled in silence down the cheeks of the minister, but she could not obtain a single word of him. This was a bad omen. It was evident that he had but little hope. Finally, on the 20th of December, the cause came on before the Supreme Court of Judicature. Six motions for laying the verdict aside were alleged in the writ of error; but, notwithstanding the eloquent pleadings of M. Darrieux, the sentence was confirmed. It was M. Baudus, one of my friends, who came to acquaint me with the fatal news; but he endeavoured to counteract the impression it made on me by holding out hopes, which in fact appeared so certain that I began to share them. An hour after he was gone, M. de Carvoisin came into my room. The terrible impression the judgment had made on him, was visible in his face: he still hoped; but his arguments were those of a prepossessed mind, who would have found it easier to talk to me of resignation.

Three days were now all that were left to me; and in that short space of time means were to be found to approach the King. The Duke de Ragusa took that charge upon himself. General Foy came in his name to fetch Madame de Lavallette, and led her by round-about passages to the entrance of the Gallerie de Diane, where she found the Marshal, who offered his arm, and read to her the memorial she was to present to the King. It was during mass. The whole Court was at the chapel. The King was obliged to pass through that same gallery to return to his apartments. Unfortunately, one of the vergers who was there knew my wife; and as it was against the custom for any one to stand in the gallery without a special order, he thought it necessary to acquaint the Marshal with that circumstance, and beg he would lead Madame de Lavallette away. "This lady shall remain," said the Marshal in a firm tone. The verger went to acquaint an officer of the Palace of what had happened, who repeated the warning in so positive a tone that the Marshal might look upon it as an order: however, he replied: "This lady, being here, shall remain; I will answer for every thing." In the mean while the Court was advancing. The King, who had

been informed of the fact, felt it was too late to send away an unfortunate woman, who might perhaps cause some tumult by her resistance. He therefore advanced; and when he came facing Madame de Lavallette, she fell at his feet, and presented her memorial. The Monarch bowed to her, took the paper, and saying, "Madame, I can do nothing but my duty,"* went on. My wife held in her hand a second memorial for the Duchess of Angoulême. The Duke de Ragusa, seeing her hesitate, pressed her to go after the Princess and give it to her. She was already advancing, when M. d'Agoult, Chevalier d'Honneur, with his two arms extended, and his hands open, forced her to stop.†

This observation of the King was very unlike the one he had made a month before, when Madame de Lavallette was admitted into his closet.

* By Appendix No. I. which contains an extract of a letter from the Duke de Ragusa on the subject, the reader will observe that this answer of the King is here misrepresented.—(*Note of the Translator.*)

† The Duke de Ragusa fell into long disgrace, and was very ill treated, for his courageous kindness on this occasion. I have been told, that a Prince, who is now no more, forgot himself so far in his passion as to say :—"He deserves to be sent to the galleys."—(*Note of the Author.*)

He now talked of his duty when his clemency was invoked. The word was appalling. Emilie seemed at first not to feel its full force; but my fate was decided by it, and I quickly began to think what I should do to deceive and keep my wife and child away during two days. In regard to the former, that was no easy thing. Her courage augmented in proportion to my danger, and she resolved to make a fresh appeal to the Duchess of Angoulême. The Princess lodged on the ground-floor of the Tuileries, in the apartments previously occupied by the King of Rome. Madame de Lavallette put off the black dress she had worn the day before at the Palace, got out of her sedan chair in a neighbouring street, and presented herself at the Princess's door at the usual hour of admittance. Her pale features, her swollen eyes, her slow step, soon told the footman who she was. The door was immediately shut, and an order given not to let any one in. Finding that entrance was prohibited at this door, she hastened to seek it at the grand vestibule; but a footman ran before her to tell of her arrival, and she was also repulsed there. Exhausted with fatigue, she sat down on the stone steps leading to the court-yard, and remained

there a full hour, still in the delusive hope that she would be admitted. She attracted the notice of all who passed by, and especially all those who went into the Palace; but no one dared to show her the least compassion. At last she resolved to leave the place and return to my dungeon, where she arrived exhausted and heart-broken.

CHAPTER XVII.

Consternation of the Turnkeys.—Affecting trait of one of the female Turnkeys.—Madame de Lavallette makes me acquainted with her plan of escape.—My objections.—Its execution is put off to the following day.—Last attempt of Madame de Lavallette with M. de Richelieu.—Visit of M. de Carvoisin.—My daughter comes to see me.—I send her away.—Madame de Lavallette brings her back.—She gives me my instructions.—Last visit of M. de St. Roses and Colonel Briqueville.—Old Madame Dutoit.—Our supper.—My disguise.—I go away.—I meet the sedan chair.—The chairmen not at their post.—My perplexity, and the resolution I take.—Count Chassenon.—New disguise.—I follow M. Baudus on foot.—We meet Gendarmes.—We arrive at the Foreign-office.—Delicate attention of my hosts.

I FELT, however, that my hours were numbered: I had no more than forty-eight left, for only three days are allowed for convicts to apply for mercy. The Keeper of the Seals chose not to present his petition before the second day. The King had already silenced

the Duke de Richelieu on the subject. All my friends were in despair. The turnkeys themselves came no longer near me. Eberle, who was more especially attached to my service, spoke no more to me. He wandered about my room, apparently without knowing what he did. It was on a Sunday evening. "They usually execute criminals on a Friday?" I said.—"Sometimes on a Saturday," he answered, stifling a sigh. "The execution generally takes place at four o'clock?" —"Sometimes in the morning." Saying these words, he went out and forgot to shut the door. A female turnkey of the women's prison was just going by at the time: seeing me alone, she rushed into the room, seized the cross of the Legion of Honour I wore, kissed it with transport, and ran away in tears. This enthusiastic action of a woman I had never seen but at a distance, and to whom I had never spoken, told me at last my fate. My wife came at six o'clock to dine with me. She brought with her a relation, Mademoiselle Dubourg. When we were alone, she said: "It appears but too certain that we have nothing to hope; we must therefore, my dear, take a resolution, and this is what I propose to you. At eight o'clock

you shall go out dressed in my clothes, and accompanied by my cousin. You shall step into my sedan chair, which will carry you to the Rue des St. Peres, where you will find M. Baudus with a cabriolet, who will conduct you to a retreat he has prepared for you, and where you may await without danger a favourable opportunity of leaving France."

I listened to her and looked at her in silence. Her manner was calm, and her voice firm. She appeared so convinced of the success of her plan, that it was some time before I dared to reply. I looked, however, upon the whole as a mad undertaking. I was at last obliged to tell her so; but she interrupted me at the first word by saying: "I will hear of no objections. I die if you die. Do not therefore reject my plan. I know it will succeed. I feel that God supports me!" It was in vain that I reminded her of the numerous turnkeys with whom she was surrounded every evening when she left me; the jailer who handed her to her sedan chair; the impossibility of my being sufficiently disguised to deceive them; and finally, my invincible reluctance to leave her in the hands of the prison keepers. "What will they do," I said, "when

they discover that I am gone? These brutes, in their blind rage, will they not forget themselves and perhaps strike you?" I was going on, but I soon saw, by the paleness of her countenance and the movements of convulsive impatience that were beginning to agitate her, that I ought to put an end to all objections. I remained silent for a few minutes, at the end of which I continued thus: "Well, then, I shall do as you please; but if you want to succeed, permit me to make at least one observation. The cabriolet is too far off. I shall be scarcely gone when my flight will be discovered, and I shall most undoubtedly be stopped in the chair, for near an hour is required to go to the Rue des St. Peres. I cannot escape on foot with your clothes." This reflection seemed to strike her. "Change," I added, "that part of your plan. The whole of to-morrow is still at our disposal: I promise to do to-morrow all you wish."— "Well, you are in the right. I will have the cabriolet stationed near. Give me your word that you will obey me, for that is our last resource." I took her hand and answered: "I will do all you wish, and in the manner you wish it." This promise made her easy, and we separated.

The more I reflected on her plan, the more impracticable it appeared to me. She was full half an inch taller than I am; all the turnkeys were accustomed to see her; her figure was slender and flexible. It is true that my troubles had made me much thinner; but nevertheless the difference between us was striking. On the other hand, I was so well prepared to die! I had in truth begun again during the last two days to deliberate with myself whether I should not use my hidden means of self-destruction. The *toilet* of the executioner, the slow march from the Conciergerie to the Grève, startled me; but still my heart remained firm. And all of a sudden I was obliged to turn my eyes from death, and direct my thoughts on the details of an escape, impossible to be realized, and which to me appeared extravagant. The burlesque was about to be mixed with the tragic part of my story; for I should certainly be retaken in woman's clothes, and they would perhaps be cruel enough to expose me to the public under that ridiculous disguise. But, on the other side, how could I refuse? Emilie appeared so happy at her plan, so sure of its success! It would be killing her not to keep my word.

The following day, while I was still absorbed in these dismal thoughts, she came. I learned from her that on leaving me the evening before, she had gone to the *Rue du Bac*, and had stepped out of her chair at a short distance from the Hotel of the Minister of Foreign Affairs; M. Baudus having advised her to make one more endeavour with that Minister. But ingenuity was required to come at him. She had asked the porter which were the apartments of M. Bresson, Treasurer of the Department; and as he lived in the first court, she stopped for a few minutes on the staircase, and then went into the second court and arrived at the Minister's antechamber. She was told that his Excellency was out. "I will wait," was her reply. The valet-de-chambre, to whom she addressed herself, recognised her, and went to complain to the porter, to whom orders had been given, since the morning, not to let her in; for her presence before the door of the Duchess of Angoulême had put every body on the alert. The porter came, much out of humour, and among many reproaches he said to her, "You put me in danger of losing my place."—"I deceived you,—there was no fault of your's. I am resolved to see the Minister. If he is out,

I will wait for him; if he is at home, I will pass the night in this room. Violence alone shall drag me out of it; you may go and say so to your master." What could the minister do? He admitted her: Madame Lavallette explained to him in a clear and brief manner the whole trial; expressed with force how unjust my condemnation was, and concluded with invoking his intercession with the King. The Duke de Richelieu listened to her with downcast eyes. He seemed to pity her, but at last confessed that the King had forbidden him to say a word more about the business. "Then, Sir, save him yourself."—"Madame, that would be a criminal act." — "Cannot you at least present a fresh memorial in my name?" The Duke, eagerly seizing the idea, answered: "I consent to that. Send it me to-morrow by eight o'clock, and I give you my word that it shall be delivered without delay to his Majesty."*

"I went," said Emilie, "immediately to your lawyer for that memorial. M. de Richelieu has received it this morning, and it must be by this time in the hands of the King. My plan shall nevertheless be executed to-night. To-

* All these particulars were given to me since by M. Baudus, to whom the Minister communicated them.

morrow it would certainly be too late, as we have received no accounts from the Palace. I shall come and dine with you: keep up your spirits, you will want them. As for me, I feel I have courage for four-and-twenty hours, and not for a moment longer," she added with a sigh, "for I am exhausted with fatigue."

She was right to count the hours. She was scarcely gone when the jailer came in and said: "One of the editors of the *Quotidienne* has been with me to inquire whether it was true that you had asked for four confessors, that he might print it in his paper."—"Four,—that's a great many; and what answer did you give him?"—"The truth. That I had not introduced a single one." (I guessed that this was a covered warning.)—"Well, wait a little; by and by I shall give you the address of a clergyman. This whole day is my own." He made no reply, and went away shaking his head; a little while afterwards M. de Carvoisin arrived. He threw himself into my arms, and burst into tears; I made him sit down, and sought to soothe him; my own tranquillity made him recover a little. "The vicar of St. Sulpice," he said, "has just been at my home; he will not refuse to lend you his spiritual aid

if you require it, because you are one of his parishioners, but I beg you to spare him. He has assisted Marshal Ney in his last moments; and he has confessed to me that the scene affected him so much, he does not feel the courage to go through another. He is nevertheless ready to come, if you insist upon it." —"Thank him, my friend,—I have another clergyman in view; I shall send for him this evening, but not before."

The excellent man wished to enter into some particulars, but he had not the power to do so. At that moment my daughter was introduced with an old nun, the portress of *L'Abbaye aux Bois*. Josephine wept in silence; the nun exclaimed: "What have I done, that God dooms me to witness such horror?" Her sighs, her sobs, her endless invocations, annoyed me at last. I felt that I should lose all my courage if I did not quickly put an end to the scene. I therefore took M. de Carvoisin aside, and said to him, "Take leave of me and go away softly; your grief distresses me:—adieu! do not forget me." I should have wished to retain my daughter much longer; but the sight rent my heart to pieces: I took her on my knee,—her head fell on my breast. I attempted to speak

to her, but it was impossible for me to utter any words of comfort. At last I placed her in a chair, and began to walk up and down the room, panting in vain for breath. I was therefore obliged to take a resolution with her also. "Go back to your convent," I said; "I shall see you again to-morrow, I promise it you: my affair is in a better way than you think. Do not speak to any person about it, but be sure I shall see you to-morrow." She was scarcely gone when all my strength left me. I burst into tears at the parting of my only child, and I had a great deal to do to regain my wonted courage. I succeeded, however, at last.

At five o'clock Emilie came, accompanied by Josephine, whom I saw again with as much surprise as pleasure. "I believe," she said, "it is better to take our child with us. I shall make her do with more docility what I want." She was dressed in a pelisse of merino richly lined with fur, which she was accustomed to put on over her light dress on leaving a ball room. She had taken in her reticule a black silk petticoat. "This is quite sufficient," she said, "to disguise you completely." She then sent my daughter to the window, and added in a low

voice, " At seven o'clock precisely you must be ready; all is well prepared. In going out you will take hold of Josephine's arm. Take care to walk very slowly; and when you cross the large registering-room, you will put on my gloves and cover your face with my handkerchief. I had some thoughts of putting on a veil, but unfortunately I have not been accustomed to wear one when I come here; it is therefore of no use to think of it. Take great care, when you pass under the doors, which are very low, not to break the feathers of your bonnet, for then all would be lost. I always find the turnkeys in the registering-room, and the jailer generally hands me to my chair, which constantly stands near the entrance door; but this time it will be in the yard, at the top of the grand staircase. There you will be met after a short time by M. Baudus, who will lead you to the cabriolet, and will acquaint you with the place where you are to remain concealed. Afterwards, let God's will be done, my dear. Do exactly all I tell you. Remain calm. Give me your hand, I wish to feel your pulse. Very well. Now feel mine. Does it denote the slightest emotion?" I could perceive that she was in a high fever. " But above all things," she added,

"let us not give way to our feelings, that would be our ruin." I gave her, however, my marriage-ring, and on the pretence that if I were stopped in my journey to the frontiers, it would be advisable not to have any thing about me by which I might be known. She then called my daughter, and said to her: "Listen attentively, child, to what I am going to say to you, for I shall make you repeat it. I shall go away this evening at seven o'clock instead of eight; you must walk behind me, because you know that the doors are narrow; but when we enter the long registering-room, take care to place yourself on my left hand. The jailer is accustomed to offer me his arm on that side, and I do not choose to take it. When we are out of the iron gate, and ready to go up the outside staircase, then pass to my right hand, that those impertinent gendarmes of the guard-house may not stare in my face as they always do. Have you understood me well?" The child repeated the instructions with wonderful exactness. She had scarcely finished when St. Roses came to us. He had got introduced under the pretence of accompanying Madame de Lavallette home; but his real aim was to see me once more, for he was not in our confidence. His presence

would have been a great restraint upon us. I took him therefore aside, and said to him, "Leave us now, my friend. Emilie has as yet no idea of her misfortune. We must let her continue in her ignorance. Come back at eight o'clock; but do not come in if the sedan-chair is no longer there. In that case, go immediately to her house, for she will be there."

I embraced him, and forced him out of the door. But there soon came another visitor; it was Colonel Briqueville, whose wounds had kept him at home for above two months. He had not expected to see my wife, and he soon perceived that his presence might be intrusive, though he was not yet acquainted with the whole extent of my horrible situation. So great was his emotion, that I was afraid it would become contagious. "Leave us," I whispered to him: "this is the last time I see her. One moment's weakness may kill her." At last we remained alone. I looked at Emilie; I thought of all the obstacles I should find in my way, and which would overwhelm us. A fatal idea crossed my mind: "Suppose," said I, "you were to go to the jailer and offer him one hundred thousand francs if he will shut his eyes when I pass: he will perhaps consent, and

we shall all be saved." She looked at me for a moment in silence, and then replied, "Well, I will go." She went out and came back after a few minutes. I already repented the step I had made her take. I was sensible how useless, how imprudent it was. But when she returned, she said to me calmly, "It is of no use. I drew from the jailer but a few words, and these were sufficient to convince me of his honesty; therefore let us think no more of it."

Dinner was at last brought up. Just as we were going to sit down to table, an old nurse of ours, Madame Dutoit, who had accompanied Josephine, came in very ill. Madame de Lavallette had left her in the registering-room, intending to send her after me when I should be gone; but the heat of the German stove and her emotion had made her so ill, and she had so long insisted on seeing me once more, that the turnkey let her in without the permission of the jailer. Far from being useful to us, the poor woman only added to our confusion. She might lose her presence of mind at the sight of my disguise; but what was to be done? The first object was to make her cease her moanings, and Emilie said to her

in a low but firm voice, "No childishness. Sit down to table, but do not eat; hold your tongue, and keep this smelling-bottle to your nose. In less than an hour you will be in the open air."

This meal, which to all appearance was to be the last of my life, was terrible. The bits stopped in our throats; not a word was uttered by any of us, and in that situation we were to pass almost an hour. Six and three-quarters struck at last. "I only want five minutes, but I must speak to Bonneville," said Madame de Lavallette. She pulled the bell, and the valet-de-chambre came in; she took him aside, whispered a few words to him, and added aloud, "Take care that the chairmen be at their posts, for I am coming.—Now," she said to me, "it is time to dress."

A part of my room was divided off by a screen, and formed a sort of dressing-closet. We stepped behind the screen, and, while she was dressing me with charming presence of mind and expedition, she said to me, "Do not forget to stoop when you go through the doors; walk slowly through the registering-room, like a person exhausted with fatigue." In less than three minutes my toilet was complete. We

went back to the room, and Emilie said to her daughter, "What do you think of your father?" A smile of surprise and incredulity escaped the poor girl: "I am serious, my dear; what do you think of him?" I then turned round, and advanced a few steps: "He looks very well," she answered; and her head fell again, oppressed, on her bosom. We all advanced in silence towards the door. I said to Emilie, "The jailer comes in every evening after you are gone. Place yourself behind the screen, and make a little noise, as if you were moving some piece of furniture. He will think it is I, and will go out again. By that means I shall gain a few minutes, which are absolutely necessary for me to get away." She understood me, and I pulled the bell. "Adieu!" she said, raising her eyes to Heaven. I pressed her arm with my trembling hand, and we exchanged a look. If we had embraced, we had been ruined. The turnkey was heard; Emilie flew behind the screen; the door opened; I passed first, then my daughter, and lastly Madame Dutoit. After having crossed the passage, I arrived at the door of the registering-room. I was obliged, at the same time, to raise my foot and to stoop lest

the feathers of my bonnet should catch at the top of the door. I succeeded; but, on raising myself again, I found myself in the large apartment, in the presence of five turnkeys, sitting, standing, and coming in my way. I put my handkerchief to my face, and was waiting for my daughter to place herself on my left hand. The child, however, took my right hand; and the jailer, coming down the stairs of his apartment, which was on the left hand, came up to me without hindrance, and, putting his hand on my arm, said to me, "You are going away early, Madame." He appeared much affected, and undoubtedly thought my wife had taken an everlasting leave of her husband. It has been said, that my daughter and I sobbed aloud: the fact is, we scarcely dared to sigh. I at last reached the end of the room. A turnkey sits there day and night, in a large arm-chair, and in a space so narrow, that he can keep his hands on the keys of two doors, one of iron bars, and the other towards the outer part, and which is called the first wicket. This man looked at me without opening his doors. I passed my right hand between the bars to show him I wished to go out. He turned, at last, his two

keys, and we got out. There my daughter did not mistake again, but took my right arm. We had a few steps to ascend to come to the yard; but, at the bottom of the staircase there is a guard-house of gendarmes. About twenty soldiers, headed by their officer, had placed themselves a few paces from me to see Madame de Lavallette pass. At last, I slowly reached the last step, and went into the chair that stood a yard or two distant. But no chairman, no servant was there. My daughter and the old woman remained standing next to the vehicle, with a sentry at six paces from them, immoveable, and his eyes fixed on me. A violent degree of agitation began to mingle with my astonishment. My looks were directed towards the sentry's musket, like those of a serpent towards its prey. It almost seemed to me that I held that musket in my grasp. At the first motion, at the first noise, I was resolved to seize it. I felt as if I possessed the strength of ten men; and I would most certainly have killed whoever had attempted to lay hands on me. This terrible situation lasted about two minutes; but they seemed to me as long as a whole night. At last I heard Bonneville's voice saying to me, "One of the

chairmen was not punctual, but I have found another." At the same instant, I felt myself raised. The chair passed through the great court, and, on getting out, turned to the right. We proceeded to the Quai des Orfèvres, facing the Rue de Harlay. There the chair stopped; and my friend Baudus, offering me his arm, said aloud, "You know, Madame, you have a visit to pay to the President." I got out, and he pointed to a cabriolet that stood at some distance in that dark street. I jumped into it, and the driver said to me, "Give me my whip." I looked for it in vain;—he had dropped it. "Never mind," said my companion. A motion of the reins made the horse start off in a quick trot. In passing by, I saw Josephine on the Quai, her hands clasped, and fervently offering up prayers to God. We crossed the Pont St. Michel, the Rue de la Harpe, and we soon reached the Rue de Vaugirard, behind the Odéon theatre. It was not till then that I breathed at ease. In looking at the driver of the cabriolet, how great was my astonishment to recognise Count Chassenon, whom I was very far from expecting to find there. "What!" I said, "is it you?"—"Yes; and you have behind you four doublebarrelled pistols, well

loaded; I hope you will make use of them."— "No, indeed, I will not compromise you."— "Then I shall set you the example, and woe to whoever shall attempt to stop your flight!"

We entered the new Boulevard, at the corner of the Rue Plumet: there we stopped. I placed a white pocket-handkerchief in the front of the cabriolet. This was the signal agreed upon with M. Baudus. During the way, I had thrown off all the female attire with which I was disguised, and put on a dicky great-coat with a round silver-laced hat. M. Baudus soon joined us. I took leave of M. de Chassenon, and modestly followed my new master. It was eight o'clock in the evening; it poured of rain; the night was extremely dark, and the solitude complete in that part of the Faubourg St. Germain. I walked with difficulty. M. Baudus went on more rapidly, and it was not without trouble that I could keep up with him. I soon left one of my shoes in the mire, but I was nevertheless obliged to get on. We saw gendarmes galloping along, who were undoubtedly in search of me, and never imagined that I was so near them. Finally, after one hour's walk, fatigued to death, with one shoe on,

and one off, we arrived in the Rue de Grenelle, near the Rue de Bac, where M. Baudus stopped for a moment. "I am going," he said, "to enter a nobleman's hotel. While I speak to the porter, get into the court. You will find a staircase on your left hand. Go up to the highest story. Go through a dark passage you will meet with to the right, and at the bottom of which is a pile of wood. Stop there." We then walked a few steps up the Rue du Bac, and I was seized with a sort of giddiness when I saw him knock at the door of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, the Duke de Richelieu. M. Baudus went in first; and, while he was talking to the porter, who had thrust his head out of his lodge, I passed rapidly by. "Where is that man going?" cried the porter. "It is my servant." I quickly went up to the third floor, and reached the place that had been described to me. I was scarcely there, when I heard the rustling of a silk gown. I felt myself gently taken by the arm, and pushed into an apartment, the door of which was immediately shut upon me. I stepped on towards a lighted fire, which cast around the room a very faint glimmering. Having placed my hands upon the stove to warm myself, I found a candle-

stick and a bundle of matches. I guessed that I might light a candle. I did so; and I examined my new abode. It was a middle-sized room, on the garret floor. The furniture consisted of a very clean bed, a chest of drawers, two chairs, and a small German stove, of earthenware. On the chest of drawers I found a paper, on which the following words were written :—" Make no noise. Never open your window but in the night, wear slippers of list, and wait with patience." Next to this paper was a bottle of excellent claret, several volumes of Molière and Rabelais, and a basket containing sponges, perfumed soap, almond-paste, and all the little utensils of a gentleman's dressing-box. The delicate attentions and the neat handwriting of the note, made me guess that my hosts combined with their most generous feelings elegant and refined manners. But why was I in the Hotel of Foreign Affairs? I had never seen the Duke de Richelieu. M. Baudus was indeed attached to that department, but in a very indirect manner. I could not have inspired any interest in the King. Besides, in that case, it would have been more natural to pardon me. If I was there by the connivance of the Minister, what

reason could he have had to violate his sacred duties, belie the loyalty he owed to his sovereign, associate himself with the party of Bonaparte, and protect a criminal sentenced for a conspiracy?

CHAPTER XVIII.

Particulars related by M. Baudus.—M. and Madame Bresson.—Their vow.—They both come to pay me a visit.—Sensations produced by my escape.—Various reports.—Precautions I was forced to take.—Fresh anxiety.—I hear cried under my window the Police Ordinance against those who might give me refuge.—Joineau and his wife.—Visit of Madame Bresson.

I REMAINED lost in these reflections, when the door slowly opened and I found myself in the arms of M. Baudus. After the first transports of joyful emotion were over, I hastened to address to him the questions that perplexed me, but he interrupted me by saying: — "I comprehend you; but keep your curiosity within bounds: the truth is, that the day before yesterday, Madame de Lavallette sent for me, and when the servants were gone and the door shut, she said: 'I am resolved to save my husband, as his pardon cannot be obtained; but I

do not know where to conceal him. My relations and friends are unable to serve me. I address myself to you with confidence. Procure him only a hiding place, and he shall be free to-morrow.') This appeal was abrupt, and disconcerted me. You know, I mix very little in society. To conceal you in my lodgings would have been impossible: I live in a furnished hotel, where there are thirty persons besides myself. I mentioned this to Madame de Lavallette. 'Think about it immediately,' she replied; 'you must find for me what I want.' At last, after a great deal of hesitation, I requested two hours' time; observing that I was connected with a family who had suffered misfortune themselves, and who entertained most admirable feelings of courage and devotion.—'Go quickly, and acquaint them with my situation. I shall owe my life to them, if they conceal my husband.'—I asked for some particulars.'—'No, no,' she said; 'you shall know all when you come back; but first run to your friends.' I left her, and came hither.—'Stop; no impatience! you are at M. Bresson's, the Treasurer for the Department of Foreign Affairs.* Let me go on.

* I had never seen M. Bresson but twice; but I knew his history. When a Deputy in the National Convention, he

Madame Bresson, since her husband's proscription, had made a vow, in the excess of her gratitude towards those who had concealed him, to save some person condemned for a political crime, if ever Providence favoured her sufficiently for any one to fall in her way. I therefore came to her and said, that the time was come for the fulfilment of her vow, and I acquainted her with your history and Madame de Lavallette's resolution. 'Let him come!' she said, with enthusiasm: 'my husband is not at home; but I need not consult him for the performance of a good action. He shares all my sentiments. I shall immediately prepare a room, where the unfortunate man will be safe. Go and acquaint Madame de Lavallette.'— I went back to her, and then she explained to me her plan. I listened to her in silence: this was not a fit moment for objections. She talked with so much confidence—she seemed so

spoke very strongly against the trial and sentence of Louis XVI. He voted against death, and was soon outlawed, and was obliged to fly. His wife and he found a retreat amidst the mountains of the Vosges, in the house of an honest family, who, notwithstanding they saw inevitable death before them, if the unfortunate couple were discovered, kept them, nevertheless, concealed during two years with admirable fidelity.

sure of success, that I entered with ardour into all the details of the enterprise;—but I wanted a private cabriolet. With Madame de Lavallette's permission, I went to M. de Chassenon, whom I knew to be a man both devoted and resolute. These are the means by which you came here, for the success of which a sort of miracle was required; for, I must confess, I do not myself comprehend how it was done. Now you must be sensible of how much importance it is to your generous friends, that nobody may ever know they afforded you this retreat: the whole family would be ruined. M. Bresson cannot do without his situation: he has a daughter and nephews to establish. Being a public functionary, and lodged under the King's roof, honoured with the trust of his minister, he knows full well all the irregularity of his conduct. But, on the other hand, he is convinced of your innocence;—and what are all other considerations when they are put in the scale with a man's life? We shall now set about getting you away from hence and beyond the frontiers, which will not be an easy matter; but the most important object is achieved, and Providence will not leave the work imperfect."

M. Baudus then left me, and I remained

alone during two hours, scarcely daring to make any motion, or even to breathe, buried in sad reflections on the situation of my poor Emilie, who remained as a hostage in my dungeon. At about eleven o'clock in the evening the door opened once more, and I saw a lady enter my lodgings. She was dressed in the highest fashion, and her face was covered with a veil; she was accompanied by a young girl, who appeared to be about fourteen years old. The lady threw herself into my arms, while the child remained standing bashfully, and in tears, next to her mother. In the midst of the deep emotions that agitated us all, I could not help saying — "For Heaven's name! Madame, raise that veil, that I may see the features of the angelic person to whom I owe my life!"— "We are not acquainted," she replied, raising her veil; "but I feel happy in taking a part in the heroic action of Madame de Lavallette." In fact, I never had seen Madame Bresson. She was at that time forty years of age; but her fine complexion and elegant figure made her look at least ten years younger. She placed on the stove a sort of tureen. "That is your dinner," she said; "the two courses are in the same vessel: you will make but sorry fare, but we are

obliged to rob ourselves to feed you. I do not choose to tell our secret to any of our servants; they all sleep in this corridor, and the next room is occupied by my nephew Stanislaus. So make no noise in the morning, but make your bed and sweep your room yourself. The apartment you are in never having been inhabited, the least sound might ruin us all."

She left me after an hour's conversation. M. Bresson came afterwards: I had wept with the ladies,—his visit made me rather merrier. I was no better acquainted with him than with his wife. I had seen him once, fifteen years before, at the time I went to Saxony;—once more also, I think, at my return; and our acquaintance having ended by my not pursuing the diplomatic career, we had not met again. M. Bresson had very agreeable features, an elegant and cultivated mind, and an energetic character, of which he had more than once given the most striking proofs. It was not his attachment to the Emperor that had persuaded him to place himself in such a dangerous situation to serve me, and I do not believe that he ever was very fond either of Napoleon or his government: it was a deep feeling of humanity, and a courageous protest against those political condemna-

tions of which he had been himself a victim. "I just come," said he, "from the drawing-rooms of some of our grand dignitaries. You cannot form an idea of the alarm and consternation that fill the minds of every one. At the Tuileries, nobody will go to bed to-night. They are convinced that your escape is the result of a great plot that is going to burst over them; they see you already at the head of the old army marching against the Tuileries, and all Paris flying to arms. I should not be surprised if they stop the march of the foreign troops who are already preparing for their departure. They talk of shutting the barriers. Think only of the terrible consequences of such a measure! The milk-women will not be able to get into town to-morrow!—there will be no milk for the old women's breakfasts! and I listening to all these lamentations,—I who have you under lock and key!"

He then examined with the most minute attention all my modest furniture, and what they had brought me. The chest of drawers was filled with his linen and clothes. "Open only half your shutters," he added, "and let no more light in than just as much as you want to read: if you catch a cold, thrust your head when

you cough into this closet." I had asked for some beer, to quench the thirst that tormented me for the last month. "You cannot have any. We never drink beer, and some observation might be made on the circumstance. I have not forgot the history of M. de Montmorin, who was discovered, and died on the scaffold, through having eaten a chicken, the bones of which had been thrown at the corner of the door. A neighbour, who knew that the woman who concealed him was too poor to buy chicken, guessed that she had in her house an outlaw, and informed against her. You shall have as much sugar and refreshing syrups as you may wish, but no beer."

I passed the first night of my liberty in walking up and down, and breathing the fresh air through the half-opened window. I could not see into the Rue du Bac, but I heard every thing distinctly, and the frequent passing of men on horseback sometimes startled me. At last, in the morning fatigue got the better of my anxiety, and I fell asleep. Two hours afterwards I was awakened by noise near me, and to my great astonishment I saw in my room a little man, who was putting the furniture in order, sweeping and rubbing with great

precaution. "Who are you?" I asked—"Monsieur's valet-de-chambre."—"But it was agreed with your master that nobody should come in my room."—"They have altered their minds; and if you please to get up, you may step into my chamber while I put every thing in order here."

I got up, and he led me into another room facing the one where I slept. When he was gone, I began to examine the place I was in. It was much too well furnished for a servant's room. The chimney was ornamented with a clock, and china vases containing flowers; the bed was elegant. I opened a closet at the head of the bed, and found several articles of female attire. "What's the meaning of all this?—Could the man be married, and his wife in the secret?—How! there is already a child and two servants entrusted with my fate, and that in this house!—Is that very prudent?" These reflections troubled me so much that my heart throbbed within me. I attempted to rise, but I fell on the floor in a deep swoon. The servant came back in about half an hour, and finding me insensible, he dragged me to my bed, where he had great trouble to bring me to myself. "Do all you can," he said, "to

keep up your spirits, for neither my master nor my mistress can come back until this evening. I shall come if I can. But, for Heaven's sake! do not fall sick, for how could we call in a doctor?"

I was but too sensible of the truth of all this good man said to me, and added to myself, 'Suppose I was to die, what would they do with my body?' I was soon diverted from these painful reflections by the voice of a newsvender who was crying something in the street. I could not well distinguish what he said, but I thought I heard my own name. I ran to the window, but the man was already too far for me to catch a word of what he uttered. I was obliged to wait until another went by, and four hours elapsed before the second came. This time it was a woman, whose shrill, sharp voice brought distinctly to my ear the words "*Lavallette* — householders — landlords." It was undoubtedly an ordinance proclaiming severe penalties on those who would give me refuge, (this did not make me uneasy,) but at the same time, offering rewards to those who might denounce me. — And who could know whether among the servants of the house there might not be found one whom

the love of lucre might incite to such an act? I was very unjust; for André Joineau and his wife, whom they called *Montet*, were old domestics, whose fidelity and devotion were proof against all seduction. The woman, in particular, was a pretty Protestant, remarkable for the good education she had received, and her elevated sentiments. At last, about six o'clock in the evening, while I was still without light, a lady came in and seated herself at the foot of my bed: she inquired in a low voice how I was. I endeavoured to tranquillize her, and repeated my thanks for her kindness. "I am not Madame Bresson," she said; "I am her lady's maid; my mistress will certainly come home in an hour or two: but she has heard that you were not very well, and she wished to have some account of your health."—"Here is another witness!" said I to myself with a sigh. "I pray to God that so many confidents may not spoil the business; but I have great fears." At last Madame Bresson came. I spoke to her of the cries I had heard in the street. "It is nothing," she replied; "merely the renewal of an old Police Ordinance of the year 1793, that makes every body laugh; for the joy is incredible at Paris. Madame

de Lavallette is extolled to the skies. Nothing can be more diverting than the observations of the women among the lower classes, and particularly in the markets. At the theatres, the slightest allusions are seized with enthusiasm; and if Government were to attempt to stifle these transports, — which, by the by, are something worse than disaffection, — their agents would no doubt be murdered. So you may rest easy in that respect. As for the confidents we have made around us, M. Bresson and myself have decided that it would be much safer to tell the whole business to the two servants who sleep facing you. Notwithstanding the greatest precautions, they might have heard you, being alarmed at the unusual noise, and have mentioned it to their comrades. It was much better to close their mouths by trusting them with our secret. They are married, and have lived with us during the last twenty years: they are a very worthy couple, and would most willingly expose their lives for us. We have moreover resolved that Stanislaus shall also be told, for he is your next-door neighbour. I will bring him to you this evening." She did so. He was a young man of twenty, very well informed, and whose ad-

dress was agreeable. We soon became friends. He used to remain with me from eleven at night till two in the morning. I taught him to play chess; and he brought me the journals and the news of Paris.

CHAPTER XIX.

Account of what happened at the Conciergerie.—Rage of the Turnkeys.—Their brutal conduct to Madame Lavallette.—M. Bellart examines her with excessive severity.—Chief cause of her illness.—Her terrors.—She is placed in solitary confinement.—My daughter returns to her boarding-school.—Conduct of the superior towards her.—The Police pursue their investigation.—Various plans to get me out of France.—Mr. Bruce.—Sir Robert Wilson.—Preparations for my disguise.—I leave the Hotel of Foreign Affairs.—M. de Chassenon brings me to the Rue de Helder.—House of my Reporting Judge.—M. Hutchinson.—I set off.

I MUST now return to the Conciergerie. I had scarcely passed the outer door when the jailer entered my room, and, as I had foreseen, retired when he heard a noise behind the screen. But he returned about five minutes afterwards; and not seeing any one, though the same noise was once more repeated, he took a fancy to remove one side of the screen. At the sight of

Madame Lavallette, he uttered a loud exclamation and ran to the door. She caught hold of his coat, and said to him—"Wait a minute; let my husband get off!"—"You will ruin me, Madame," he said in a rage; and disengaging himself with so great an effort, that he left a piece of his coat in the hands of my wife, he went off calling aloud, "The prisoner has escaped!" With those words he ran, tearing his hair, to the Prefect of Police. In an instant, all the turnkeys and gendarmes were sent about in all directions. Two of the former reached the sedan-chair, that was leisurely advancing on the quay. They opened it; and finding no one in it but my daughter, they left it. Soon, however, the pursuit began in regular order; and during the whole night, the houses of my friends and acquaintances, and even of all the persons with whom my late situation in the world could have given me the least connection, were rigorously examined. The next day the barriers were shut, and the joy of the whole capital in witnessing the despair of the Police was inexpressible. Madame Lavallette, a little easier after half an hour, began to get the better of her agitation; and she would have enjoyed her happiness, if

the brutal turnkeys, who had left her door open, had not uttered against her the most horrible abuse, and assured her it was impossible I should not be retaken in a very short time.

The arrival of the Procureur-General, Bellart, put an end to their abusive language. He sat himself gravely down to examine her, and addressed reproaches to her that were only ridiculous. By his order, she was treated with so much severity, that, in the state of health in which she then was, that usage became the chief cause of the disorder under which she laboured during twelve years, but from which she has at last recovered. They placed her in the chamber of Marshal Ney, where there was no chimney, but a German stove, the suffocating heat of which made her suffer a great deal night and day. The window opened into the women's yard. To hear the noisy cries of those wretches during the whole day, and their vulgar and obscene language, was agony to so delicate a female. No person could come near her; even her maid was excluded, and she was attended by one of the female turnkeys. None of her letters could cross the threshold of the prison, nor could any communication from her friends reach her. She was for ever assailed

with a thousand different terrors, especially in the night, when the sentries were relieved. She always imagined it was her husband they were bringing back. During more than five-and-twenty days and nights, she did not enjoy one moment's sleep. I was far from thinking she could be so unhappy. I had been told, with the view of comforting me, that she was lodged in the apartments of the lady of the Prefect of Police, treated with the greatest attention and respect, and that she would soon obtain permission to return home.

My daughter had returned to her convent in an ecstasy of joy, and agitated with so strong an emotion that she could not explain in what manner she had contrived to save her father. But when, next day, the whole business was explained, the Superior, who had just succeeded in obtaining the protection of the Duchess of Angoulême for her house, was seized with alarm: my daughter was ordered to hold her tongue; and the nuns and some of the boarders shrunk away from her as if she had had the plague. Will it be believed when I add, that the parents of several of those boarders declared to the Superior, that they would take their children home if Josephine

Lavallette remained in the convent? So that a virtuous, generous action, which ought to have been presented as an example to be followed by young persons, was through fear, personal interest, and perhaps also by meaner passions, regarded as a sort of crime and a cause of proscription. Six weeks afterwards, when Madame de Lavallette was set at liberty, she hastened to take her daughter from the convent.

I passed the first ten days very quietly in my retreat, loaded with the most touching marks of friendship. My kind protectors sought, above all, to ease my mind. As long as I remained with them, I had, they said, no danger to fear. I might stay whole months in my hiding-place, without putting them to the least inconvenience. I was, however, not of the same opinion. M. Baudus, who came now and then to see me, could not dissemble that the activity of the Police had not relaxed in the least: they were certain that I had not crossed the frontiers either at Strasburg or at Metz. General Excelmans, who was an outlaw, and had fled to Brussels, wrote to his wife, as a great secret, as soon as he had heard the history of my flight, that he had just supped with

me. The anecdote was industriously circulated, but the Police were not deceived by it. It was in Paris that they continued their searches. My friends were watched with a strictness inspired by the hope of a considerable reward. M. Berton de Vaux, then Secretary-General of the Police, explained to M. Baudus the hidden cause of so obstinate a persecution. The Ultra party accused the Minister of having yielded to old connexions of friendship with me, and to the wish of making a merit of my flight in the eyes of Louis Bonaparte and his whole family, and thus insuring himself a title of gratitude for some future contingency. These absurd charges might come to the ears of the King; and M. Decazes, fearing above all things to lose his credit, and perhaps to fall beneath the hatred to which he was exposed, augmented, from day to day, the activity of his inquiries. It was therefore necessary for me to fly; but by what means? It was proposed that I should once more assume the garb of the other sex, and go secretly to a sea-port, where smugglers would undertake to convey me to England. I rejected that plan as quite extravagant. Neither did it please Baudus. A few days afterwards, he came and told

me, that a Russian general offered to take charge of me; that I should be conducted to his inn during the night, and then concealed in the back of his carriage. Thus I might pass the barrier without any accident. But for that I first was to lay down eight thousand francs to pay his debts, and then take upon me all the expenses of the journey. The money was ready, but the plan miscarried. The Russian wanted to know the name of the outlaw; and when he heard it, the fear of being sent to Siberia, in case I were discovered, made him draw back. After that, it was proposed that I should join a battalion of Bavarian soldiers that were going to leave France, by trusting my secret to the commander, who would undoubtedly be very glad to save a relation and friend of Prince Eugene. This plan appeared unobjectionable to me. I too well knew the King of Bavaria, to fear that the officer would be punished; and that excellent Prince, to whom I mentioned the fact a few months afterwards, said to me with emotion, "I would have attached him to my person, if he had succeeded in saving you!"

But I was also obliged to abandon this project: the Police, having guessed that I

might resort to it, watched the troop with so much vigilance, and the officers were so completely circumvented, that it became quite impossible to have any connexion with them. At last, on the eighteenth day after I had left prison, Baudus came to me with a joyful countenance and embraced me, saying: "We shall at last succeed. Some Englishmen have offered to serve you, and I believe they possess the means of doing so." These are the particulars of what had happened. The Princess de Vaudemont, uneasy at knowing me to be still in Paris, though she was not acquainted with the place of my concealment, looked about for persons who might help me away. She spoke of her anxiety to Madame de St. Aignan Caulaincourt, one of the cleverest women born in France, whose kindness is inexhaustible, and whose courage is unbounded: she proposed to the Princess to sound a young Englishman, Mr. Bruce, who used to visit both their houses. Bruce, delighted at the idea of saving an unfortunate man who had escaped the scaffold in so wonderful a manner, accepted with enthusiasm the proposal of the ladies, and went immediately to consult Sir Robert Wilson on the subject.

Sir Robert shared his young friend's enthusi-

asm. He had failed in his attempt to save Marshal Ney, but he hoped to take his revenge in my case. He made quite a military expedition of the business; and as Bruce was not in the army, it became necessary to find one or two officers, independent men, of liberal opinions, who might be disposed to play off a good trick on the Government of the Bourbons. The road to Belgium, by Valenciennes, was specially assigned to the English army, and it was therefore chosen for my escape. They asked no more than two days to finish their preparations. I received a very particular instruction concerning my dress:—no mustachios; an English wig; my beard shaved very clean, after the manner of the officers of that nation; a great-coat with buttons of the English Guards; the regimentals and hat were to be given me at the instant of our departure.

We held council, and, as it occurs in most cases, our first steps were wrong. It was looked upon as very necessary to get my coat made by the tailor of an English regiment;—but he would want my measure: my friend Stanislaus took it with fine white paper; and instead of the notches that the tailors are accustomed to make, he wrote on it, "*Length of the fore-*

arm, breadth of the breast," &c. in a fine neat hand, and carried it boldly to the tailor of the regiment of the Guards. He quickly made the coat, however,—not without observing that the measure had not been taken by a tailor. M. Bresson had been to buy me another great-coat at an old clothes' shop, and was naturally obliged to measure it on himself. He was however tall and thin; so that in less than forty-eight hours I had two coats, neither of which could be of any service to me. I had no boots, and all our speculations were useless in contriving to procure me a pair. I was forced to put on a pair belonging to M. Bresson: they were at least two inches longer than my foot; I could scarcely walk in them, and we all laughed much at the awkward figure I cut.

On the 9th of January 1816, at eight o'clock in the evening, I at last took leave of my kind friends. We were all very much affected, and particularly myself, who was leaving them with so little hope of ever seeing them again. I did however meet them again. I write this at twenty minutes' walk from a delightful country seat, on the right bank of the Seine, which they inhabit the whole year through. I see them

every day: they are happy and independent. Fedora, their only daughter, is married to M. de Montjoyeux, an amiable young man. They have two pretty children; and Fedora is one of the cleverest, handsomest, and most agreeable women I know. I take some pleasure in thinking that the happiness this family enjoy is partly the reward of their generous and courageous conduct towards me.

After I had embraced them, Messrs. Bresson and Baudus brought me to the corner of the Rue de Grenelle, where I found again the faithful Chassenon, with his cabriolet. In going to my destination, we crossed the Place du Carrousel. I could not help smiling when I passed so near the numerous sentries stationed along the railings of the Tuileries, and when I saw the Palace lighted up, and filled, as I had reason to imagine, with people enraged at not being able to seize me, while I was not more than fifty yards from them.

We stopped at a house in the Rue du Helder, near the Boulevard: there I took leave of my friend Chassenon. As I walked slowly up the stairs, I was surprised at meeting Mademoiselle Dubourg. There would have been too much danger in our appearing to know each

other. I afterwards learned that she was going to M. Dupuis, my Reporting Judge, who lived on the second floor of the house; so that I was going to pass the night under the same roof with the magistrate who had during my trial examined me twice at length, and with great severity. This circumstance, however, by no means troubled me. M. Dupuis was an honourable man, to whom I had shown no reserve, — who was convinced of my innocence, and did not fear to declare it openly, with an energy that might be hurtful to his fortune.

When I reached the first-floor, I saw before me a gentleman of tall stature and noble features: — it was Sir Robert Wilson. He introduced me to two persons who were expecting me in the parlour: in one of the two I recognised Mr. Bruce, whom I had met sometimes during the preceding winter at the Duchess of St. Leu's. Mr. Hutchinson, to whom the apartments belonged, was a Captain in the English Guards. He received me in a friendly manner. We seated ourselves round a bowl of punch. Our conversation turned on public affairs, and we talked with as much ease and freedom as if we had been together in London. These gentlemen did not appear to entertain

the least uneasiness in respect to our next day's journey; and at last, after sitting for about an hour, Sir Robert and Mr. Bruce rose, and the former, shaking hands with me, said:—"Be up to-morrow by six o'clock, and be very careful about your dress. You will find here the coat of a Captain in the Guards, which you must put on. At eight o'clock precisely, I shall expect you at the door."—"As for me," said Bruce, "I am going to spend three days at the country-seat of the Princess de la Moskowa; for you will not want me any longer. My wishes go along with you, and I shall receive accounts from you by my friends."

When they were gone, Mr. Hutchinson offered me his bed; but I had no desire to sleep, and I laid myself down on a sofa. While my host was lying in a profound sleep, I looked about the apartments to find a corner where I might conceal myself, in case the Police should come and pay us a visit; but it was very scantily furnished, and consisted only of two rooms and a closet. It would have been impossible to elude, even for a quarter of an hour, the most superficial search. I opened the window, to ascertain the distance I was from the street; that distance was too considerable for me to

leap. I could not hope to save myself after my fall, and still too near the ground for me to be killed at once. Fortunately, I recollected the pistols M. de Chassenon had given me. I took one of them in my hands and examined it with care. I placed it under my pillow, and was as easy after that, as if I had had in my possession the surest talisman. I soon fell asleep; but about one o'clock in the morning I was awakened by a great noise and a very animated conversation that was taking place at the carriage-door of the house. By listening, I discovered that somebody wanted to get in. I immediately awoke my companion, and said, "I believe I am discovered. Some person wishes to get into the house. Mr. Hutchinson went out of the apartment in the calmest manner, and in about five minutes, which appeared horribly long to me, he came back, saying, "It is only a dispute between the portress and a French officer who lives on the third floor. She is complaining that he comes home too late. So let us go to sleep again without fear."

At last, after having counted every hour of the night, I heard six o'clock strike: I immediately set about my toilet, and at eight o'clock precisely I found Sir Robert Wilson in the

street, dressed in his full regimentals, and seated in a pretty gig. Mr. Hutchinson soon appeared also on horseback, and we set off. The weather was beautiful; all the shops were open, every body in the streets, and by a singular coincidence they were just at that moment putting up in the Place de Grève the gibbet which, according to custom, is used to execute in effigy persons declared guilty in contumacy.

CHAPTER XX.

Various adventures.—Conversation of Mr. Hutchinson with the gendarmes at La Chapelle.—Our arrival at Compiègne.—Difficulties started by the Postmasters at Valenciennes.—I pass the frontiers.—I take leave of my two deliverers.

We entered the Rue de Clichy which leads to the barrier of the same name. As I had on the regimentals and cap of the Guards, the English soldiers we met saluted us in the military manner. Two officers we saw on the road appeared very much surprised at seeing with Sir Robert one of their comrades with whom they were unacquainted; but Mr. Hutchinson went up to them and talked to them while we were approaching the barrier. To the right and to the left were two guard-houses—the one English, and the other French. The soldiers drew up under arms. Fortunately the French

were National Guards, and it was not probable they could know me, as they did not belong to my quarter of the town. We crossed the barrier with a slow step; and when we were out, I thanked Sir Robert with as much gratitude as if we had crossed the barriers of the kingdom. We went on thus to the village of La Chapelle. There we were obliged to take another horse, to be able to go to Compiègne. This horse had been baited at a large inn. When we approached the house, we perceived four gendarmes standing in front of the large door. Sir Robert went up to them: they separated, that we might pass; and, to prevent them from paying attention to us, Mr. Hutchinson began a conversation with them. His inquiries were chiefly directed to the number of stables and the quantity of forage and lodgings that were to be found in the village; from all which they concluded that English troops were expected, and one of them invited the English Captain to accompany him to the Mayor. "Not at present," he answered: "I am going forward to meet the waggons, and in two hours I shall be back." The conversation could not last very long with an Englishman who knew but little of our language. But the horse was

quickly changed, and we had the satisfaction, on going away, to exchange salutes with the gendarmes. I then learned that the man who had brought us thus far belonged to M. Auguste de St. Aignan. On the road we met with several gendarmes in pursuit of malefactors, or bearing military correspondence. They all fixed their eyes on us without suspecting any thing. I had accustomed myself, on seeing them, to shut my eyes, but with the precaution of placing my hand on my pistol,—fully resolved, if I should be recognised and apprehended, to blow my brains out; for it would have been too great a stupidity to suffer myself to be brought back to Paris.

We arrived at last at Compiègne. At the entrance of the suburb stood a non-commissioned English officer, who, on seeing his general, turned to the right and marched with gravity through several small streets, until he stopped at a small house in a very lonely part of the town. There we found an officer who received us very well, and we waited for Sir Robert's carriage, which Mr. Wallis was to bring from Paris for him. That officer had ordered post-horses for General Wallis, brother-in-law to Sir Robert Wilson, who travel-

led under his name. Mr. Wallis arrived at about six o'clock; after having been followed a great part of the way by the gendarmes. We had not an instant to lose: the carriage advanced rapidly. We experienced a great delay at Condé, in getting through the town, but it was during the night. At last, next morning, at seven o'clock, we arrived at Valenciennes, the last French city on that frontier. I was beginning to feel more easy, when the Postmaster told us to go and have our passports examined by the Captain of the gendarmerie. "You forgot, I suppose, to read who we were," said Sir Robert calmly: "let the Captain come here, if he chooses to see us." The Postmaster felt how wrong he had acted; and taking our passports, he went himself to get them signed. As it was very long before he came back, I began to be tormented by a most horrible anxiety. Was I going to be wrecked in the harbour? Suppose the officer of gendarmes were to come himself to verify the signatures and to apprehend me? Fortunately the weather was very cold, it was scarcely daylight, and the officer signed the passports without rising from his bed. We got out of the gate. On the glacis, an officer of the Pre-

ventive Service wanted to see whether we were in order; but having satisfied his curiosity, we went on and stopped no more. We flew along the beautiful Brussels road. From time to time I looked through the back window, to see whether we were not pursued. My impatience augmented with every turn of the wheels. The postilions showed us at a distance a large house, that was the Belgian Custom-house: I fixed my eyes on that edifice, and it seemed to me as if it remained always equally far off. I imagined that the postilion did not get on: I was ashamed of my impatience, but it was impossible for me to curb it. At last we reached the frontier: we were on the Belgian territories;—I was saved! I pressed the hands of Sir Robert, and expressed to him, with a deep emotion, the extent of my gratitude. But he, keeping up his gravity, only smiled, without answering me. About half an hour afterwards he turned to me, and said in the most serious tone possible: "Now, pray tell me, my dear friend, why did you not like to be guillotined?" I stared at him with astonishment, and made no reply. "Yes," he continued; "they say that you had solicited, as a favour, that you might be shot?"—"It is very true. When a

man is guillotined, they put him in a cart, with his hands bound behind his back; and when he is on the scaffold, they tie him fast to a plank, which they lower to let it slip thus under the knife."—"Ah! I understand: you did not like to have *your throat cut like a calf*."

We arrived at Mons at about three o'clock in the afternoon, and we stopped at the best inn. While dinner was preparing, I wrote a few letters, of which Sir Robert was kind enough to take charge; and after having gone with me to buy some things I wanted, and having given me two letters, one for the King of Prussia and the other for Mr. Lamb, the English resident in Munich, we separated,—he to return to Paris, and I to go farther into Germany and try to reach Bavaria.

CHAPTER XXI.

I travel under the name of Colonel Losack.—I arrive at Worms, where I read the Newspapers.—The Police discover the generous guilt of Sir Robert Wilson.—Bribery and Informations.—I pass through the Grand-duchy of Baden, and the Kingdom of Wirtemberg.—I arrive in Bavaria.—Words addressed to me by the King.—I retire by his orders to Frayssingen.—Information laid by an old Emigrant.—The King sends me to Starnberg.—Prince Eugene comes to see me twice a-week.—Fresh change of abode.—Kindness of the King of Bavaria.—I go and live at Munich under a feigned name.—France demands my expulsion, as well as that of General Drouet d'Erlon.—Answer of the King of Bavaria.—I seek refuge first at Eichstadt, and afterwards at Augsberg, with the Duchess of St. Leu.—I go back to France.

I REMAINED, however, the night at Mons. Next day I could not go any farther than Namur. I travelled under the name of a Colonel Losack, sent by the Duke of Wellington on a mission to Munich and Vienna. I had

purchased at Mons a bad cabriolet; I had no servant; and the weather was so severe, and my health so feeble, that I could not travel above twenty leagues a day. It was very dangerous for me to remain so long on the road. The description of my person had been sent everywhere about: I might meet with Englishmen, and my passport, great-coat, and buttons with the arms of England, would all betray me, as I could not speak the language. I arrived, however, without any accident, at Worms. I knew enough German to serve my purpose, and I hastened to read the papers. How great was my consternation when I read in the Gazette that Madame de Lavallette remained in the Conciergerie, and that Sir Robert Wilson and his two friends had been apprehended.

The General had brought with us to Mons a young servant who could not speak French. When he returned, the spies who were on the look-out for me, observed in the yard of the hotel where he lived his coach covered with mud. They inquired of the portress, who told them that the General was just come home from a journey, on which he had been absent only three days. The Police suspected him: the young servant was seduced by one of the spies,

who questioned him artfully, and he confessed that his master had been to Mons with an officer of the Guards who could not speak a word of English. The description of my person given by the young man put the Police on the track; but proofs were necessary. It was this servant who used to carry the correspondence of Sir Robert Wilson to the English embassy. They promised him money if he would bring his dispatches to the Prefect of Police. He did not fail to do so. The first letter they opened was directed to the Earl Grey.* The history of our journey was related in it with all its details. Having gained possession of this document, the Police had the three Englishmen apprehended.

The perusal of the journals grieved me beyond expression. I took a resolution to go to Russia, to solicit from the Emperor Alexander that my wife and friends might be set at liberty; and I flew to Manheim to get a letter from the Grand-duchess of Baden, first cousin to my wife. She was out of town; and from what I learned from my landlord, I should be forced to keep up a most severe incognito. The Grand-

* For this Letter, see Appendix No. III.

duke refused the passage through his territories to the outlaws who came from France; not so much, however, out of ill-will towards them, as for fear of compromising himself with the French Government. When I left Manheim, I wrote nevertheless to the Grand-duchess, and continued my journey, like a madman, through Wirtemberg, where I was nearly arrested at Stuttgard. The King who at that time occupied the throne would not have failed to make me acquainted with his dungeons. I succeeded at last in passing through Ulm, and found myself in safety in the Bavarian territory.

When the King of Bavaria heard of my escape from the Conciergerie, he said to Prince Eugene—"As for him, he may come to me; I will take care of him."

I went in consequence to Munich, and wrote a note to Baron d'Arnay, secretary to the Prince, to beg he would come to see me. He came, but after having delivered my note to the Prince, who dined that day with the King. The news was communicated to his Majesty after dinner. They reckoned no longer upon me, thinking me gone to America. My arrival surprised the King, who did not wish

to have disagreeable discussions with France. After a moment's reflection, he said: "He cannot remain here: not even under a feigned name. That ferret, the Duke d'Alberg, is at Munich, and would soon find him out. Remain two days with him, and let him set off the third for Frayssingen. He will be in safety there." That small town is surrounded with woods; the cold was severe; but I felt so happy at being in liberty, that I could not bear to remain in my room, and went out ten times a-day to stroll about in the forest, notwithstanding the snow and ice. My strange manners surprised the inhabitants; and a French emigrant, who lived at Munich, came to my abode, soon discovered who I was, and carried the news to the capital. I was in consequence obliged to leave my retreat, and the King was kind enough to send me to Starnberg, a wretched village, situated near the lake of that name.* I was uncomfortable there; but spring was approaching. The forests in that part of the country are beautiful, and of immense extent; while the banks of the lake are lined with delightful country-seats. Prince Eugene

* See Appendix, No. VI.

used to come twice a-week to the house of a gamekeeper, two leagues from Munich, where I went to meet him. He brought me newspapers and books, and acquainted me with all that was going forward. I thus reached the month of May; but I was again obliged to leave Starnberg. I had been recognised; and the Prince Royal, who learned that I resided in that remote corner of the country, remonstrated with his father on my stay in Bavaria, and the difficulties into which he might get involved with France, in case they should learn in Paris that he had given me a retreat. The King denied my being in his states; but at the same time he sent me an order to retire to the farther end of the lake. By the advice of Prince Eugene, I went and concealed myself in the house of a gardener, four leagues farther still. "You will be more comfortable there," said the Prince: "in about a fortnight, I shall come to reside in the royal seat that is no more than a league from your new abode. We shall be able to see each other every day." He soon came there with his family, and I used to go every morning to the castle, and did not go home till the evening. The friendly reception I met with from Princess Augusta, the kind

attentions bestowed on me by all the persons that surrounded her, contributed greatly to alleviate my grief and restore my health. The Prince said to me one day—"The King is accustomed annually to spend one day in this place. When I went yesterday to take his orders on the subject, he accepted my invitation, but on condition that you would come and dine with him."

I went. His Majesty received me with open arms. He was accompanied by some officers of his Household, and among others by Count Charles Von Reichberg, who told us that he had left Paris eight days after my escape from prison. Though the gendarmes had been present at his departure, and had examined his passport with a great deal of care, he was nevertheless stopped on the Bouvelard, and obliged, as well as his two travelling companions, to get out of their carriage, that the descriptions of their persons might be verified, and that it might be ascertained that I was not among them. The King was very merry, and took a great deal of pleasure at seeing me where I was, after having been exposed to so many dangers. During the five hours that he remained with the Prince, he never ceased load-

ing me with the most delicate attentions. The pains he perpetually took to bring to my mind his former stay in Paris, when I had the honour of paying my court to him; the slight service I had rendered to him in my quality of Postmaster-General, and the attachment with which the Emperor had honoured me, were meant to show the persons who surrounded him, that I was under his especial protection, and that my misfortunes augmented the interest he vouchsafed to express for me. When he was ready to go, he came up to me, and, pressing my hand, said,—"Remain at peace in my country, live among your friends, and reckon upon my attachment and protection."

I soon obtained permission to settle in Munich under a feigned name. I went every night to the theatre; and when the play was over, I finished the evening with the Prince, who lived *en famille:* but it was quickly known in Paris. The Duke de Richelieu took it amiss, and a formal demand was transmitted to Munich, to send me away from Bavaria. Count d'Erlon, who lived in the outskirts of the city, was comprehended in the sentence of proscription, though he did not live there under his own name. The cabinet of Munich

replied to that of Paris, that they knew nobody in Bavaria who bore our names; but, at the same time, the King proposed to us to take refuge in Silesia, where he possessed several castles, as Duke of Deux Ponts. The measure was a dangerous one; could the King of Bavaria's protection follow, and defend me at so great a distance, and in the heart of a Prussian province? Should I not be obliged to go from thence to Russia, whither I felt they wanted to drive me? I answered, by begging he would rather shut me up in some prison in Bavaria. Fortunately, the diplomatic correspondence relaxed by degrees on that subject; Count d'Erlon remained at his country-seat, and I escaped by going to Eichstadt, in the principality of Prince Eugene, and afterwards to Augsburg, to his sister, the Duchess of St. Leu. I passed with her the last year of my banishment; the attentions and kindness she showed me might have made me perhaps forget France, if my dearest affections had not made life intolerable far from my country.

Madame de Lavallette had got out of prison after six weeks' ill-usage. Deep melancholy and perpetual alarm inspired her with a great

disgust for society, and threw her mind into such a state, that she was said to suffer from mental derangement. Though my daughter was at that time no more than fifteen years old, her mother hastened to establish her, that she might enjoy the protection of a husband, when the state of her own health would not permit her to keep a watchful eye over her. She wrote to me: "I feel it is high time to shelter my daughter from our misfortunes." She fixed her choice on M. de Forget, the son of a gentleman of Auvergne, whose name had been long respected. He had been Auditor to the Council of State. I had observed in him a great deal of talent, and an excellent heart. I gave my consent, and my daughter is now happy and honoured in her province.

Finally, after six years of outlawry, the gates of France were again opened for me. Before my departure, I obtained an audience of the King of Bavaria. He pressed me in his arms with emotion, and said,—"I embrace M. Cossar—(that was the name under which I went in Germany)—but I require of M. de Lavallette to come and thank me within two years. I am growing old: he must not tarry too long." My political situation in France was very un-

comfortable, and the severity of the Government too great, to have permitted me to fulfil the engagement the King had made me take, and which was so consonant to the wishes of my grateful heart. Death has since snatched him from his subjects, who adored him, and who never will forget *him* whom they were wont to call "the good King."

I left Prince Eugene in the prime of his life, enjoying excellent health, in the most happy situation, beloved by the King as if he had been his son, surrounded by a numerous and charming family, loaded with all the gifts of fortune, of whom he had nothing more to demand, his name shining with bright and unsullied glory. He had a fall from a sledge in 1816; in consequence of which, a gathering took place, they say, in his head. The pain being very slight, he neglected the necessary remedies. Seven or eight weeks afterwards, the gathering appeared with symptoms which the physicians did not comprehend; and he died at the age of forty-four, leaving a disconsolate widow and children, whose education was not yet finished, but also a reputation for courage, wisdom, and generosity, that neither France, Italy, nor Bavaria will ever forget.

When I came back to France, I was obliged to have my letters of pardon registered. This ceremony, which might have become painful to my feelings, was managed by the magistrates at Colmar with a discretion for which I shall always be thankful. The Advocate-General, M. Rossec, only said—"He had been sentenced for conduct which, from day to day, appears less serious." I came to Paris, where I fixed my abode, and lived in retirement, forgotten by most of my former friends, and also by the Police, who might have made my life very uncomfortable.

At last the health of Madame de Lavallette recovered sufficiently to permit me to take her home. A deep melancholy throws her frequently into fits of abstractedness; but she is always equally mild, amiable, and good. We pass the summer in a retired country-house, where she seems to enjoy herself. I have preserved my independence, the first of all mortal riches, without pension, salary, or gratuity of any sort, after a long life, consecrated to the service of my Country, offering up for her liberty prayers that will perhaps never be fulfilled, and living with the recollections of a great period and a great man.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER OF THE DUKE DE RAGUSA TO M. * * *

I had been intimately acquainted with Lavallette, but political events had separated us. The cruel fate that threatened him caused a renewal of my friendship for him. He wrote to me the letter you have in your possession. I carried it to the King, who read it from beginning to end. My prayers and solicitations were without effect; I obtained neither his pardon nor a commutation of the sentence; it was even in vain that I hoped Louis XVIII. would consent to Lavallette's last wish, and change the manner in which he was to die. The King was inexorable.

I then went to Madame Lavallette to concert with her a petition she was to present. She told me she had means of procuring her husband's escape. I tried to

persuade her not to make any use of them as long as she had any hopes of another nature. The report was brought to the Palace that she intended to come there, and orders were given not to let her in. I took upon me to conduct her, and gave her my arm. I chose to enter into the Saloon of the Guard at a moment when the sentry turned his head another way, and then I found myself all of a sudden, with her, in the middle of the saloon. The Life-guard stopped us, and without failing in any way in the respect he owed to me, executed his orders in the most rigorous manner. The officer came and delivered his soldier from the awkward situation in which he was, and I persuaded M. de Bartillat,—this was the name of the officer,—that should he even risk a few days' arrest, he ought to lend his aid to do a good action. So he allowed Madame Lavallette to remain in the saloon of the guards. I had chosen to enter the moment the King was hearing mass. I knew that if I had come earlier the King would rather have gone that day without mass, than run the risk of meeting this poor woman; but once in the Chapel, he could not help coming back. M. de Glandevès, major of the Life-guards, came and told me that orders had been given not to admit Madame Lavallette. "But," said I, "have you an order to put her out of the apartment, now that she is in?" He answered, that he had not.—"In that case," I continued, "I remain." The King came. Madame Lavallette threw herself at his feet: he answered—"Your grief is very natural, Madame, and I appreciate it, and share in it as I ought

to do; but I have duties to fulfil which cannot be dispensed with;" and he continued his walk. Madame Lavallette threw herself also at the feet of the Duchess of Angoulême, who avoided her, and went by without saying a word. We went out. The next day was the Duchess of Angoulême's birthday, and the anniversary of her leaving the Temple. We prepared ourselves to stand by when she should pass. Measures were taken to insulate her, and sentries placed up to the roof of the Tuileries to prevent our coming by a round-about way.

From that moment I looked upon Lavallette as a lost man, and I said so plainly to his wife, telling her that if she possessed, as she had said, means of getting him away, she would do well to try them. Her other friends endeavoured to keep up a delusion to which she seemed but too well disposed. She said to me, — "They want to pardon him on the scaffold."—"Do not believe that," I answered; "if he gets upon it, he is lost." I had, even in her presence, a discussion with the Duke de Plaisance, who entertained the same false idea. She believed me, and her husband escaped the next day. This poor woman has often repeated,—at first, while she still possessed her reason, and afterwards, when she had lost it, —that I was the only person who had not deceived her.

No. II.

LETTER OF M. * * * *, AIDE-DE-CAMP OF THE DUKE DE RAGUSA, TO M. * * * * *.

The day after the Marshal had placed Madame de Lavallette in the King's passage, he went early to the Palace, to discover what was going forward. The most rigorous measures had been taken. The passages were guarded,—only one chance remained: the antechamber of the Captain of the guard upon duty has a second door, leading to the King's staircase, directly facing the apartment of the Duchess of Angoulême. To pass through that door was the only manner of getting Madame Lavallette where she wished to be; but the Marshal stood too much in public view to be able to accompany her. He gave the commission to one of his aides-de-camp, with the necessary instructions. Madame Lavallette left her home alone, and the aide-de-camp went with General Foy to meet her sedan-chair that she left at the bottom of the Pont Royal, where General Foy remained waiting for her while she went into the Tuileries with the officer. The hour had been calculated so as to make her arrive, towards the end of mass, at the moment that the Duchess of Angoulême should leave the Chapel. She arrived at the apartments of the Captain of the guards, after whom the officer asked, knowing very well that he was just then with the King; he would not, as he was afraid, enter into the saloon to wait for him, but stopped in the antechamber, where he

made Madame Lavallette sit down. The door of the antechamber was open; he went into it in an unaffected manner; and when he saw the Duchess of Angoulême come down, he called out to Madame Lavallette, "Come, *cousin*, and see the Duchess pass." Madame Lavallette stood up; but while they had been waiting, the officers of the Life-guards had crossed the antechamber and recognised Madame Lavallette; so that when she came to the door, the doorkeeper rushed forward and locked it. The officer tried to turn the key. "It is not permitted to pass."—"Come, come; people every day stand in the staircase; and my cousin, who is from the country, has never seen the Royal Family; so that I should be very glad if she could seize this opportunity."—"It is impossible: I know who this lady is, and I have positive orders not to let her pass."—"Well then, fifty louis, a good action, and the protection of the Marshal." The doorkeeper was not to be bribed; and during the conversation the Duchess of Angoulême got into her apartments. They were forced to go away. After having handed Madame Lavallette back to her chair, the officer re-entered the court of the Tuileries. A little while afterwards, a Life-guard came to ask him whether Madame Lavallette was still in the Palace. Louis XVIII. was to have gone out; but he remained, for fear of meeting Madame Lavallette.

No. III.

LETTER OF SIR ROBERT WILSON TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE EARL GREY.*

MY DEAR LORD,†

I AM just returned from a journey of about three hundred and fifty miles, the first half of which was undoubtedly the most interesting I ever made.

The question was one of immediate life or death for my companion, and of all that such responsibility, accompanied by the most aggravating circumstances, might lead to for myself.

Acknowledged as the victim of breach of faith with my Country, he had claims to my personal efforts even at the foot of the scaffold ; and to the most powerful claims on humanity he added a character by which he had acquired to himself the general esteem of all classes of society.

It was the fifth of this month,‡ that, already acquainted with his perilous position, I also learned that his persecutors had obtained certain knowledge that he was still in Paris; that they had discovered the traces of

* This letter was intercepted by the French Police, at Paris, and laid the first foundation to the charges against Sir Robert Wilson and his numerous friends. *(Note of the French Editor.)*

† The reader will please to observe that this letter must have been first written in English, but appears here *re-translated* from the French; so that it may happen that some expressions are not in exact accordance with the original. (*Note of the Translator.*)

‡ January, 1816.

their prey, and were multiplying their efforts to ensure their bloody triumph: there was no longer any hope of pardon.

The virtues of Madame Lavallette, and the interesting circumstance of her husband's first extraordinary escape, had only the more enraged the monsters.

It was for me to decide whether rage or vengeance should be satisfied,—whether all the preceding efforts should be rendered useless,—whether the cause of liberty and humanity attached to his fate should be disgraced by his catastrophe, or whether criminal hopes should be deceived,—whether England should escape from the shame of again participating in a murder,—and whether every honest and independent man in Europe should have, at least for once, an occasion for rejoicing in these times of mourning and infamy.

I did not hesitate: if I had, I am sure you would have blamed a weakness that would have made me unworthy of the opportunity I then had of becoming the protector of the oppressed. I had only one thought left,—that of ensuring the success of the enterprise. The secret had been entrusted first to young Bruce, who had been authorized to communicate it to me. His friendly zeal in favour of Ney had rendered him too suspicious in the eyes of the Court, for his steps not to have been watched; so that, although he was disposed to dare and undertake every thing, still he was sensible that an active interference on his side might make our plan miscarry. I was myself too fearful, watched as I knew I was, to absent myself from the capital; but one officer of the

Guards, whom I consulted, not having been able to get leave of absence,—and another officer whom I sounded, not judging fit that he should leave his post, I resolved not to hazard any thing more by these half confidences, and to take the execution on myself.

It was, however, necessary to find some persons of trust who might facilitate the necessary dispositions, and our choice fell upon Ellister, of the fifth regiment of the guards, and John Hutchinson, as well on account of the confidence we placed in their honour, as because we knew that they had been already, once before, engaged in a business of the same nature; and, in fact, Ellister was the person who had first undertaken to put our plan into execution if he could have obtained a temporary leave of absence.

We decided that the fugitive should wear the regimentals of an English officer, and that I should conduct him out of the barriers in an English cabriolet, myself being in a military costume; that I should have a fresh horse ready at La Chapelle, from whence I should go to Compiègne, where Ellister was to bring me my coach, into which I should step with Lavallette, to reach Mons by way of Cambrai. On my solicitation and responsibility, I easily obtained from Stuart passports for a General Wallis and a Colonel Losack, names we chose because their initials corresponded with those of the real names. These passes were duly signed by the Minister for Foreign Affairs; only, when they were presented for signature, one of the secretaries asked Hutchinson, that brought them, who was Colonel Losack; upon which

he immediately answered — " He is the brother of the Admiral." — This important part of our negociation being finished, Ellister went to the police with Colonel Losack's passport, and asked for post horses for my carriage ; and at the same time, to prevent all suspicion, he took apartments and a coach-house at the Hôtel du Helder, in the name of Colonel Losack.

Bruce fortunately learned that the brigade of his cousin, General Brisbane, was at Compiègne, and that his aide-de-camp was to leave Paris on the 7th of the month, to go to Compiègne with the horses and baggage of the General, who was at that time in England. We saw him at Bruce's, where we had appointed to meet him ; and I told him that some very particular circumstances obliged me to pass through Compiègne with a person who wished not to be known, and that it would be necessary for us to remain there an hour or two in some retired part of the town. He answered obligingly, that his confidence in us was unreserved ; that his existence depended on his situation ; but that he would not hesitate in satisfying us, knowing that we took an interest in the matter. I do confess that it went much against my inclination to implicate such a person in the business ; but the cause was too important a one for me to stop at such a consideration ; and I conceived a hope that a day would come when I should have it in my power to acknowledge that service either by myself or by my friends. Bruce procured Lavallette's measure ; Hutchinson gave it to a tailor, saying it was that of a quartermaster of his regiment, who wanted immediately

a great-coat, a waistcoat, and a pair of pantaloons. The tailor observed that it was the measure of a lusty man, and that it had not been taken by a tailor. His observations alarmed me so much, that I thought fit to send Hutchinson back to him to say, that the quartermaster not being able to wait for the clothes until Saturday evening, they were to be carefully folded up in a box, so that they might be sent after him. Hutchinson and Ellister took, besides, all the necessary measures to procure horses, and went the day before to reconnoitre the barriers, posts, &c.

All these preparations being made, and all the precautions taken, it was finally decided that Lavallette should go to Hutchinson's lodgings on Sunday evening the 7th, at half-past nine precisely; that I should be on Monday morning at half-past seven at his door, in Bruce's cabriolet, with my servant, who was to follow on my well-harnessed mare, as if I were going to pass an inspection; that Hutchinson should ride next to the cabriolet, talking with us; and that, in case any stoppage should occur, Lavallette should get upon his horse, and I on my mare, that we might be more at liberty and get on with speed.

I should certainly have preferred crossing the barriers on horseback, but we thought that our English mode of riding might attract attention; while the crossing them in full daylight, and in an open cabriolet, would be showing so much assurance, that no suspicions would arise. At last, the hour fixed for our departure drawing near, Hutchinson, Ellister, Bruce, and I came to-

gether into Hutchinson's apartment, under the pretence of taking a bowl of punch. The moment came when we were to fix our eyes upon a man whose fate hung on the plan we had formed to save him, and whose days had already been counted by his enemies, — a man who was the object of all the hatred and affection of the two opposite parties, and who, if he were discovered, would occasion us all the sufferings that enemies, or even friends deluded in their hopes, might heap upon us under the form either of punishment or of reproach. Bruce went on the staircase, and immediately Lavallette took him by the hand, and we saw before us that interesting individual. He was dressed in blue regimentals, and so well disguised, that he would not have been remarked even in an Englishman's apartment. The friend who had brought him did not come in, but he gave to Hutchinson, for the use of Lavallette, a two-barrelled pistol that I have kept to this day. The latter appeared at first much affected, but we did not leave him the leisure to express his gratitude; and, after a few moments, Ellister and myself went away, leaving him to the care of Bruce and Hutchinson. At midnight, Bruce retired, and Lavallette laid himself down on a bed that was prepared for him. In about half an hour, somebody knocked at the house-door: Lavallette sprang from his bed, crying, "We are undone!" But Hutchinson soon discovered that it was a drunken French officer, who, in going to his apartment, had made all that noise. You may well think that not one of us spent a very tranquil night; and, in fact, I was not without anxiety as long

as Lavallette remained in Paris — for I also thought of my family. I had barely mentioned to Lady Wilson that I was engaged in a plan to save one of the outlaws, and that I was obliged to conceal his name and the arrangement that had been taken. I did not think fit, in the first moment, to enter into any farther particulars with her, though I knew she would have been able to keep the secret if it had been necessary, and would moreover, I am sure, have given willingly all the aid in her power. She perhaps suspected the truth from my air of uneasiness; but I must say to her praise, that she did not say a single word that could make me suppose she wished to dissuade me from the plan, though she constantly suffered a great deal as the time drew near when I was going to deliver myself up to the chapter of accidents, having under my charge so precious a deposit.

I was at Hutchinson's door at half-past seven. I went up-stairs to call Lavallette, and within five minutes we were together on the way to the Barrière de Clichy. We met an officer who appeared surprised at seeing a superior officer he did not know, but my servant eluded his inquiries. I crossed the barrier at a slow pace; the gendarmes looked steadfastly at us; but the act of presenting arms gave Lavallette an opportunity of concealing his profile in the bow he made. When we were passed, Lavallette pressed my leg with his; and when we had no more fear of being observed, I saw his face glistening with pleasure at this first favour of fortune.

The road was covered with all sorts of people; but whenever we met any public conveyance, I began a

very loud conversation in English ; and I remarked that the hat ornamented with a white feather that Lavallette held in his hand attracted the attention of travellers, and drew off their curiosity from our persons.

The features of Lavallette are so remarkable, and his face is so well known to all the postilions and postmasters, that it required the greatest caution lest he should be recognised. At La Chapelle we changed our horses, and we had a moment's alarm at the sight of four gendarmes hovering around us ; but Hutchinson, to whom they addressed themselves, got rid of them by saying that we had come to look out for quarters for an English division. We were afterwards obliged to pass near other gendarmes, who had in their possession the description of Lavallette's person ; and it may be remarked by the bye that it had been distributed everywhere throughout France. As we came near Compiègne, I remarked some white hairs that showed themselves under his brown wig ; and having fortunately a pair of scissors about me, I dressed his hair by the way. At the entrance of Compiègne, we found the orderly commanded by Captain Fennell, who led us through the town to a very well-chosen place, for we were not disturbed by the spectators in the street.

Nobody saw us enter except some English soldiers and domestics who served us while we were waiting for the carriage. Mr. Fennell offered us a luncheon, which would not have detained us like Louis XVI. but enabled us to spend very agreeably the time that began to hang heavy on our hands, and which otherwise would

have been lost. At last, towards night, as it had been agreed, Ellister came with the carriage, which had been got out by the Barrière St. Denis, and had been followed by gendarmes to La Chapelle. Horses were immediately ordered.

The postilion having come alone, I had the lamps of the coach lighted, not only for safety, but also to show that we were without uneasiness within. We left our friends, and entered the carriage that was to be for us either a hearse or the chariot of fortune. We were well armed, and prepared to resist in case we were attacked. But I reckoned more upon presence of mind than upon force, if any difficulties should arise.

We were frequently questioned at the different post-houses; but Colonel Losack* always kept himself back, and I took care to cover the door as much as possible. My servant and the postilion said at every stage that it was an English general; and my carriage being English produced a good effect. I must observe, that we took only three horses and one postilion, for fear four horses might make it appear as if we were in too great a hurry to get on: we besides avoided by that means the eyes of the second postilion we should have been obliged to take, and who would have been a spy upon us.

We experienced no delay until Cambray, where we lost three hours at the gate by the obstinacy of the English sentry, who, not having any order to call the gate-keeper, whose duty it is to let the couriers in during the night, would listen neither to entreaties nor to threats—a neg-

* That was the name Lavallette had taken.

ligence which has already caused considerable delay in the communications of Government, and might have proved fatal to us. In passing through Valenciennes, we were three times severely examined, and our passports were carried to the commander of the gendarmerie: we got off, however, and, about five miles from thence, we had finally the happiness of crossing the last barrier, and being examined for the last time.

I shall not attempt to paint the feelings of Lavallette. I shall only say, that from that moment his mind appeared quite calm. He was not only saved, but triumphant. What seemed to gratify him the most was, the idea that the effort dictated by his wife's devoted affection had been finally crowned with success.

We did not stop till we arrived at Mons: there we dined, and made arrangements for the farther journey of Lavallette. I wrote several letters to facilitate to him the means of reaching his destination; and having also provided all that was necessary for his safety and satisfaction, I took leave of him, and returned to Paris, where I arrived last night by the road of Maubuge, Soissons, and the Porte St. Martin.

My absence having lasted only sixty hours, my journey cannot have been much remarked; and up to the present moment I have no very bad consequences to fear from my undertaking. I do not wish either to be put in prison, or lose my rank in life, but I had made up my mind to both before I embarked in this enterprise: there is however no appearance that I shall have reason to regret an attempt that has so completely succeeded.

I have had at times an idea of communicating con-

fidentially to the Duke of York what I had done, to avoid the suspicion of having conspired clandestinely; but I fear to compromise those whose interests I am bound to defend, and therefore I only for the moment acquaint *you* with what has happened, begging you would send this letter to my brother at Arundel* after having perused it, not having sufficient time to write separately to him, and, in fact, being rather fearful of sending to his address a letter on this subject.

You may well imagine that I have learned most interesting particulars; but I must wait to communicate them until I can write to you again by some safe opportunity.

I should be very glad if Lord Holland were to know what I have done, for he is acquainted with Lavallette, and has taken interest in his fate. I mentioned this to the latter, who learned the fact with gratitude.

Lavallette will send to him his protest concerning the Convention, and will claim his protection as soon as Madame Lavallette gets out of prison and is in safety. I hope I shall be able to get the written opinion of Fouché on the subject, and the explanation of his motives for signing the list of the outlawed: it seems that he did it from a wish to save a great many others.

I have just heard that Soult is to be placed in the first list, and that the Princes make the greatest efforts to ensure his condemnation and his execution:—this report

* In the county of Sussex.

coming from a person who enjoys the confidence of Feltre, I shall put Soult upon his guard.

I am for ever, my dear Lord, most sincerely,

(Signed) R. W.

It cannot but be extremely agreeable for me to know your opinion. Let me know as soon as possible whether I ought to write to the Duke, or beg Gordon to speak to him.

I am sorry I cannot make a fair copy of my letter, but I have no time; and you must pardon me if you are obliged to decypher my scrawl, having just received a letter from Lord H. that will take me a week to read.

R. W.

No. IV.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM COUNT LAVALLETTE TO M. * * *.

London, the ——.

The first public sitting for the election opened this morning. There are three candidates for the Borough of Southwark—Sir Robert Wilson and Mr. Calvert, the late members, and Mr. Polhill, a candidate to be elected instead of one of them. Each candidate wears his colours: Sir Robert has chosen blue Marie Louise; Mr. Calvert, sky blue; and Mr. Polhill, orange or yellow. It was agreed that I should be at Sir Robert's at half-past eight or nine o'clock. We stepped into an elegant landau drawn by two beautiful horses: Sir Robert and his eldest daughter, Jemima, sat on the back seat; the youngest and myself on the front one. They were ele-

gantly dressed, though with simplicity; their father's colours shone on their bonnets and sashes. The two footmen, the coachman, his whip and the horses, were all covered with those ribands. All went well till we arrived at the entrance of the Borough; but there the crowd entirely filled up the broad street we were going through, and we were soon stopped by an immense number of people bearing the banners of Wilson, and music playing. The horses were taken from the carriage, which was dragged along by the people for nearly half a league, with cries of "*Hurrah!—Wilson for ever!*" It was a tumult—a confusion which the strongest heads could with difficulty have borne. In the front of the people that dragged us along were placed the banners, with deafening music, and behind them the carriages of several Frenchmen, such as Messrs. de Staël, Francis and Alexander Delessert, the lady of the latter, young Montebello, the son of Duvergier de Haurranne, Daru, Montalevet, and, among others, Sir Robert was standing at the bottom of the open landau, bowing to every body, offering his bare hand to the dirtiest hands I ever saw. Women of the lowest classes stretched out their children to him, that he might caress them; while the windows, and even the roofs of the houses, were literally covered with inhabitants, crying out as loud as they could, and carrying, on the walls and before the shops, large bills fastened to long sticks, with the following words: — "*Wilson, the friend of humanity!*" — "*Wilson and Liberty!*"—"*Wilson and the abolition of Slavery!*"—"*Wilson and the Protestant Constitution!*"

—"*Wilson for ever!*" We advanced slowly. Sir Robert said:—"We shall soon arrive in the enemy's country." In fact, a little while afterwards we passed before Mr. Polhill's door. Yellow began to show itself on the windows, coaches, handbills,—but the crowd that accompanied us redoubled their cries of "*Wilson for ever!*" Five minutes later, we saw Mr. Polhill pass by in a very elegant coach, but a shut one, and all his followers covered with yellow ribands. The mixed cries of "Wilson!"—"Polhill!"—the hurrahs, the hissings—the thick crowd, made such a confusion, that I certainly thought we were going to be overthrown, and crushed to death. I observed the young ladies growing pale, but they felt so happy at being near their father, that it renewed their courage; and the emotion that was visible in their handsome faces was the only thing that betrayed the anxiety that tormented them. They did not make a motion, nor utter a cry. I endeavoured to tranquillize the eldest, who sat facing me. "No, no!" she said, "I am only afraid for the poor people that surround us." Generous in their hostility, the two rivals bowed to one another as they passed, and we arrived at last before the *Hustings*, situated in a place where the street divides in two, and forms a small square, scarcely wide enough for a battalion of six hundred men to manœuvre, and where, however, more than four thousand persons were assembled. We stepped out with difficulty before the hustings, at the house of a wealthy tradesman, a zealous partisan of Wilson's, and from a parlour on the first floor we distinctly saw the whole

sight of the election. What they call the *Hustings* is a scaffolding large enough to hold two hundred people, and covered with boards as a shelter from the rain,— something like what we see in our public ceremonies on our quays and boulevards. Sir Robert left us to get upon the hustings. The High Bailiff, a magistrate delegated by the Lord Mayor or the Sheriff, opened the meeting in presence of all the people, by declaring that the election was about to take place. He read the writ, proclaimed the names of the candidates, and made known the forms that were to be observed in the election. Afterwards, according to custom, a friend of the first candidate made a speech, in which he expatiated on the titles of the candidate to the suffrages of the people, his public conduct, his opinions in regard to Parliamentary Reform and Catholic Emancipation. Then came the friend of Sir Robert. The celebrity of his name, the splendour of his life, rendering it unnecessary for the orator to enter into particulars, he bounded himself with praising his parliamentary conduct, and explaining to his hearers that the attempts made to expel him from the House had been directed by a party that might endanger Liberty. Afterwards, the candidates, presenting themselves in person, were received, — the two first, Sir Robert and Calvert, with a greal deal of favour ; while Mr. Polhill could never succeed in obtaining a hearing. The hootings, hissings, and cries of all sorts perpetually covered his voice. Wilson, at last, went up to him, took him under his protection, and claimed silence from the mob. Mr. Pollhill seemed

touched by this generous act of his rival, but he did not reap any more assurance from it. He looked embarrassed; and some person who went near the foot of the hustings to listen to what he said, assured me that the House of Commons would not have gained an orator in him if he had been elected. At last, after three hours' speeches, to which the people listened with an attention that proves how fond they are of political discussions, the High Bailiff said that the election was about to take place, and invited the electors to hold up their hands for the candidate they preferred, when they heard his name uttered. Mr. Polhill had very few hands for him, the greatest part of the crowd being for the two others. A great number of electors' tickets were then thrown among the people. The polling took place on the front of the hustings, with books prepared to receive the votes of the electors. Each voter came with his ticket, and put down the name of one of the candidates: this operation lasted about two hours. At four o'clock, the number of voters was counted and proclaimed aloud, as also by means of a bill stuck up. The result was, 175 for Sir Robert Wilson, 170 for Mr. Calvert, and 106 for Mr. Polhill. The polling will continue to-morrow, and probably the day after. The candidates will speak the whole morning, and from two till four o'clock the books will be opened, and the votes taken down: nevertheless, if during the space of an hour not one voter appears, the book is definitively closed, and the majority of the voters decides the nomination. It is probable that Mr. Polhill will give up the contest. * *

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No. V.

LETTER OF M. BALLOUCHEY, ADDRESSED TO COUNT LAVALLETTE.

16th May 1827.

M. LE COMTE,

I HASTEN to transmit you the information the Duchess of St. Leu asked of you concerning the moneys received on account of her august mother, the Empress Josephine, during the time that I had the honour of being charged with her affairs,—that is to say, from the 1st of Messidor of the twelfth year (20th June 1804) until the year 1809 inclusive; and I add to that only the sums delivered by M. Duménil during the eleventh year and the first nine months of the twelfth.

The expenditure of the Empress's household, as well as that of the estate of Malmaison, were each year fixed by the common budget of their Majesties. That budget received the Emperor's approbation, who examined the accounts at the end of each year; and when any sum remained disposable out of those allowed for the household of the Empress, instead of being delivered over into the hands of her Majesty, they returned to the treasury of the Crown.

The same thing took place in regard to the revenues of Malmaison: they were gathered by the treasurer of the Crown, and entered in compensation of the sum allowed by the budget for the expenses of the estate, so that the Empress never received any portion of them.

On the common budget of their Majesties' household

an annual sum of 480,000 francs, payable monthly at the rate of 40,000 francs, was allowed to the Empress, of which 30,000 francs were for her toilet and personal expenses, and 10,000 for her *cassette* of pensions and alms. This latter part being almost always insufficient to meet the numerous charitable gifts bestowed by the Empress, her Majesty was obliged to draw upon the 30,000 fr. designed for her toilet, for the overplus of the expenses of her *cassette*, as well as the support she allowed to a great number of planters, &c. left almost wholly to her charge, and whose children she paid for in various boarding-schools, and, finally, the sums disposed of in payment of objects of art and other things she purchased in the course of the month, to distribute as presents of all sorts. The remainder of the 30,000 francs not being sufficient to meet the expenses of her Majesty's toilet, the result was an account of arrears that was balanced from time to time by means of the extraordinary sums of which the Emperor disposed by special orders.

In consequence, the total sums received on account of her Majesty the Empress Josephine, during the space of about seven years, was 5,354,435 fr. 44 c. ; to wit:—

	fr.	c.
By M. Duménil during the eleventh year and the first months of the twelfth, according to an account of which I possessed a duplicate certificate by M. Estève, then Treasurer of the Crown . .	960,841	92
And by me, here undersigned, from the 1st of Messidor of the twelfth year (20th June 1804) until the year 1809 inclusive, a sum of 4,393,593 fr. 52 c.		

			fr.	c.
Brought over			960,841	92
That is:—				
At the Treasury of the Crown for the use of the Empress's toilet and wardrobe; for expenses previous to her coming to the throne; for extraordinary expenses during her Majesty's journeys, including gifts, presents, indemnities allowed to different persons for travelling; and, finally, for unforeseen expenses, &c. &c.	fr. c. 3,231,864 75			
Do. for the *cassette* of provisions, and various charities allowed by her Majesty in her different places of residence, as well as for various charities distributed during her journeys in France, and abroad, .	925,307 12			
Rec^{d}. at the Treasury of the Crown,	4,157,171 87			
Moreover, received at the Public Treasury, for the dividends of their Majesties' five per cent. stock, and at the Bank of France for more of her Bank stock, . fr. 201,626 65c.				
Moreover, for different objects sold by order of H. M. 34,795	236,421 65		4,393,593	52
			5,354,435	44

RECAPITULATION.

Received at the Treasury of the Crown by M. Duménil		960,841	92
Do. do. M. Ballouchey		4,157,171	87
Total sum received at the Treasury of the Crown for the Empress Josephine during the space of about seven years	fr.	5,118,013	79
Moreover, received at the Public Treasury, the Bank of France, and of sundries . .		236,421	65
Sum equal to the above . .		5,354,435	44

The uses to which the sums received during nearly seven years on account of her Majesty, and amounting according to the statement here above to 5,354,435 fr. 44cents, have been applied, is authenticated by accounts duly balanced, and which prove evidently that the Empress laid nothing by. It is besides a known fact, that the taste of her Majesty led her to display still more liberty, more generosity, than her means permitted.

It would be easy to convince oneself of the above-mentioned result, by consulting the papers of the Treasury, and by examining the accounts, of which I have duplicates in my possession.

I could have wished, M. Le Comte, to be able to give you more ample information, so as to meet the wishes of the Duchess of St. Leu, by recurring to the period of the marriage of her august mother; but I do not possess the necessary documents to that effect. They would moreover have been of little use, the Empress having, during that space of time, received much less money than after her succession to the throne.

I have the honour to be most respectfully, M. le Comte, your most humble and most obedient Servant,

(Signed) BALLOUCHEY.

No. VI.

FIRST LETTER OF COUNT LAVALLETTE TO THE DUCHESS OF RAGUSA.

From the Banks of Lake Starnberg, 28th July, 1816.

I DO not know how to express to you, my dear friend, all I experienced at the sight and perusal of your letter

I had heard that you were in this quarter,* but I could not believe it; and a letter from you, was a thing I never expected. I am so far from all civilization, that a letter from a living being, from a friend, makes a terrible impression on me. Since this morning, I have read it ten times over, and the particulars it contains have made me weep like a child. It is the only one that has given me any details on the fatal period; and you spread such charms over what you describe, so much sincerity and *naïveté*, that in reading your narrative, I once more felt all the sentiments that had agitated me during that extraordinary *denouement*.

And so it is true that my poor Emilie† is well: I had been told so, but not as by you. I congratulate you both in your reconciliation. You are worthy of comprehending and loving her. It is what most people in the world cannot do. They now know what noble, devoted, courageous sentiments were concealed beneath features so calm, so tranquil, so cold in appearance. Take all of you good care of her, I pray you; watch over her; do not let wretches torment her. She is a sacred being, the honour of her sex; and it were an everlasting shame if they were to make her expiate by persecution her noble and generous conduct. As for me, dear friend, I have passed five months in the deepest solitude, with an energy of heart, and an elevation of soul, that I did not know what to do with, (I need not add that I was not

* The Duchess of Ragusa was then at Baden.

† Madame Lavallette.

discouraged,) but at the same time with a grief that threw me into convulsions. And, nevertheless, I did not curse humanity; for where is there a man who has less to complain of it than I have? Relations, friends, servants, and even strangers, have all behaved perfectly well toward me. In this country I should have nothing to do but to mention my name to find friends; and to the eternal shame of those wretches, I might cross the Continent, their proclamation on my breast, without meeting with an insult. This is my comfort. But my poor heart is so pained, so horribly lacerated, that, to be able to support my situation, I have need of courage, which will finally be exhausted. I do however all I can to divert my melancholy. I live in a hole in the mountains, in the midst of the waters. I have, as a companion, a good young man, a skilful draughtsman, with whom I sketch a part of the day. I spend the other part in going over the studies of my youth, and in the company of the giants of antiquity, who mocked adversity and supported misfortune in so noble and graceful a manner. I pray and weep when I think of those I love, and of my poor Country, so fallen, so degraded, that I scarcely dare name her. I learn the language of this country, for my companion does not know a word of mine. I talk with the peasants, who bear cheerfully their situation. They are governed by a sovereign who is not praised in the newspapers, but whose name is blessed in the cottages: they know neither my person nor my misfortunes; but they seem disposed to love me because I have not the

appearance of a bad man, and because I am charitable to them.

The wretches who have used me so cruelly, never suspected that a woman so weak, so unfortunate, so oppressed, would be stronger and more courageous than all of them together. I wish them no ill: I am revenged by the contempt I feel for them; but I cannot think that they will succeed by following their bloody track.

* * * * * * * * *

I say nothing of the friend I have here:† a brother would have been less good, less generous. I have seen him and his family frequently for some time. They are angels of goodness. How happy he is! The sight of his bliss does me a great deal of good.

And so, you have seen my poor little Josephine.—My God! What will become of her? I shudder when I think how unfortunate she will perhaps one day be. Alas! how agreeable it would have been for me to complete her education! When I think on all that, I thrust my head against the wall, and I do not know what I might not be able to do to myself. Tell me, repeat to me with a noble friend,‡ who has been so kind to me,—repeat to me that I shall see you all again, and shall enjoy your happiness, for mine is gone for ever, and I have a forewarning that a little corner of ground awaits me in a country churchyard.

Amiable Caroline!§ So she is with you. May God

† Prince Eugene.

‡ The Queen Hortense.

§ Madame Lallemand, the wife of the General.

bless you! She deserves a friend like you. Tell me where is her husband? Is it true that he directs his steps to the East? Where is he going to? I am uneasy on his account, for he has one of the most noble hearts I ever met with. You will meet again with our good friend Mollein. Tell him that I love him, and that I think of him every day, and a great part of each day. Remember me to his lovely wife; I wish her happiness. She is the last person I saw; for it was in coming from her home that I lost my liberty, and her soft compassion has remained engraved in my heart.—Remember me also to Freville; he has given me a proof of friendship of which I keep a dear remembrance. Think on me, all of you, and you in particular, my dear friend,—you of whom I love so much the noble disposition and courageous mind. I hope you love my dear English friends. Why did so noble an action draw on them so odious a persecution? What will become of them? The misfortune of Bruce will make me doubly unfortunate myself! It costs dear to act nobly; Vice is luckier!—Adieu! Adieu!

P. S. If you are back at Emily's *fête*, send her a flower in my name.

No. VII.

SECOND LETTER.—FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

From the Banks of Lake Starnberg, 14th August, 1816.

I SHALL not speak of the pleasure your letter gave me, dear friend; that would be ridiculous. You must how-

ever know, that the day I received it, that is to say, the day before yesterday, I read it twice in the morning, and twice again in the evening. It appeared to me as if I heard you speak, and almost as if I saw you. In the morning I went to read it under the cover of a thick wood that surrounds my hermitage, and threatened by a storm, that would not have driven me away if I had not feared that the rain would wet your dear writing. How sweet are the comforts of friendship to the hearts of the unhappy! Past sufferings vanish while reading your letter; futurity smiles on me; and my misfortune itself gets charms, by the idea that in any other situation I should not have the same enjoyment.

A few days before the arrival of your letter, I experienced a moment of very great happiness. My friend's father-in-law* whom you saw at the watering-place, came to dine with his son-in-law, and brought his son with him. He had made it a condition that I should be of the party. He spoke to me of you with such sincere, such high praise, that I found him a hundred times more venerable than he was. He repeated several times the same words. His reception of me was perfect. He treated me with a degree of kindness and delicacy it would be difficult for me to describe. I owe this good fortune to his son-in-law and daughter, who are exceedingly kind to me; but let me hope that you also spoke to him of me. The thought does me good.

You ask me for particulars on my manner of living:—here they are.

* The old King of Bavaria.

I shall not speak of the first six months. My wound was deep; but my mind was raised to a very high pitch. Now all my delusions are destroyed. Cold reason, implacable truth says, " Thou must die in a foreign land, far from the objects of thy love; thou must efface all the past from thy memory, or consume thyself in grief by living on thy recollections." Dear friend, I struggle against that terrible sentence. I wear out my life with labour, and especially with reading. I have got only two works, but they charm my solitude without fatiguing my imagination. These are, Condillac and Plutarch. The former is a man of excellent judgment, vast erudition, and who speaks only to reason. His work is a complete course of education. I find in him Locke raised to perfection, with the elements of history and mathematics. On the other hand, Plutarch fortifies my mind against the strokes of fate. I learn in reading him, how one may fall into misfortune while fulfilling all one's duties, and how, in that case, misfortune is preferable to all the vain happiness of the world. A horrible truth! Three-quarters of the men whose history he wrote, died of violent deaths; it is the same in our modern and wretched history.

Do you recollect Mrs. Sullivan's old husband, that Englishman who was so sick and had such a beautiful collection of pictures? I went there one day with the Queen of Naples. We entered a saloon where there were thirteen magnificent portraits. All the persons they represented had perished either by the hand of the executioner, or by that of assassins, except Louis XI.

who had so many others killed. They were the Duke de Montmorency, Cinq Mars, and De Thou, Henry III., Henry IV., Don Carlos and his unfortunate stepmother, who died poisoned by the detestable Philip II., Coligny, and, finally, the Prince of Condé, assassinated in so dastardly a manner on the field of battle. When one witnesses such horrors, which have reigned for so long a time, the heart is rent by a sort of despair. One curses civilization, and blushes at being a man.

I do, however, not always give way to such dismal thoughts: I should be unworthy of my misfortune if it did not afford me sweet comforts. I frequently think myself happy, not at having escaped from the scaffold, but at having been saved by such generous hands. Wife, child, friends, domestics, and even those noble strangers, — all have united, all have wrestled, all have suffered, all have triumphed for me! I have no right to complain of men: never was an unfortunate one honoured by so much devotion, so much courage! I have lost nothing in the wreck, and still my grief at times almost becomes despair. Alas! my friend, I was so happy!—my recollections kill me: and when I succeed in driving them away, or in subjugating them, the phantom of my poor Country torn to atoms, and so vilely betrayed, throws me into a state of melancholy that makes me burst into tears.

Can it be possible, say, that we should be cast into the whirlpool of infamy, without being able to get out of it? What! so many noble efforts, so bloody a struggle, so many triumphs,—all terminating in horrible dis-

grace! No, no, dear friend! I will never see my Country again! Never will I consent to cast down my eyes to the cowardly outrages that are heaped on us—never! But enough of that—for the expression of my indignation might be hurtful to your feelings.

I am going to sketch for you, but I shall not send you any thing for some time. At present, I only daub:—you may ask Louisa,* who has two of my paintings. Wait a little.

You ask where I live, and how? I live retired, on the borders of a lake that would be no disparagement to Switzerland, for it is five leagues long by one broad. I occupy a chamber and a cabinet in the lodging of the keeper of a pretty forsaken country seat. I have before my eyes magnificent waters, beautiful wooded hills, and high mountains topped with snow. For my walks, I have fine woods, agreeably cut in lanes, and full of deer, which I leave in peace. My hosts are honest peasants, who know how to cook tolerably well the Spartan black broth; and it is not without pleasure that I eat of their brown bread. I have no servant—his presence might be dangerous. My companion is an honest artist, without reputation, who knows not a word of my language, and smokes the livelong day; but I teach him French, and we understand each other tolerably well. He wakes me every morning at six o'clock: we sketch till nine. After the most frugal breakfast, we set ourselves again to work till twelve o'clock; and after dinner, from

* Mademoiselle Cochelet, who was at that time with Queen Hortense.

two to five we work again. I afterwards devote two hours to reading. At seven we walk till supper-time. I have taught him to play chess: we play till ten o'clock, and then I lock myself up; but I do not go to bed until one in the morning. These night-hours are sacred to the anguish of my heart, and to all my dismal recollections. I write little—my mind is ill-disposed for that: you will observe it too well by this letter. But I talk much to myself; and I believe that if I had pleaded my cause as I do while walking in my cell, I should indeed not have won it, but I should have made the wretches blush that have used me so ill. At last, fatigued with my long soliloquies, I read until sleep forces me to lie down on one of the worst beds in Germany, and to suspend for a few hours the recollection of my sufferings, and those occupations by which I strive to divert them.

Adieu, adieu! Why should your friend not write to me? We are both unhappy! Alas! her ring has not destroyed the power of the Genius of evil—but that was not *her* fault. I love her much: I should wish to know she is happy; for, now that I have no hopes of happiness for myself, that of my friends can alone do me good. But, adieu, dear and excellent friend! write often to me, and if any letters annoy you, you will be indulgent. When you return to Paris, promise me you will go and embrace my poor child at her boarding-school; but do not show this letter to Emilie, it would make her uneasy. Tell her only that I am well and tranquil. Adieu!—once more adieu!

15th August.

I thought this letter would go off to-morrow. The opportunity is delayed by which I was to send it to you, or rather to Louisa, who will forward it into your hands. I send you a few words for Emilie. See her often, comfort her, protect her if you can. You see a great many strangers; praise her to them; so that, in case she should be attacked, she may find some support in the good sentiments of their sovereign. Embrace your brother for me: — let me know whether he has many children. Alas! dear friend, you cannot imagine how the death of my child has afflicted me! I should be so happy if it were on its mother's breast! Poor Emilie, how dear I cost her! Adieu. Try to write to me sometimes: the letters I receive from my friends are my only comfort; and that will last long, for I do not intend to change my manner of living. The sight of men makes me tremble.

When you go home, you must do one thing on which I set great importance—you must persuade Emilie to have her portrait painted in oil colours by one of our first artists, such as Gerard or Girodet. I have entreated her for it already these twelve years: I had mine painted on purpose to set her the example. Her bad health, and a little negligence, have till now made her forget her promise: force her to keep it, I beseech you. Settle that business, and tell her that she will do me a very great pleasure: I shall write to her on the subject, but speak also to her. It will be easy to do it without drawing public attention: I should prefer Gerard; he has been

a little acquainted with me, and I should feel very grateful if he would exert all his talent in it.

No. VIII.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR CITIZEN LAVALLETTE ON HIS DEPARTURE ON A MISSION TO SAXONY.

Paris, 15th Pluviose, 8th year of the Republic.

Citizen Lavallette shall write to the First Consul from the chief places through which he will pass. He shall give him information—

On the public spirit.

The coming in of the taxes.

The conscripts.

The conduct of the civil and military agents.

Citizen Lavallette shall seek in Saxony the best maps of Germany he can find.* He shall get all those that may have appeared since that time.

He shall make inquiries into the situation of the Austrian armies in Italy, in Bavaria, in Suabia.

He shall write twice in each decade to the Minister of the Foreign Department.

Independently of the diplomatic news, Citizen Lavallette shall spare no expense to obtain all the information he can on the situation of the armies, the generals, the infantry, the cavalry, the field artillery, and the siege artillery.

He shall give me all the information he will be able

* When I was in Illyria and Carynthia, they printed very fine maps not only of the Hereditary States, but also of all Germany.

to collect on the situation of Ulm, and the various towns of Bavaria and Bohemia.

He shall direct particular attention to the Russian army, the number of its regiments, and their position. He shall inquire what is going forward in Poland.

He shall address all his military information to General Clarke.

When he lays out any money to get the required informations, he shall send over an account, and the sum shall be reimbursed. BONAPARTE.

No. IX.

ABSTRACT OF THE GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN TO M. LAVALLETTE ON HIS ABOVE-MENTIONED MISSION TO SAXONY.

2 Pluviose, 8th Year.

POLITICAL agents in foreign countries represent the vigilance and force of the government that sends them. In that double point of view, their functions are graduated on a scale of activity which it is important to unfold in a distinct and precise manner.

1. The political agent secretly observes and watches assiduously over the Government near which he resides. The observations he makes, the information he gets, are by him transmitted with exactness to his own Government; and it is by such means that that Government sees by the eyes of its agent all that is useful to the national interests, or hurtful to them.

2. The political agent manifests his watchfulness, and acquaints the ministers of the Government that is the object of it, that such a measure, or such an attempt,

that they meditate, has not escaped his sagacity; and that from the moment the first indication of execution shall threaten to disturb in any degree the existing connexion between the two countries, he will find means to oppose them with all the zeal and energy his duty may require.

3. The political agent enters directly and ostensibly into connexion with the Government near which he resides; but unless he has already precise and especial instructions concerning the direct object his communications have in view, he is satisfied with notifying to that Government that he is disposed to discuss it, and is going to take the orders of his Government.

4. Finally, the political agent has received the orders of his Government; in this case, he addresses declarations to the local Government, and replies to them. He debates, discusses, transacts—in one word, he negociates.

Such is the scale of the various functions political agents have to fulfil abroad. The Government of the Republic having given their approbation to the unfolding of it, recommend its study to the particular attention of each agent. They equally approve of the following reflections, which, comprising the general rules of conduct they are to follow, will acquaint them with the extent of their responsibility, and with the means by which they may fulfil it.

The first class of duties political agents have to fulfil is entirely limited to the exercise of their vigilance. That vigilance supposes that they have acquired, and that they use all their endeavours to complete their

exact knowledge of the interest and natural rights of the country where they write, which comprises necessarily the whole extent of our commercial connexions, and the whole of our political connexions. This knowledge is extended and completed by the practice of a well-exercised agency. For the obstacles which social intercourse raises to the activity and amelioration of commercial connexion, and the fetters which intrigue, personal ambition, and the individual character of those who govern, perpetually lay on the freedom of political connexions, are essential parts of political science, and can only be well known to those whose business it is daily to wrestle with them.

In the first class of their duties the political agents are kept back by no restrictions: they are in the full and unlimited exercise of their zeal. They try to discover all that is susceptible of being known: they transmit to the Government of the Republic all they have succeeded in discovering.

But when they enter into the second class of the duties of their situation, prudence, which is one of the most important qualities that situation requires, must accompany all their determinations. They have, as yet, nothing to do, but to let the ministers of the Government near which they reside, see that they have penetrated such or such indications of their views; that they follow them in their secret attempts; that they are in the track of their projects. However, they must not decide without reflection on such a manifestation of their watchfulness, for the natural effect must be

to prevent or stop the progress of these ministers; and there are some cases in which it may be more useful to let them go on; to leave them a wider scope, so as to pronounce themselves more clearly. It may happen also that not being certain of repairing the ambition or the ill will of an enterprising minister, it may be more prudent to do as if one did not perceive views which national dignity might wish to see retracted as soon as they are discovered. The skill of the agents must in these cases consult the spirit of the mission which is entrusted to them, and the honour of the Government they represent. Here their responsibility lies entirely in the exercise of their discernment.

As to the third class of duties of political agents, it is easier to seize its object than to perceive its guarantee. Here the political agent puts himself in an ostensible connexion with the ministers of the local Government. He must perpetually bear in mind the systems of national rights which are clearly traced by the existing state of things, the received customs, the wording of treaties; and, if the question is to ameliorate the established connexion, he must seek his titles in the spirit of these treaties, and in the general system of mutual interests of the two Governments.

But although, in the execution of this class of duties, the political agent may see with one glance of his eye the road that lies open before him, he must however call all his prudence to his aid before he engages in it: as long as a political agent observes, he has no connexion but with his own government; when he lets his observa-

tions be perceived, he enters, in some respect, into an indirect connexion with the ministers, whom he acquaints that they are the objects of his attention; nevertheless, these ministers as yet see nothing but power, and can derive no advantage from the knowledge they have of the manner in which he fulfils the obligation of his situation; but when the political agent speaks officially, the ministers see in him the government of which he is the organ, and that thought must be for him a perpetual motive of circumspection and discretion.

The first rule to be observed in that respect is, to presume nothing; never to act without interrogating; to solicit precise instructions, and to be well imbued with this principle, that in a matter of positive discussion, whether it be in declaring or in replying, the Government alone prepares and negotiates, while the diplomatical agents are only its organs.

The diplomatical agents have no right either to choose, or to allow, or to refuse, or to transact. They officially declare the determination of the Government they represent. But if they are organs without a will of their own, they must not be organs without intelligence. When they expect the decision they are to interpret, they must plead justice, and choose the most favourable time and means to insure their success. Their responsibility lies wholly in the care with which they keep within the bounds of their instructions, the sagacity that teaches them their real bounds, and the exactness with which they conform their conduct to them.

In every instruction regarding a discussion of right,

there are degrees of demands or sacrifices which, after these instructions have once been laid down by the Government that approved of them, seem to leave to the discernment of the agent who is to act, a great latitude of power; but in this he must not be mistaken. The responsibility of an agent is not determined by the maximum of sacrifices or the minimums of demands contained in his instructions. The duty of his mission consists essentially in acting in the best way possible: he must have continually that best way before his eyes, to animate his zeal and encourage his endeavours; and it is by these endeavours alone, and not by the result of them, that his conduct shall be judged. For, as prudence, discretion, and skill in their fullest extent, belong to the really important part of a diplomatical agent; so also, justification and guarantee, to *their* fullest extent, enter essentially into the means of his responsibility.

M. Talleyrand.

No. X.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR CITIZEN LAVALLETTE.

Since the beginning of the war there have existed no direct connexions between the Republic and the Government of Saxony. The Elector entered into the Coalition, in consequence of the general feeling of anxiety and hatred which not one of the governments of the Empire could resist; he quitted it by the sole act of drawing back his quota, and by a declaration he published containing his intention of remaining neutral.

From the period of the above-mentioned declaration, the accession of that prince to the neutrality of the North of Germany was acknowledged by the Government of the Republic; but that transaction took place by intermediate means. The act which consecrated it was signed only by the Ministers of the King of Prussia, as vouchers of the Conventions of Neutrality, and the Plenipotentiary of the Republic.

However, towards the middle of the sixth year, the Executive Directory wished to have a regular agent near the Elector of Saxony. They named Citizen Helfflinger, who having no predecessor at Dresden, went himself through the necessary forms with the Saxon Ministers. He was generally well received, and the Elector expressed his satisfaction at having an agent of the Republic near his person.

But Citizen Helfflinger, though acknowledged by the Ministers, and treated by them with great consideration, displayed no public character at Dresden. His mission was barely one of observation, and the conversation he was authorized to hold with the Minister of Foreign Affairs giving opportunities rather to officious than to official communications, served only to keep up the mutual good disposition of the two governments, and to preserve some trace of the ancient friendship that connected the two countries.

That is the point of view under which Citizen Lavallette must consider the mission that is entrusted to him. As an observer, his part is susceptible of great activity; as a diplomatic agent, his mission lies wholly in expectance.

The policy of the Court of Saxony is, under various aspects, like the agency of the Ministers who reside there, an observation policy:—how exterior and interior circumstances oblige us to act with the greatest reserve, and the personal sentiments of the Prince agree perfectly with those principles of prudence and circumspection which circumstances prescribe him to follow.

The Saxon nation is, of all the nations of Germany, that which, through its character, approaches to the wise and reflecting part of the French nation. A constitution which in many points resembles that of England, by classing and circumscribing the prerogative of some classes, maintains the rights of all, and the jealousy of Liberty always struggles with advantage against the pretensions and encroachments of hereditary power.

This persevering struggle to which the grand impulsion given to public opinion by the French Revolution has animated with a double strength, necessarily obliges the Saxon Government to use great prudence in all resolutions that might hurry it on to an augmentation of expenses, or to political combinations of an unknown tendency. Thence a constant attention to keep exterior connexions in bounds, and to avoid whatever might lead to engagements. The Court of Saxony has no other wish but that of remaining insulated in the midst of those movements that tend to place all the states of Europe in a situation of mutual distraction and enmity. Wholly occupied with her domestic administration, and its preservation, she has succeeded in neutralizing her

ambition as well as her territory. She would perhaps have also succeeded, by a principle of interest and wisdom, to guard herself from anti-revolutionary impressions, if those impressions were not attached to prejudices and passions that nothing can cure.

There exists, therefore, many reasons to believe that Saxony will not abandon her system of inactivity, unless she be forced to do so, and that she will resist with all her strength the instigations of our enemies. She will be protected in this wise determination by her position, the good state of her military force, and the personal reputation of the Elector.

Nevertheless, as the obstinacy and petulance of the apostles and ministers of the Coalition stop before no obstacles, Citizen Lavallette will find them constantly occupied in conspiring against the system adopted by the Saxon Government. Their attempts must every where be the object of the assiduous observations of an agent of the Republic. They must be the principal tint of the information Citizen Lavallette must unceasingly seek to acquire and carefully to transmit to Government.

By the intrigues that he will see going forward, and of which he must study to discover the source, he will keep his eyes constantly open on Russia and England. If he knows how to figure to himself the real and just situation in which it is fit that Saxony, for her own interest, should remain in respect to these two Powers, he will perfectly feel how false and absurd is the policy that may wish to place her in any other.

The Ministers of the Neutral Powers must also be the objects of his watchfulness. The greatest part of them, departing from the principles of their mission, by prepossessions of caste and personal considerations of patronage and ambition, show themselves frequently the officious advocates of a cause inimical to the interests of the Government they represent. Their mistaken ideas, by leading them perpetually out of the line of the real enemies of their country with the one they reside in, will make Citizen Lavallette fully understand (and help him in ruling his own conduct) the system of real connexions which ought to exist between Saxony and the Governments that have not acceded to the Coalition. That is the rule to which he will conduct the inquiries he will constantly apply himself to make on the plans and manner that will seem to deviate from them.

There exists in Saxony no able agent of any friendly Power except Spain. Citizen Lavallette will receive from his predecessor, on his connexion with that Minister as on his personal connexion with the foreign agents, and with those of the Electors, all the information he will stand in need of. Citizen Helfflinger is generally respected at Dresden. The notice and advice he will be eager to give to his successor cannot but be extremely useful to the latter in regard to the success of the missions entrusted to him.

M. Talleyrand.

No. XI.

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Paris, 12 Nivose, of the 9th Year of the French Republic, One and Indivisible.

CITIZEN,

I HASTEN to acquaint you with the convention for a cessation of arms that has been concluded between General Moreau and the Archduke Charles. You will find the particulars of it in this day's *Moniteur*, which I inclose. This new suspension of hostilities, consented to before the gates of Vienna, by an army whose march no obstacle could stop, will be in the eyes of Europe a fresh proof of the moderation of Government and its invariable disposition not to pursue the war in any other view than to obtain peace. We may at last believe that Austria will yield to necessity, and that the present truce will be converted into a definitive peace.

I salute you.

M. TALLEYRAND.

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